SIR *Thomas Ouerbury*

HIS

WIFE.

WITH

ADDITIONS

OF NEVV CHARA-

cters, and many other

Wittie Conceites neuer

before Printed.

The foureteenth Impreſſion.

LONDON,

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11952

To the Reader.

THE generall acceptance of this matchleſſe *Poem* the *Wife*, (written by Sir *Thomas Ouerburie*) is ſufficiently approoued by many, the worth whereof if any other out of malice ſhall neglect to commend, he may well (if it proceed from nice Criticiſme) be excluded as a Churliſh Retainer to the *Muſes*: if from direct plaine-dealing, he ſhall be degraded for inſufficiencie. For had ſuch a *Poem* beene extant among the ancient Romanes, although they wanted our eaſie conſeruations of wit by Printing, they would haue committed it to braſſe, leſt iniurious

time depriue it of due eternity. If to conuerse with a creature so amiable as is here described, be thought difficult; let the contemplation therof be held admirable. To which are added (this 14th impression) many new *Characters*, and *witty Conceits*, written by himselfe and others his friends. How-soeuer, they are now exposed, not onely to the Iudicious, but to all that carry the least scruple of mother wit about them.

Licet toto nunc Helicone frui——Mar.

Lau. Lisle.

Elegies of seueral Authors, on the vntimely death of SIR *Thomas Ouerbury*, poysoned in the Tower.

VPon the vntimely death of SIR *Thomas Ouerbury*.

I Would ease our sorrowes, 'twould release our teares,
Could we but heare those high celestiall Spheres,
Once tune their Motions to a dolefull straine,
In sympathy of what we mortals plaine,
Or see their faire Intelligences *change*
Or face or habit, when blacke deeds, so strange,
As might force pitty from the Heart of Hell,
Are hatcht by Monsters, which among vs dwell.
The Stars me thinks like men inclinde to sleepe,
Should through their christall casements scarcely peep,
Or at least view vs, but with halfe an eye,
For feare their chaster Influence *might discry*
Some murdering hand, aided in guiltlesse bloud,
Blending vile iuices to destroy the good.
The Sunne should wed his beames to endlesse Night,
And in dull darkenesse canopy his Light,
When from the ranke stewes of adulterous Brests,
Where euery base vnhallowed Proiect rests,

Is belcht, as in defiance of his shine,
A streame might make euen Death it selfe to pine.
But those things happen still, but ne're more cleare,
Nor with more lustre did these lamps appeare;
Mercury *capers with a winged heele,*
As if he did no touch of sorrow feele,
And yet he sees a true Mercurian kill'd,
Whose birth his Mansion with much honour fill'd.
But let me not mistake those pow'rs aboue,
Nor taxe iniuriously those Courts of Ioue.
Surely, they ioy to see these Acts reueald,
Which in blinde silence haue beene long conceald;
And Vertue now triumphant, whil'st we mourne
To thinke that ere she was foule Vices scorne:
Or that poore Ouer-buries *blood was made*
A sacrifice to Malice and darke shade.
Weston, *thy hand that* Couvre-feu Bell *did sway,*
Which did his life to endlesse sleepe conuay.
But rest thou where thou art; Ile seeke no glorie
By the relation of so sad a storie.
If any more were priuie to the Deed,
And for the crime must bee adiudg'd to bleed,
To Heauen I pray, with rear'd vp hand and eyes,
That as their Bodies fall, their soules may rise:
And as those equally turne to one dust,
So these alike may shine among the iust,
And there make vp one glorious constellation,
Who suffered here in such a differing fashion.

D.T. To

To the Memorie of the generally bewailed Gentleman, *Sr. Thomas Ouerburie.*

BVt that w' are bound in Chriſtian pietie
To wiſh Gods will be done; and deſtinie
(In all that haps to Men, or good, or ill)
Suffer'd, or ſent, by that implored Will; (Breath
Me thinks, t' obſerue how Vertue drawes faint
Subiect to ſlanders, Hate, and violent Death,
Wiſe men kept low, others aduanc'd to State,
Right checkt by wrong, and ill men fortunate;
Theſe mou'd Effects, from an vnmoued Cauſe,
Might ſhake the firmeſt faith; Heauens fixed
Might caſual ſeem, & each irregular ſence (Laws
Spurne at iuſt Order, blame Gods Prouidence.
But what is man, expoſtulate the Intents
Of his high Will, or iudge of Strange Euents?
The riſing Sunne to mortall ſight reueales
This earthly Globe; but yet the ſtars conceales;
So may the Sence diſcouer Naturall Things;
Diuine aboue the reach of Humane wings.
Then not the Fate, but Fates bad inſtrument
Doe I accuſe in each ſad accident: (come;
Good men muſt fall: rapes, inceſts, murders
But woe and curſes follow them by whome:
God Authors all mens Actions, not their ſin,
For that proceeds from deu'liſh luſt within.

Thou then that ſuffer'dſt by thoſe forms ſo vile,
From whom thoſe wicked Inſtruments did file
Thy droſſie part, to make thy Fame ſhine cleare,
And ſhrine thy ſoule in heauēs alglorious ſphere,
Who being good, nought leſſe to thee befell,
Though it appear'd diſguis'd in ſhape of Hell;
Vaniſh thy bloud and Nerues; True life alone
In Vertue liues, and true Religion,
In both which thou art deadleſſe; O behold,
(If thou canſt looke ſo low as Earths baſe mold)
How dreadfull Iuſtice (late with lingring foot)
Now comes like whirlewind! how it ſhakes the root
Of lofty Cedars; make the ſtately Brow
Bend to the foot! how all men ſee that now
The breath of infamy doth moue their ſailes;
Whiles thy deare name by loues more hearty gales
Shall ſtil keep wing, vntil thy Fames extēt
Fill eu'ry part of this vaſt Continent.
Then you the *Syre* of their murther'd Sonne;
Repine not at his Fate; ſince he hath wonne
More honour in his ſufferance: and his death
Succeeded by his vertues endleſſe Breath.
For him, and to his Life and Deaths example,
Loue might erect a Statue; Zeale a Temple:
On his true worth the Muſes might be ſlaine,
To die his honours web in pureſt Graine.

C. B.

Vpon the vntimely Death of the Author of this ingeni-

ous Poem, Sir *Thomas Ouerbury* Knight, poysoned in the Tower.

SO many *Moones*, so many times goe round,
And rose from *Hell*, & *darknes* vnder ground,
And *yet till now*, *this darkned aceld of Hell*
Not brought to light? O tardy *Heauen*! yet tell
If *Murther* laies him downe to sleepe with *Lust*
Or no? reueale, as *thou* art *Truth* and *Iust*,
The *Secrets* of this vniust secure *All*,
And what *our feares* make vs suspect *compact*
With greater deeds of mischiefe: for alone
We thinke not *This*, and doe suspect yet *One*,
To which compar'd, *This*, but a *falling Starre*;
That a bright *Firmament of Fire*: Thy Care
We see takes *meaner things*: It times the *world*,
The *Signes* at random through the *Zodiak* hurld.
The *starrs* wild wandring, & the glib quick *hinges*
Which turne both *Poles*, & all the *violent changes*
It ouer-looks, which trouble th'endlesse course
Of the high Firmament: *by thy blest force*
Do hory winter frosts make forests bare, (paire.
And straight to groues againe their shades re-

By

By *Thee* doth *Autumnet*, *Lyons flaming Maine*
Ripen the fruits: and the full yeere sustaine
Her burthened powers: *O being still the same*,
Ruling so much, and vnder *whom* the frame
Of this vast world weigh'd all his *Orbes* doth
Why are thy Cares of men no more applide? (guide,
Or if: why seem'st thou sleeping to the *Good*,
And *guarding* to *Ill?* as if the *brood*
Of best things still must Chance take in command:
And not thy *Prouidence* and *Her blind Hand*
Thy *Benefits* erroniously disburse,
Which so let fall, ne're fall but to the *worse*?
Whence *so great crimes* commit the *Greater* sort,
And boldest acts of shame blaze in the *Court*,
Where *Buffones* worship in their *rise* of *State*
Those filthy *Scarabs*, whom they *Serue* and *Hate*,
Sure things meete *backeward*, *there*; *Humour* dis-
And *Vertue* laid by *Fraud*, & *Poison* waste: (graft,
The *Adulterer vp like Haman*, and so *Sainted*:
And *Females modesty* (as *Females*) painted,
Lost in all reall worth: what shall wee say?
Things so farre out of frame, as if the day
Were come wherein another *Phaeton*
Stolne into *Phœbus waine*, had all misse-won
A cleane contrary way: O powerfull *God*,
Right all amisse, and set thy wonted period
Of *Goodnesse*, in his place againe: *This deed*
Be *Vsher* to bring foorth the *Maske*, and *Weed*,

Where-

Where-vnder, blacker things lie hid perhap,
And yet haue Hope to make a falſe eſcape.
Of *This* make knowne, why ſuch an inſtrument,
As *Weſton a 2oore ſeruing-man* ſhould rent
The frame of *this ſad-good-mans* life: did he
Stand with this *Court-bred* learned OVERBVRY,
In ſtrife for an *Ambaſſadour-ſhip*? no, no,
His *Orbes* held on ſuch *light*: what, did hee owe
The *Prophet* malice for compoſing *this*,
This Cynoſurd in neate *Poeſis*
How *Good*, & *Great* men ought, and *All*, to chuſe,
A *chaſte*, *fit noble Wife*, and the abuſe
Of *Strumpets* friendly ſhadowing in the ſame,
Was this his fault? or doth there lye a flame
Yet in the embers not vnrak't, for which
He dy'de ſo falſly? *Heauen* we doe beſeech
Vnlocke the ſecret, and bring all to view,
That Law may purge the bloud, Luſt made vntrue.

W. S.

An Elegie consecrated to the memory of the truely worthy and learned Sir *Thomas Ouerbury* KNIGHT.

HAd not thy wrong like to a wound ill cur'd
Broke forth in death; I had not bin assur'd
Of griefe enough to finish what I write.
These lines, as those which do in cold bloud fight
Had come but faintly on; for, euer hee
That shrines a name within an *Elegie*,
(Vnlesse some neerer cause doe him aspire)
Kindles his bright flame at the *Funerall* fire.
Since passion (after lessening her extent)
Is then more strong, and so more eloquent.
How powerfull is the hand of *Murther* now!
Wast not enough to see his deare life bow
Beneath her hate? but crushing that faire frame,
Attempt the like on his vnspotted *Fame*?
O base reuenge! more then inhumane fact!
Which (as the *Romanes* sometimes would enact
No doome for *Paricide*, supposing none
Could euer so offend) the vpright *Throne*
Of *Iustice* salues not: leauing that intent
Without a *Name*, without a *Punishment*.
Yet though thy wounded *Fame*, as thorow *Glasses* which multiply the *Species*, (these

We

We see thy vertues more then they become
So many *Statues* sleeping on thy *Tombe*.
Wherein confinement new thou shalt endure,
But so; as when to make a *Pearle* more pure,
We giue it to a *Done*, in whose wombe pent
Some time, we haue it forth most orient.
Such is thy luster now, that venom'd *Spight*
With her black soule dares not behold thy light,
But banning it, a course begins to runne
With those that curse the rising of the *Sunne*.
The poison that works vpwards now, shal striue
To be thy faire *Fames* true *Preseruatiue*.
And Witchcraft, that can maske the *vpper shine*,
With no one cloud, shall blind a ray of thine.
And as the *Hebrewes* in an obscure pit
Their *holy Fire* hid, not extinguish'd it,
And after-time, that brake their bondage chaine
Found it, to fire their sacrifice againe:
So lay thy *Worth* some while, but being found,
The *Muses Altars* plentifully crownd
With sweet perfumes, by it new kindled be,
And offer all to thy deare Memory.
Nor haue wee lost thee long: thou art not (gone,
Nor canst descend into *Oblivion*. (fled,
But twice the *Sunne* went round since thy soule
And only *that time* men shall terme thee dead.
Hereafter (rais'd to life) thou still shalt haue
An *Antidote* against the silent Graue.

W. B. Int. Temp.

Vpon the vntimely Death of Sir *Thomas Ouerbury.*

IF for to liue be but a miſery,
If by death good men gaine eternity,
Twas friendly done in robbing thee of life,
To celebrate thy nuptials with thy Wife;
So that his will no other aime intended,
But by exchange thy life ſhould be amended:
Yet wert to compaſſe his inſatiate luſt,
He this laſt friendſhip tendred to thee: truſt
Whiles he diſhonor'd and defam'd may die,
Iuſtice and Fame, ſhall crowne thy memorie.

B. G. *medij Temp.*

In

In obitum intempeſtiuum & lachrymabilem Illuſtriſsimi Equitis aurati, *THO: OVERBVRI*, magnæ *ſpei & expectationis Viri.*

HOweuer windie miſchiefe raiſe vp high
Darke thickning clouds, to powre vpon vs
A tempeſt of foule rumours, which deſcry (all
Thy hard miſ-hap and ſtrange diſaſtrous fall,
As if thy wounds were bleeding frō that hand,
Which rather ſhould haue raiſd thee vp to ſtād:

Yet ſhalt thou here ſuruiue in pittying fame
In thy ſweet Wife, in theſe moſt acute lines
In well reputed Characters of name, (ſhrines
And vertues tombe, which all thine honour
In ſpight of enuie, or the proudeſt hate,
That thus hath ſet opinion at debate.

But for mine owne part, ſith it falls out ſo,
That death hath had her will; I now compare
It to a wanton hand, which at a throw
To breake a boxe of precious balme did dare:
With whoſe perfume, altho it was thus ſpild,
The houſe & commers by were better fild.

Cap. *Tho. Gainsford.*

A memoriall,

Offered to that man of vertue,

Sir *Thomas Ouerburie.*

ONce dead and twice aliue; Death could not (frame
A death, whose sting could kill his fame.
He might haue liu'd, had not the life which gaue
Life to his life, betraid him to his graue.
If Greatnesse could consist in being Good,
His Goodnesse did adde titles to his blood.
Onely vnhappy in his liues last fate,
In that he liu'd so soone, to dye so late.
Alas, whereto shall men oppressed trust,
When Innocence cannot protect the Iust?
His error was his fault, his truth his end,
No enemy his ruine, but his friend. (breath,
Cold friendship, where hot vowes are but a
To guerdon poore simplicitie with death:
Was neuer man, that felt the sence of griefe,
So Ouerbury'd in a safe beliefe:
Beliefe? O cruell slaughter! Times vnbred
Will say, Who dies that is vntimely dead,
By treachery, of lust, or by disgrace,
In friendship, 'twas but *Ouerburies* case; (proue
Which shall no: more cómend his truth, then
Their guilt, who were his opposites in loue.

Rest

Reſt happy Man; and in thy ſpheare of Awe
Behold how Iuſtice ſwaies the ſword of Law,
To weed out thoſe who e hands imbrew'd in
Cropt off thy youth, & flower in the bud (blood
Sleep in thy Peace: thus happy haſt thou prou'd,
Thou might'ſt di'de more knowne, not more
Io. Fo. belou'd.

Vpon SIR *Thomas Ouerburie* the Author of this ingenious *Poem.*

Heſperydes (within whoſe gardens grow
Appies of gold) may well thy loſſe deplore:
For in thoſe Gardens they could neuer ſhow
A tree ſo faire of ſuch a fruitfull ſtore.
Grace was the Root, and thou thy ſelfe the Tree,
Sweet counſels were the Berries grew on thee.

Wit was the branch that did adorne the Stocke,
Reaſon the Leafe vpon thoſe branches ſpred,
Vnder thy ſhaddow did the *Muſes* flocke,
And (by Thee) as a mantle couered
But what befell, O, too much out of kinde!
For thou waſt blaſted by a Weſt-on winde.
R. Ca.

Of Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* his *Wife and Marriage.*

WHē I behold this Wife of thine ſo faire,
So far remou'd frō vulgar beauties(aire
Being leſſe bright and pure) me thinks I ſee
An vncloth'd Soule, by potent Alchymy
Extraught from ragged matter. Thou haſt made
A wife more innocent then any Maide,
Euah's ſtate, before the fall, decyphered here,
And *Plato's* naked vertue's not more cleare
Such an *Idea* as ſcarce wiſhes can
Arriue at, but our Hopes muſt ne're attaine
A Soule ſo far beyond the common Make
As ſcorn'd corporeall ioyning. For her ſake
(Deſpairing elſe cōtract) Thou too turn'ſt Soule;
And to enioy her faires without controule,
Caſt' off this bodies clog: ſo muſt all do,
Caſt matter off, who would abſtractions woo.
To flie ſo ſoone then (Soule) well haſt thou done:
For in this life, ſuch beauties are not won.
But when I call to mind thine vnripe fall,
And ſo ſad ſummons to thy Nuptiall,
Either, in her thy bold deſires did taſte
Forbidden fruit, and haue this Curſe purchaſt.
Or, hauing this Elixir made thine owne
(Drawne from the remnant of Creation,)

The

The *faces* their malignant Spirits breathe,
To punish thine ambitious loue with death.
Or, thy much enuide choyce hath made the rest
Of Concrete Relicts point their aymes infest
To thy conclusion. And with them seduc'd
Friendship (displeasd to see a Loue produc'd
Lesse carnall then it 'selfe) with policy
So pure and chaste a Loue to nullifie.
Yet howsoe'r, their proiect flies in smoke
The poysons' cordiall,
which they meant should choke:
Their deeds of darknes, like the Bridall Night,
Haue ioin'd spirituall Louers in despight
Of false attempts: And now the wedding's done;
When in this life such faire had not bin won.

E.G.

To the Booke.

THou wofull Widdow, once happy wife,
That didst enioy so sweet a Mate:
Who, now bereaued is of Life,
Vntimely wrought, through inward hate.
O Deed most vile, to hatte the end
Of him, that was so good a friend!

F.H.

On this excellent Poem, *the Wife.*

LOe here the matchleſſe patterne of a Wife,
Diſciphered in forme of Good, and Bad:
The Bad commends the Good, as darke doth (Light,
Or as a loathed Bed a ſingle Life;
The good, with wiſedome and diſcretion clad
With Modeſtie, and faire demeanour dight,
Whoſe reaſon doth her will to loue inuite.

Reaſon begot, and paſsion bred her Loue,
Self-will She ſhun'd, Fitnes the Marriage made;
Fitnes doth cheriſh Loue, Selfe-will Debate.
Loe thus, and in this Monument of proofe
A perfect Wife, a Worke nor time can fade,
Nor looſe reſpect betray to mortall Fate.
This none can equall; Beſt, but imitate.

R. C.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerburies* Poem, the VVife.

I Am glad yet ere I die, I haue found occaſion
Honeſt & iuſt, without the worlds perſwaſiō,
Or flattery or bribery, to commend
A woman for her goodneſſe; and God ſend
I may find many more: I wiſh them well (fell,
They are pretty things to play with; when *Eue*
She tooke a care that all the Women-kinde
That were to follow her, ſhould be as blinde
As ſhe was wilfull; and till this good wife,
This piece of Vertues that ne're tooke her life
From a fraile Mothers labour: Thoſe ſtand ſtill
As marginalls to point vs to our ill,
Came to the world, as other creatures doe,
That know no God but will; we learnd to woo,
And if ſhe were but faire, and could but kiſſe,
Twenty to one we could not chuſe amiſſe;
And as we iudge of trees, if ſtraight and tall
That may be ſound, yet neuer till the fall (now
Finde how the raine hath drill'd them; ſo till
We onely knew we muſt loue; but not how:
But here we haue example, and ſo rare,
That if we hold but common ſence and care,
And ſteere by this Card; he that goes awry,
Ile boldly ſay at his Natiuitie,

That man was ſeal'd a foole: yet all this good
Giuen as it is, not cloath'd in fleſh and blood,
Some may auerre & ſtrongly, 'twas meere ment
In way of practice, but not preſident;
Either will make vs happy men; for he
That marrieth any way this myſtery,
Or any parcell of that benefit,
Though hee take hold of nothing but the wit,
Hath got himſelfe a partner for his life,
More then a woman, better then a Wife.

I.F.

Eiuſdem in Eadem.

AS from a man the firſt fraile woman came,
The firſt that euer made vs know our ſhame,
And finde the curſe of labour; ſo againe,
Goodneſſe and vnderſtanding found a Man
To take this ſhame away; and from him ſprong
A piece of excellence without a Tongue,
Becauſe it ſhould not wrong vs; yet the life
Makes it appeare, a woman and a Wife.
And this is ſhee, if euer Woman ſhall
Doe good hereafter; borne to bleſſe our fall.

I. F.

ON

On Sir *Thomas Querburies* Poem, *the Wife.*

VVEre euery beauty, euery ſeuerall grace,
Which is inwomen, in one womans face,
Som courtly Gallãts might, I think, come to her,
Which would not wed her, tho they ſeem'd to woo her.
Settled affectiõs follow not the Eye,
Reaſon & Iudgement muſt their courſe deſcry.
Pigmalions Image made of marble ſtone,
Was lik'd of all, belou'd of him alone,
But here's a Dame growne husbandleſſe of late,
Which not a man but wiſhed were his Mate.
So faire without, ſo free from ſpot within,
That earth ſeemes here to ſtand exempt from ſin.
Iuno vouchſafe, and *Hymen*, when I wed,
I may behold this Widdow in my Bed.

D.T.

On the VVife.

BEauty affords contentment to the Eye,
Riches are meanes to cure a weake eſtate,
Honour illuſtrates what it commeth nie:
To marry thus, mē count it happy fate. (ſhroud,
Vertue they think doth in theſe Emblemes
But trial ſhewes the are guiled with a Cloud.

Theſe are but complements; the inward worth,
The outward carriage, geſture, wit, and grace,
Is that alone that ſets a Woman forth:
And in this woman, theſe haue each a place.
Were all wiues ſuch: This age would happy be,
But happier that of our Poſteritie.

D.T.

On the VVife.

VVEl haſt thou ſaid, that womē ſhould be (ſuch;
And were they that, had but a third as
I would be marri'd too, but that I know (much,
Not what ſhe is, but ſhould be thou doſt ſhow:
So let me praiſe thy worke, and let my life
Be ſingle, or thy Widdow be my wife.

X.Z.

On the VVife:

THis perfect Creature, to the Eaſterne vſe
Liu'd, whilſt a wife retir'd from common ſhow:
Not that her Louer fear'd the leaſt abuſe,
But with the wiſeſt knew it fittter ſo:
Since, falne a widdow, and a zealous one,
She would haue ſacrifizde her ſelfe agen,
But importun'd to life, is now alone,
Lou'd, woo'd, admir'd, by all wiſe ſingle men.
Which, to th' adultrous reſt, that dare begin
Their vs'd temptations, were a mortall ſinne.

To the Wife.

EXpos'd to all thou wilt leſſe worthy ſeeme,
I feare: Wiues common, all men diſeſteeme;
Yet ſome things haue a diffring Fate: ſome fret.
We doubt of wares which are in corners ſet:
Hid Medals ruſt, which being vſ'd grow bright;
The day more friendeth vertue then the night.
Thou tho more common, then maiſt ſeem more good,
I only wiſh thou maiſt be vnderſtood.

G.R.

To the cleane contrary Wife.

LOok here: & chide thoſe ſpirits which main-(taine
Their empire, with a ſtrong cõmand in you,
That all good eies, which do your follies view,
Pitty, what you for them muſt once ſuſtaine:
O from thoſe Euils, which free Soules diſdaine
To be acquainted with, (and but purſue (true.)
Worſt Minds) from them (as hatefull as vn-
By reading this, for Fames faire ſake refraine:
Who would let feed vpon her birth, the brood
Of lightneſſe, indiſcretion, and the ſhame
Of foule incontinence, when the baſe blood
Is careleſſe onely of an Honour'd Name?
Be all that gentle are, more high Improu'd,
For looſe Dames are but flatter'd, neuer Lou'd.

W. Stra.

Of the choyce of a Wife.

IF I were to chuſe a VVoman,
As who knowes but I may marry?
I would truſt the eye of no man,
Nor a tongue that may miſcarry:
For in way of loue and Glory,
Each tongue beſt tells his owne ſtory.

Firſt, to make my choyce the bolder,
I would haue her childe to ſuch,
VVhoſe free vertues lyues are older
When Antiquity can touch:
For tis ſeldome ſeene, that bloud
Giues a beauty great and good.

Yet an ancient ſtocke may bring
Branches, I confeſſe, of worth,
Like rich mantles ſhadowing
Thoſe deſcents that brougth them forth,
Yet ſuch Hills, though gilded ſhow,
Sooneſt feele the Age of ſnow.

Therefore

Therefore to preuent such care
That repentance soone may bring,
Like Marchants I would choose my ware,
Vse-full good, *not glittering.*
He that weds for state or face,
Buyes a Horse, to lose a Race.

Yet I would haue her faire as any,
But her owne not kist away:
I would haue her free to many,
Looke on all like equall day;
But descending in the Sea,
Make her set with none but me.

If shee be not tall, tis better;
For that word, A goodly Woman,
Prints it selfe in such a letter,
That it leaues vnstudied no man:
I would haue my Mistris grow,
Onely tall to answer No.

Yet

Yet I would not haue her loſe
So much breeding, as to fling
Vnbecomming ſcorne on thoſe
That muſt worſhip euery thing.
Let her feare looſe lookes to ſcatter:
And looſe men will ſoare to flatter.

Children I would haue her beare,
More for loue of name then bed:
So each childe I haue his heyre
To another mayden-head;
For ſhe that in the Act's afraid,
Euery night's another maide.

Such a one, as when ſhee's woo'd,
Blnſhes not for ill thoughts paſt;
But ſo innocently good,
That her dreames are euer chaſte;
For that Maide that thinks a ſin
Has betraide the Fort ſhee's in.

In my viſitation ſtill,
I would haue her ſcatter feares,
How this man, and that was ill,
After proteſtations Teares:
And who vowes a conſtant life,
Crownes a meritorious Wife.

VVhen the Prieſt firſt giues our hands,
I would haue her thinke but thus;
In what high and holy bands
Heauen, like twins, hath planted vs,
That like Aarons *rod, together*
Both may bud: grow greene, and wither.

An *Elegie* in praise of Sir *Thomas Ouerburie, and his* Poem.

TIs dangerous to be *good*: well may we praise
Honesty, or *Innocence*; but who can raise
A pow'r, that shal secur't 'gainst wrõgs to come,
When such a *Saint* hath suffer'd *Martyrdome?*
Iniurious hands, which 'cause they could not get
The *gemme*, would therefore spoile the *Cabinet*.
But though the *cage* be broke, the *bird* is flowne
To *heauen* her proper and securer home:
Where 'mongst a quire of *Saints*, and *Cherubins*,
Of *Angels*, *Thrones*, and *Seraphins*, she sings
Those sacred *Haleluiahs*: heauen may boast
T'haue got that Angel there which we haue lost:
But we shall still complaine, for to vs *here*,
A *Saint* is more losse then a *Throne* is *there*.
That *Firmament* of holy *fires* which we
Enioy'd, whilst thou wert, by enioying thee,
Lyes now rak't vp in *ashes*, as the light
Of day, the Sunne once gon, is drownd in night.
But as the *Moone*, sometime, the *Sun* being set,
Appeares, and we a new (though lesse) light get;
So though our greatest *lampe* of vertue be,
By cruell Fate *extinguished*, in thee,
Yet to adde some fresh *oyle* t'our *snuffe* of life,
Thou hast behinde thee, left a matchlesse *Wife*:

VVho

Who hath(since that sad time her Husbād di'd)
Beene woo'd by many, for a second bride:
But like a chaste religious widdow, she
Hauing lost her first mate, scornes *bigamie*.

P.B. *medij Temp.*

A *Statue* erected in memory of Sir *Thomas Ouerbury* his *Wife*.

VPon a *Marble* fram'd by th'cunningst hand
In garments greene, and orient to behold,
Like a most louely *Virgin* let her stand,
And on her head a crowne of purest gold.
First, let religion in her hart haue place. (spring,
As th' ground & fountaine whence all vertues
So that each thought being sanctified by Grace:
The punishment t'escape, that's due to sinne.
Let *Beauty* (ioyn'd with modesty) appeare
Loues obiect in her face; and chastity
In her faire *eyes*, brighter then chrystal cleare,
Wherein life moues affections, led *thereby*.
In her hands *charity*, and at the right
The holy Angels let protecting be:

And

And at the left Gods mercies shining bright,
Distributing to each necessitie.
Let th'earth his riches yeeld to her, and more
The heauens their influence, and by the same
Vnto the blinde their sight let her restore;
Strength'ning the weak, & raising vp the lame,
Vnder her feete the Diuell and darknesse set,
Let Pride fast bound in chaines behinde her lye,
Base selfe-Loue, not appeare in place, and let
Foule-Lust, and *Enuy* from her presence flie,
And on her *Brest*, in golden letters write
Heauens best belou'd, earths chiefest delight.
(Wife,
He that (in's Choice) would meete with such a
Must vow virginity and single life.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerbury* and his WIFE.

ALL right, all wrong befals me through a Wife,
A Bad one gate me Death, a Good one Life.

An *Elegy* vpon the Death of SIR *Thomas Ouerbury*

Knight, poysoned in the Tower.

HAdst thou like other Sirs and Knights of worth,
Sickned and dide, & stretcht out, and laid forth,
After thy farewell Sermon taken earth,
And left no deed to praise thee, but thy birth,
Then Ouerbury, *by a passe of theirs,*
Thou might'st haue tyded hence in two houres teares,
Then had we worne the sprigs of memory
No longer then thy friends did Rosemary;
Or than the doole was eating for thy sake,
And thou hadst sunke in thine owne wine and cake:
But since it was so ordered and thought fit
By some who knew thy truth, and fear'd thy wit,
Thou shouldst be poisond, Death hath done thee grace,
Ranckt thee aboue the region of thy place,
For none heares poyson nam'd, but makes reply
What Prince was that? what Statesman so did die?
In this thou hast out-dyde an Elegie,
Which were too narrow for posterity,
And thy strong poyson which did seeme to kill,
Working afresh in some Historians quill,
Shall now preserue thee longer ere thou rot,
Then could a Poem mixt with Antidot;

Nor

Nor needſt thou truſt a Herauld with thy name,
That art the voyce of Iuſtice and of Fame;
Whilſt ſinne (deteſting her owne conſcience) ſtriues
To pay the vſe and intereſt of liues.
Enough of ryme, and might it pleaſe the Law,
Enough of blood; for naming liues I ſaw,
He that writes more of thee, muſt write of more,
Which I affect not, but referre men ore
To Tyburne, by whoſe Art they may define
What life of man is worth in valewing thine.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerburie.*

THough dumb, deaf, dead, I cry, I heare, I kil:
Thus growne a Politician 'gainſt my will.

F.M.

An *Elegy* on the late *Lord William Howard*, Baron of Effingham, dead *the tenth of December*, 1615.

I Did not know thee, Lord, nor doe I ſtriue
To winne acceſſe, or grace, with Lords aliue:
The dead I ſerue, from whence nor faction can
Mooue me, nor fauour: nor a greater man.
To whom no vice cómends me, nor bribe ſent,
From whom no Penance warnes, nor portion
To theſe I dedicate as much of me (ſpent,
As I can ſpare from my owne husbandry:
And till Ghoſts walk as they were wont to doe,
I trade for ſome, and doe the errants too.
But firſt I doe enquire, and am aſſur'd,
What tryals in their iourneys they endur'd,
What certainties of Honor & of worth, (forth,
Their moſt vncertaine Life-times haue brought
And whoſo did leaſt hurt of this ſmall ſtore,
He is my patron, di'd he rich or poore.
Firſt I will know of Fame (after his peace,
When Flattery and Enuy both doe ceaſe)
Who rul'd his actions: Reaſon, or my Lord?
Did the whole man relie vpon a word,
A badge of Title, or aboue all chance
Seem'd he as Ancient as his Cogniſance?

What

Whar did he? acts of mercy; and refraine
Oppreſſion in himſelfe, and in his Traine?
Was his eſſentiall Table full as free
As Boaſts and inuitations vſe to be?
Where if his Ruſſet-friend did chance to dine,
Whether his Satten-man would fill him wine.
Did he thinke periurie as lou'd a ſinne,
Himſelfe forſworne, as if his ſlaue had beene?
Did he ſeeke Regular pleaſures, was he knowne
Iuſt Husband of one VVife, and ſhe his owne?
Did he giue freely without pauſe, or doubt,
And read petitions, ere they were worne out?
Or ſhould his well-deſeruing *Clyent* aske,
VVould he beſtow a Tilting, or a Maske
To keep need vertuous? And that done not feare
VVhat Lady damn'd him for his abſence there?
Did he attend the Court for no mans fall?
VVore he the ruine of no Hoſpitall?
And when he did his rich apparrell don,
Put he no VVidow nor an Orphan on?
Did he loue ſimple vertue for the thing,
The King for no reſpect but for the King?
But aboue all, did his Religion waite
Vpon Gods Throne, or on the chaire of ſtate?
He that is guilty of no *Quere* here,
Out-laſts his Epitaph, out-liues his Heyre.
But there is none ſuch, none ſo little bad,
VVho but this negatiue goodneſſe euer had?

Of ſuch a Lord we may expect the birth,
Hee's rather in the wombe then on the earth,
And 'twere a Crime in ſuch a publike fate,
For one to liue well and degenerate:
And therefore I am angry, when a name
Comes to vpbraid the World like *Effingham*.
Nor was it modeſt in thee to depart
To thy eternall home, where now thou art;
Ere thy reproach was ready: or to die,
Ere cuſtome had prepar'd thy calumny.
Eight dayes haue paſt ſince thou haſt paid thy (debt
To ſinne, and not a libell ſtirring yet,
Courtiers that ſcoffe by Patent, ſilent ſit,
And haue no vſe of Slander, or of wit: (tide,
But (which is monſtrous) though againſt the
The Water-men haue neither rayld nor lide.
Of good and bad there's no diſtinction knowne,
For in thy praiſe the good and bad are one.
It ſeemes we all are couetous of Fame,
And hearing what a purchaſe of good name
Thou lately mad'ſt, are carefull to encreaſe
Our title by the holding of ſome leaſe (crue
From thee our Land-lord, and for that th' who'e
Speake now like Tenants ready to renew:
It were too ſad to tell thy pedegree,
Death hath diſordred all, miſplacing thee,
Whilſt now thy Herauld in his line of heyres
Blots out thy name, & fils the ſpace with teares.

And

And thus hath cõqu'ring death, or nature rather
Made thee prepoſtrous ancient to thy Father,
Who grieues th'art ſo, and like a glorious light
Shines ore thy Hearſe.
He therefore that would write
And blaze thee throughly, may at once ſay all,
Here lies the Anchor of our Admirall.
Let others write for glory or reward,
Truth is well paid, when ſhe is ſung and heard.

Ad Comitiſſam Rutlandiæ.

MAdame, ſo may my verſes pleaſing be,
So you may laugh at them, and not at me.
'Tis ſomething to you gladly I would ſay,
But how to do't, I cannot find the way.
I would auoyd the common beaten waies
To Woman vſed, which are loue or praiſe:
As for the firſt, the little wit I haue,
Is not yet growne ſo neere vnto the graue,
But that I can by that dimme fading light,
Perceiue of what, and vnto whom I write.
Let ſuch as in a hopeleſſe witleſſe rage,
Can ſigh a quire, and read it to a Page;
Such as can make ten Sonnets ere they reſt,
When each is but a great blot at the beſt:
Such as do backs of books and windowes fill,
With their too furious Diamond or quill;

Such as were well resolu'd to end their daies,
With a loud laughter blowne beyond the Seas;
VVho are so mortifide, that they can line
Contemn'd of all the world, and yet forgiue.
VVrite loue to you: I would not willingly
Be pointed at in euery company,
As was that little Taylor, who till death,
VVas hot in loue with Qu. *Elizabeth*,
And for the last in all my idle daies,
I neuer yet did liuing woman praise
In prose or verse: And when I doe beginne,
Ile picke some woman out, as full of sinne
As you are full of vertue, with a soule
As black, as yours is white: A face as foule
As yours is beautifull, for it shall be,
Out of the rules of Phisiognomie,
So farre, that I doe feare I must displace
The Art a little, to let in her face:
It shall at least foure Faces be below
The deuils; and her parched corps shall show,
In her loose skin, as if some sprite she were,
Kept in a bag by some great Coniurer:
Her breath shall be as horrible and vild,
As eu'ry word you speake is sweete and mild,
It shall be such a one, as will not be
Couer'd with any Art or policie.
But let her take all powders, fumes, and drinke,
She shall make nothing but a dearer stinke.

She

She ſhall haue ſuch a foot, and ſuch a noſe,
As will not ſtand in any thing but proſe:
If I beſtow my praiſes vpon ſuch,
Tis Charity and I ſhall merit much.
My praiſe will come to her like a full boule,
Beſtow'd at moſt need on a thirſty ſoule;
Where if I ſing your praiſes in my Ryme,
I loſe my Inke, my Paper, and my time;
And nothing adde to your o'reflowing ſtore,
And tel you nought but what you knew before.
Nor do the vertuous minded (which I ſweare,
Madame, I thinke you are) endure to heare
Their own perfections into queſtions brought,
But ſtop their Eares at them; for if I thought
You tooke a pride to haue your vertues known,
Pardon me, Madame, I ſhould think them none.
To what a length is this ſtrange letter growne,
In ſeeking of a ſubie't, yet finds none?
But your braue thoughts, which I much reſpect
Aboue your glorious Titles ſhall accept
Theſe haſh diſorder'd Lines, I ſhall ere long
Dreſſe vp your vertues new, in a new ſong;
Yet far from all baſe praiſe and flattery,
Although I know what ere my Verſes be,
They will like the moſt ſeruile flatt'rie ſhow,
If I write truth, and make the ſubiect you.

An Elegie on the Death of *the LADY*

Rutland.

I May forget to drinke, to eate, to ſleepe,
Remembring thee, but when I do, to weepe
In wel weigh'd lines, that men ſhal at thy hearſe
Enuy the ſorrow which broght forth my verſe;
May my dull vnderſtandiug haue the might.
Onely to know her laſt was yeſternight?
Rutland the faire is dead, or if to heare
The name of *Sidney* will more force a teare,
Tis ſhe that is ſo dead; and yet there be
Some more aliue profeſſe not poetrie:
The Statetmen and the Lawyers of our time
Haue buſineſſe ſtill, yet doe it not in rime:
Can ſhe be dead, and can there be of thoſe
That are ſo dull, to ſay their prayers in proſe?
It is three daies ſince ſhe did feele Deaths hand,
And yet this Iſle not call the Poets Land?
Hath this no new ones made, and are the old
At ſuch an needfull time as this growne cold?
They all ſay they would faine, but yet they plead
They cannot write, becauſe their Muſe is dead.
Heare me then ſpeak which will take no excuſe,
Sorrow can make a verſe without a Muſe.

Why

Why didſt thou die ſo ſoone? O pardon me,
I know, it was the longeſt life to thee,
That ere with modeſty was cald a ſpan,
Since the Almightie left to ſtriue with man;
Mankind is ſent to ſorrow; and thou haſt
More of the buſines which thou cam'ſt for paſt,
Then all thoſe aged Women which yet quicke
Haue quite out-liu'd their owne Arithmeticke.
As ſoone as thou couldſt apprehend a griefe,
There were enow to meete thee, and the chiefe
Bleſſing of women; marriage was to thee
Nought but a ſacrament of Miſerie:
For whom thou hadſt, if we may truſt to Fame,
Could nothing change about thee, but thy name
A name which who (that were again to doo't)
Would change without a thouſād ioyes to boot:
In all things elſe: thou rather ledſt a life
Like a betrothed Virgin then a Wife.
But yet I would haue cald thy Fortune kind,
If it had onely tride the ſettled minde,
With preſent croſſes; Not the loathed thought
Of worſe to come, or paſt, then might haue
Thy beſt remēbrance to haue caſt an eie (wrought
Backe with delight vpon thine infancie:
But thou hadſt ere thou knewſt the vſe of teares
Sorrow laid vp againſt thou comſt to yeeres,
Ere thou wert able, who thou wert to tell,
By a ſad warre thy noble Father fell.

In

In a dull clime which did not vnderſtand
What 'twas to venture him, to ſaue a Land;
He left two children, who for vertue, wit,
Beauty, were lou'd of all; Thee and his wit;
Two was too few, yet death hath from vs took
Thee, a more faultleſſe iſſue, then his Booke,
Which now the onely liuing thing we haue
From him, wee'l ſee, ſhall neuer finde a graue
As thou haſt done: alas, would it might be,
That bookes their Sexes had as well as we,
That we might ſee this married to the worth,
And many Poems like it ſelfe bring forth:
But this vaine wiſh Diuinity controules,
For neither to the Angels, nor to ſoules,
Nor any thing he meant ſhould euer liue,
Did the wiſe God of Nature ſexes giue;
Then with his euerlaſting worke alone
We muſt content our ſelues ſince ſhe is gone;
Gone like the day thou dyed'ſt vpon, and we
May call that backe againe as ſoone as thee. (all
Who ſhould haue lookt to this, where were you
That doe your ſelues, the helpes of Nature call
Phyſicians? I acknowledge you were there
To ſell ſuch words as one in health would heare:
So dyde ſhe: Curſt be he who ſhall defend
Your Art of haſtning Nature to an end.
In this you ſhew'd that Phyſicke can but be
At beſt, an Art, to cure your pouertie.

Y'are

Y'are many of you Impoſtors, and doe giue
To ſicke men potions that your ſelues may liue.
He that hath ſurfeited, and cannot eate,
Muſt haue a med'cine to procure you meate,
And that's the deepeſt ground of all your skill,
Vnleſſe it be ſome knowledge how to kill.
Sorrow and madneſſe make my verſes flow
Croſſe to my vnderſtanding. For I know
You can doe wonders; euery day I meete
The looſer ſort of people in the ſtreet
From deſperate diſeaſes freed, and why
Reſtore you them, and ſuffer her to dye?
Why ſhould the State allow you Colledges,
Penſions for Lectures, and Anatomies?
If all your potions, vomits, letting blood,
Can onely cure the bad, and not the good?
Which onely they can doe, and I will ſhow
The hidden reaſon why, you did not know
The way to cure her. You beleeu'd her blood
Ran in ſuch courſes as you vnderſtood,
By Lectures you beleeu'd her Arteries,
Grew as they doe in your Anatomies,
Forgetting that the State allowes you none,
But only whores and theeues to practiſe on:
And euery paſſage about them. I am ſure
You vnderſtood, and onely them can cure,
Which is the cauſe that both ——
Are noted for enioying ſo long liues.

But

But noble blood treades in too ſtrange a path
For your ill-got Experience; and hath
Another way of cure. If you haue ſeene
Penelope diſſected, or the Queene
Of *Sheba*, then you might haue found a way
To haue preſerued from that fatall day.
As tis. You haue but made her ſooner bleſt,
By ſending her to heauen, where let her reſt.
I will not hurt the peace which ſhee ſhould
By longer looking in her quiet graue. (haue,

FINIS.

THE METHOD.

First, of Marriage, and the effect thereof; Children. Then of his country, Lust; *then for his choyce, first, his opinion negatiuely, what should not be: the First, causes of it, that is, neither* Beauty, Birth, *nor* Portion. *Then affirmatiue, what should be, of which kind there are foure:* Goodneſſe, Knowledge, Diſcretion, *and as a second thing,* Beauty. *The first onely absolutely good: the other being built vpon the first, doe likewiſe become ſo. Then the application of that woman by loue to himſelfe, which makes her a Wife. And laſtly, the only condition of a Wife,* Fitneſſe.

A WIFE.

EAch Woman is a *briefe* of Womankind,
And doth in little euen as much containe,
As, in one Day and Night, all life we find,
Of either, More, is but the ſame againe:
God fram'd Her ſo, that to her *Husband* She,
As *Eue*, ſhould all the *world of woman be.*

So

So fram'd he *Both*, that *neither* power he gaue
Vſe of themſelues, but by *exchange* to make:
Whence in their face, the *Faire* no pleaſure haue,
But by *reflex* of what thence *other* take.
Our Lips in their owne Kiſſe no pleaſure find:
Toward their proper Face, our eies are blind.

So God in *Eue* did *perfect* Man, *begun*;
Till then, in vaine much of himſelfe he had:
In *Adam*, God created onely *one*,
Eue & the *world to come*, in *Eue* he made. (ſtraies,
We are *two halfes*: whiles each from other
Both barren are; *Ioind*, *both* their *like* can raiſe.

At firſt, both *Sexes* were in *Man* combinde,
Man, *She-Man* did in his body breed;
Adam was *Eues*, *Eue* Mother of Mankinde,
Eue from *Liue-fleſh*, Man did from *Duſt* proceed.
One, thus made *two*, *Marriage* doth re-vnite,
And maks them but both one *Hermaphrodite*.

Man

Man did but the *well-being* of this life
From *Woman* take; her *Being* ſhee from *Man*:
And therefore *Eue* created was a Wife,
And at the end of all her *Sex*, began:
Marriage their obiect is: their *Being* then,
And now *Perfection*, they receiue from *Men*.

Marriage; to all whoſe ioyes *two parties* be,
And *doubled* are by being parted ſo,
Wherein the very *Act* is Chaſtitie,
Whereby *two ſoules* into *one Body* go.
Which makes *two*, *one*; while here they liuing be
And after death in their *poſterity*.

God to *each Man a priuate Woman* gaue,
That in that *Center* his *deſires* might ſtint,
That he a *comfort* like himſelfe might haue,
And that on her *his like* he might *imprint*.
Double is Womans *vſe*, part of their end,
Doth on *this Age*, part on the *next* depend.

A WIFE.

In the Degrees, high rather, be she plast,
Of *Nature*, then of *Art*, and *Policy*:
Gentry is but a *relique* of time past:
And Loue doth only but the *present* see; (*same*
Things were first made, then *words*: she were the
With, or *without*, *that title* or that name.

As for (the oddes of Sexes) *Portion*,
Nor will I shun it, nor may aime it make;
Birth, *Beauty*, *Wealth*, nothing worth alone,
All these I would for *good additions* take,
Nor for *Good parts*; those *two* are ill combin'd,
Whom, any *third* thing frō *themselues* hath ioin'd.

Rather then these the obiect of my *Loue*,
Let it be *Good*; when these with vertue go,
They (in themselues *indifferent*) vertues proue,
For *Good* (like fire) turnes all things to be so.
Gods Image in Her *Soule*, O let me place
My *Loue* vpon! not *Adams* in her *Face*.

Good

A WIFE.

Good, is a fairer attribute then *White*,
Tis the *mindes Beauty* keeps the *other* ſweete;
That's not ſtill one, nor mortall with the light,
Nor gloſſe, nor painting can it counterfeit:
Nor doth it raiſe deſires, which euer tend
At once, to their perfection and their end.

By *Good* I would haue *Holy* vnderſtood,
So *God* ſhee cannot loue, but alſo *mee*,
The Law requires our *words* and *deeds* be good,
Religion euen the *Thoughts* doth ſanctifie:
As ſhee is *more* a *Maid* that *rauiſht* is,
Then Shee which onely doth but *wiſh amiſſe*.

Luſt onely by *Religion* is withſtood,
Luſts obiect is aliue, his ſtrength within;
Mortality reſiſts but in *cold blood*;
Reſpect of *Credit* feareth *ſhame*, not *ſin*.
But no place *darke enough* for ſuch offence
She findes, thats *watch*, by her owne *conſcience*.

But Physicke for our *lust* their bodies be,
But matter fit to shew our loue vpon:
But onely *shells* for our *posterity*,
Their soules were gin'n lest men should be alone:
For but the *Soules Interpreters*, *words* be,
Without which *Bodies* are no company.

That *goodly frame* we see of flesh and blood,
Their *fashion* is not *weight*; it is I say
But their *Lay-part*; but well digested food;
This but twixt *Dust*, and *Dust*, *Ages middle way*:
The worth of it is nothing that is *seen*,
But only that it holds a *Soule* within.

And all the carnall *Beauty* of my VVife,
Is but skin-deepe, but to *two senses* knowne;
Short euen of pictures, shorter liu'd the Life,
And yet the *loue* surmines, that's built thereon:
For our *Imagination* is too high,
For *Bodies* when they meet, to satisfie.

All Shapes, all Colours, are *alike* in *Night*,
Nor doth our *Touch* diſtinguiſh *ſoule or faire*;
But mans *imagination*, and his *ſight*,
And thoſe, but the firſt weake; by Cuſtome are
Both made alike, which differed at firſt *view*,
Nor can that difference *abſence* much renew.

Nor can that *Beauty*, lying in the *Face*,
But meerely by *imagination* be
Enioy'd by vs, in an *inferiour place*.
Nor can that *Beauty* by *enioying* we
Make *ours become*; ſo our *deſire* growes tame,
We changed are, but it remaines the ſame.

Birth, leſſe then *Beauty*, ſhall my reaſon blinde.
Her *Birth* goes to my *Children*, not to me:
Rather had I that *actiue Gentrie* finde,
Vertue, then *paſſiue* from her Ancettry;
Rather in *her actiue* one vertue ſee,
Then all the reſt dead in her *Pedigree*.

A WIFE.

We fill but *part* of *time*, and cannot dye,
Till we the world a *freſh ſupply* haue lent.
Children are Bodies ſole *Eternity*;
Nature is *Gods*, *Art* is *mans* inſtrument.
Now all *mans Art* but only dead things makes,
But herein *man* in things of *life* partakes.

For wandring *Luſt*; I know tis infinite,
It ſtill *begins*, and addes not more to more.
The *guilt* is euerlaſting, the *delight*,
This inſtant doth not feele, of *that* before.
The *taſte* of it is onely in the *Senſe*,
The *operation* in the *Conſcience*.

Woman is not *Luſts bounds*, but *Woman-kinde*;
One is *Loues number*: who from that doth fall,
Hath loſt his hold, and no *new reſt* ſhall finde;
Vice hath no meane, but not to be at all.
A *Wife* is that *enough*, *Luſt* cannot finde;
For *Luſt* is ſtill with *want*, or *too much*, *pinde*.

Bate

Bate *Luſt* the Sin, my ſhare is cu'n with his,
For *Not to luſt*, and to *Enioy* is one:
And more or leſſe paſt, *equall* Nothing is;
I ſtill haue *one*, Luſt *one at once*, alone:
And though the woman often changed be,
Ye Hee's the ſame without variety.

Marriage cur *luſt* (as twere with fuell fire)
Doth, with a medicine *of the ſame*, allay;
And nor *forbid*, but *rectifie deſire*.
My ſelfe I cannot chuſe, *my wife* I may:
And in the choiſe of *Her*, it much doth lye,
To mend my ſelfe in my poſterity.

Or rather let me *Loue*, then *be in loue*;
So let me chuſe, as *Wife* and *Friend* to finde,
Let me forget her *Sex*, when I *approoue*:
Beaſts likeneſſe lies in *ſhape*, but *ours* in *minde*:
Our *Soules no Sexes* haue, their Loue is cleane,
No *Sex*, both in the *better part* are *men*.

Then may I truſt her *Body* with her *mind*,
And, thereupon ſecure neede neuer know
The pangs of *Iealouſie*: and *Loue* doth find
More paine to *doubt* her falſe, then *know* her ſo:
For *Patience* is, of euils that are knowne,
The certaine Remedie; but *Doubt* hath none.

And be that thought *once* ſtirr'd, twill neuer die:
Nor will the griefe more milde by cuſtome proue,
Nor yet *Amendment* can it ſatisfie.
The *Anguiſh* more or leſſe, is *as our loue*;
This miſerie doth *Iealouſie* enſue,
That we may proue her *falſe*, but cannot *True*.

Suſpicions may the will of *Luſt* reſtraine,
But *God* preuents from hauing ſuch a *will*;
A *Wife* that's *Good*, doth *Chaſt and more* containe,
For *Chaſt* is but an *Abſtinence* from ill:
And in a *Wife* that's *Bad*, although the *beſt*
Of qualities; yet in a *Good* the *laſt*.

To

A WIFE.

To beare the meanes is *Care*, not *Iealouſie*:
Some *lawfull* things to be auoyded are,
When they *occaſion* of *vnlawfull* bee:
Luſt ere it hurts, is beſt deſcryd afarre:
Luſt is a ſinne *of two*; hee that is ſure
Of *either* part, may be of *both* ſecure.

Giue me next *Good*, an *vnderſtanding Wife*,
By Nature *wiſe*, not *Learned* by much Art,
Some *Knowledge* on Her ſide, will all my life
More ſcope of conuerſation impart:
Beſides her inborne vertue fortifie.
They are moſt firmly good, that beſt know why.

A *paſſiue vnderſtanding* to conceiue,
And iudgement to diſcerne, I wiſh to finde:
Beyond that, all as hazardous I leaue;
Learning and *pregnant wit* in woman-kinde,
What it findes malleable, makes fraile,
And doth not adde more *ballaſt*, but more *ſaile*.

Domeſticke

Where *goodneſſe* failes, twixt ill and ill *that* ſtands:
Whence tis, that *women* though they weaker be,
And their deſire mores ſtrong, yet on their hands
The *Chaſtity* of *men* doth often lye:
Luſt would more common be then any one,
Could it as other ſinnes be done *alone*.

All theſe *good parts* a *Perfect woman* make:
Adde *Loue to me*, they make a *Perfect Wife*:
VVithout her *Loue*, Her *Beauty* ſhould I take,
As that of *Pictures*; dead; *That* giues it life:
Till then Her *Beauty* like the Sun doth ſhine
Alike to all; *That* makes it, onely *mine*.

And of that *Loue*, let *Reaſon Father* be,
And *Paſſion Mother*; let it from the one
His *Being* take, the other his *Degree*;
Selfe-loue (which ſecond Loues hath built vpon)
VVill make *me* (if not *Her*) her loue reſpect;
No man but fauours his owne worths effect.

As

A WIFE.

As *Good* and *wiſe*; ſo be ſhee *Fit* for mee,
That is, To *will*, and *Not to will* the ſame,
My *Wife* is my *Adopted ſelfe*, and ſhee
As Me, ſo what I loue, to Loue muſt frame.
For when by Marriage both in one concurre,
VVoman conuerts to man, not man to her.

FINIS.

The Authours Epitaph, written by himſelfe.

THe Span of my daies meaſur'd, heere I reſt,
That is, my body, but my ſoule his gueſt,
Is hence aſcended: whither, neither Time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but onely Loue can clime;
Where being now enlightned, Shee doth know
The Truth of all, men argue of below:
Onely this duſt doth here in pawne remaine,
That, when the world diſſolues, ſhe come againe.

So faire at leaſt let me imagine Her;
That thought to *me*, is *Truth*: *opinion*
Cannot in matter of *opinion* erre;
With no eyes ſhall I ſee her but *mine owne*.
And as my *Fancy Her* conceiues to be,
Euen ſuch my Senſes both, doe *Feele* and *See*.

The *Fate* we may the ſeat of *Beauty* call,
In it the reliſh of the reſt doth lye,
Nay eu'n a figure of the *Minde* withall:
And of the *Face*, the *Life* moues in the *Eye*;
No things elſe, being *two* ſo like we ſee,
So like, that they, *two* but in number, be.

Beauty in *decent ſhape*, and *Colours* lies.
Colours the *matter* are, and *ſhape* the *Soule*;
The *Soule*, which from no ſingle part doth riſe,
But from the iuſt proportion of the *whole*,
And is a meere *ſpirituall harmony*,
Of euery part vnited in the *Eye*.

Loue

A WIFE.

Love is a kinde of *Superstition*,
Which feares the Idoll which it selfe hath fram'd:
Lust a Desire, which rather from his *owne*
Temper, then from the object is inflam'd:
Beauty is Loues *object*; *Woman* Lust's to gaine;
Love, Loue Desires; *Lust*, onely to *obtaine*.

No circumstance doth *Beauty* beautifie,
Like gracefull *fashion*, native *Comelinesse*.
Nay eu'n gets pardon for *Deformity*;
Art cannot beget, but may encrease;
When *Nature* had fixt *Beauty*, perfect made,
Something shee left for *Motion* to adde.

But let that *Fashion* more to *modesty*
Tend, then *Assurance*: *Modesty* doth set
The face in her iust place, from *Passions* free,
Tis both the *Mindes*, and *Bodies beauty met*;
But *Modesty* no vertue can we see;
That is the faces onely *Chastity*.

Where

A WIFE.

Domeſticke Charge doth beſt that *Sex* befit,
Contiguous buſineſſe; ſo to fixe the Minde,
That *Leyſure* ſpace for *Fancies* not admit:
Their *Leyſure* 'tis corrupteth *Woman-kind*:
Elſe, being plac'd from many vices free,
They had to Heau'n a ſhorter cut then we.

Bookes are a part of mans prerogatiue,
In formall Inke they *Thoughts* and *Voyces* hold,
That we to them our ſolitude may giue,
And make *Time-preſent* trauell that of *old*.
Our life, *Fame* peeceth longer at the end,
And *Bookes* it farther backward do extend.

As *good*, and knowing let her be *Diſcreete*,
That, to the others *weight*, doth *Faſhion* bring;
Diſcretion doth conſider what is *Fit*.
Goodneſſe but what is *lawfull*; but the *Thing*,
Not *Circumſtances*; *Learning* is and *wit*,
In men, but *curious folly without it*.

To

To'keepe their Name, when 'tis in others hands,
Diſcretion askes; their *Credit* is by farre
More *fraile* then *They*: on likelihoods it ſtands,
And hard to be diſprou'd, *Luſts ſlanders* are.
Their *Carriage*, not their *Chaſtity* alone,
Muſt keepe their *Name* chaſte from *ſuſpition*.

Womans *Behauiour* is a ſurer barre
Then is their *No*: *That* fairely doth *deny*,
VVithout *denying*; *thereby* kept they are
Safe eu'n from *Hope*; in part to blame is ſhee,
Which hath *without conſent* bin only tride;
He comes *too neere*, that comes to be *deride*.

Now ſi nce a *Woman* wee to *marry* are,
A *Soule* and *Body*, not a *Soule* alone,
When one is *Good*, then be the other *Faire*;
Beauty is *Health* and *Beauty*, both in one;
Be ſhe ſo faire, as change can yeeld no gaine;
So faire, as ſhe moſt *Woman* elſe containe.

So

Characters.

OR,

Wittie descriptions of the properties of sundry persons.

A good Woman.

A Good Woman is a comfort, like a man. Shee lacks of him nothing but heat. Thence is her sweetnesse of disposition which meetes his stoutnesse more pl singly; so wooll meets Iron easier then Iron, and turnes

resisting into embracing. Her greatest learning is religion, and her thoughts are on her owne *Sex*, or on men, without casting the difference. *A shamefast* neuer comes neerer then her eares, and then wonder stops it out, and saues vertue the labour. Shee leaues the neat youth, telling his *lushious* tales, and puts backe the *Seruing-mans* putting forward, with a frowne: yet her kindnes is free enough to bee seen, for it hath no guilt about it: and her mirth is cleare, that you may looke through it, into vertue, but not beyond. She hath not behauiour at a certaine, but makes it to her occasion. She hath so much knowledge as to loue it; and if she haue it not at home, shee will fetch it, for this sometimes in a pleasant discontent shee dares chide her *Sex*, though she vse it neuer the worse. Shee is much within, and frames outward things to her minde, not her minde to them. She weares good cloathes, but neuer better; for shee findes no degree beyond *Decencie*. Shee hath a content of

her

her owne, and ſo ſeekes not an husband, but findes him. She is indeed moſt, but not much of diſcription, for ſhee is direct and one, and hath not the variety of ill. Now ſhe is giuen freſh and aliue to a Husband, and ſhee doth nothing more then loue him, for ſhee takes him to that purpoſe. So his good becomes the buſineſſe of her actions, and ſhee doth her ſelfe kindneſſe vpon him. After his, her chiefeſt vertue is a good husband. For *She is Hee.*

A very Woman.

A *Very Woman*, is a dow-bak't man, or a *She* meant well towards man, but fell two bowes ſhort, *ſtrength* and *vnderſtanding*. Her vertue is the hedge, *Modeſty*, that keepes a man from climbing ouer into her faults. Shee ſimpers as if ſhee had no teeth but lips: and ſhe diuides her eyes, and keepes halfe for

her ſelfe, and giues the other to her neat *Youth*. Being ſet downe, ſhee caſts her face into a platforme, which dureth the meale, & is taken away with the voider. Her draught reacheth to good manners, not to thirſt, and it is a part of their myſtery not to profeſſe hunger; but *Nature* takes her in priuate and ſtretcheth her vpon meat. Shee is *Marriageable* and *Fourteene* at once; and after ſhee doth not liue, but tarry. Shee reads ouer her face euery morning, and ſometimes blots out pale, and writes red. She thinks ſhe is faire, though many times her opinion goes alone, and ſhe loues her glaſſe, and the Knight of the Sunne for lying. She is hid away all but her face, & that's hang'd about with toyes and deuices, like the ſigne of a Tauerne, to draw *Strangers*. If ſhee ſhew more, ſhee preuents deſire, and by too free giuing, leaues no *Gift*. Shee may eſcape from the Seruing-man, but not from the Chamber-maide. Shee commits with her eares for certaine: after that ſhee

may

may goe for a maide, but ſhe hath beene lyen with, in her vnderſtanding. Her *Philoſophy*, is a ſeeming neglect of thoſe, that be too good for her. Shee's a younger brother for her portion, but not for her portion for wit, that comes from her in a treble, which is ſtill too bigge for it; yet her *Vanitie* ſeldome matcheth her, with one of her owne degree, for then ſhee will beget another creature a begger, and commonly, if ſhe marry better ſhe marries worſe. She gets much by the ſimplicity of her Sutor, and for a ieſt, laughs at him without one. Thus ſhee dreſſes a husband for he ſelfe, and after takes him for his patience, and the Land adioyning, yee may ſee it; in a Seruing-mans freſh *Naperie*, and his Leg ſteps into an vnknowne ſtocking. I neede not ſpeake of his *Garters*, the taſſell ſhewes it ſelfe. If ſhee loue, ſhe loues not the Man, but the beſt of him. Shee is *Salomons* cruell creature, and a mans walking conſumption: euery candle ſhe giues him, is a purge. Her chiefe

commendation is, ſhee brings a man to repentance.

Her next part.

Her lightneſſe gets her to ſwim at top of the table, where her wrie little finges bewraies *carving*; her neighbors at the latter end know they are welcome, and for that purpoſe ſhe quencheth her thirſt. She trauels to and among and ſo becomes a woman of good entertainment, for all the follie in the Country comes in cleane Linnin to viſit her: ſhe breaks to them her griefe in ſuger cakes, and receiues from their mouthes in exchange many ſtories that conclude to no purpoſe. Her eldeſt Son is like her howſoeuer, and that diſpraiſeth him beſt: her vtmoſt drift is to turne him Foole, which commonly ſhee obtaines at the yeeres of diſcretion. She takes a iourney ſometimes to her Neeces houſe, but neuer thinkes beyond *London*. Her *Deuotion* is good clothes, they carry her to Church, expreſſe their ſtuffe and faſhi-

on

on, and are ſilent if ſhe be more deuout, ſhe lifts vp a certain number of eyes, in ſteed of prayers, and takes the Sermon, and meaſures out a nap by it, iuſt as long. Shee ſends Religion afore to *Sixtie*, where ſhe neuer ouertakes it, or driues it before her againe: Her moſt neceſſary inſtruments are a *waiting Gentle-woman*, and a *Chamber-maide*; thee weares her Gentlewoman ſtil, but moſt often leaues the other in her Chamber window. She hath a little *Kennell* in her lap, and ſhee ſmels the ſweeter for it. The vtmoſt reach of her *Prouidence*, is the fatneſſe of a Capon, and her greateſt enuy, is the next Gentlewomans better Gowne. Her moſt commendable skill, is to make her Husbands fuſtian beare her Veluet. This ſhe doth many times ouer, and then is deliuered to old Age and a Chaire, where euery body leaues her.

A dissembler

I San essence needing a double definition, for he is not that he appeares. Vnto the eye he is pleasing, vnto the eare he is harsh, but vnto the vnderstanding intricate, and full of windings: hee is the *prima materia*, and his intents giue him forme, hee dyeth his meanes and his meaning into two colors, he baits craft with humility, and his countenance is the pictur of the present disposition. He wins not by battery, but vndermining, and his racke is smoothing. He allures, is not allur'd by his affections, for they are the broakers of his obseruation. He knowes passion onely by sufferance, and resisteth by obeying. He makes his time an accomptant to his memory, and of the humors of men weaues a net for occasion: the inquisitor must looke thorow his iudgement, for to the eye onely he is not visible.

A Courtier.

A Courtier

TO all mens thinking is a man, and to moſt men the fineſt: all things elſe are defined by the vnderſtanding, but this by the ſences; but his ſureſt marke is, that hee is to bee found onely about Princes. Hee ſmels; and putteth away much of his iudgement about the ſituation of his clothes. He knowes no man that is not genrally knowne. His wit, like the *Marigold*, openeth with the *Sun*, and therefore he riſeth not before ten of the clocke. He puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronunciation than his words. *Occaſion* is his *Cupid*, and he hath but one recept of making loue. He followes nothing bnt inconſtancy, admires nothing but beauty, honors nothing but fortune. Loues nothings. The ſuſtenance of his diſcourſe is Newes, and his cenſure like a ſhot depends vpon the charging. Hee

is

is not, if he be out of Court, but fish-like breathes distruction, if out of his element. Neither his motion, or aspect are regular, but hee mooues by the vpper *Spheares*, and is the reflection of higher substances.

If you find him not here, you shall in *Pauls*, with a picke tooth in his Hat, a cape cloake, and a long stocking.

A Golden Asse

IS a young thing, whose Father went to the Diuell; he is followed like a salt bitch, and limb'd by him that gets vp first; his disposition is cut, and knaues rent him like Tenter-hookes; hee is as blind as his mother, and swallowes flatterers for friends. He is high in his owne imagination; but that imagination is as a stone, that is raised by violence, discends naturally. When he goes, he looks who lookes: if he finds not good store of vailers,

vailers, hee comes home ſtiffe and ſeer, vntill hee be new oyled and watered by his husbandmen. Whereſoeuer he eates he hath an officer, to warne men not to talke out of his element, and his owne is exceeding ſenſible, becauſe it is ſenſuall; but hee cannot exchange a peece of reaſon, though he can a peece of gold. He is naught pluckt, for his feathers are his beauty, and more then his beauty; they are his diſcretion, his countenance, his All. Hee is now at an end, for hee hath had the Wolfe of vaine glory, which he fed, vntill himſelfe became the food.

A Flatterer

IS the ſhadow of a Foole. Hee is a good woodw-man, for he ſingleth out none but the wealthy. His carriage is euer of the colour of his patient; and for his ſake hee will halt or weare a wrie necke. Hee diſpraiſeth nothing but pouertie, and

and ſmall drinke, and praiſeth his grace of making water. Hee ſelleth himſelfe, with reckoning his great Friends, and teacheth the preſent, how to winne his praiſes by reciting the other gifts: hee is ready for all imployments, but eſpecially before Dinner, for his courage and his ſtomacke go together. He will play any vpon his countenance, and where hee cannot be admitted for a counſeller, hee will ſerue as a foole. He frequents the Court of Wards and Ordinaries, and fits theſe gueſts of *Togæ virilis*, with wiues or whores. He entreth young men into acquaintance with debt-bookes. In a word, hee is the impreſſion of the laſt term, and will be ſo, vntill the comming of a new terme or termer.

An ignorant Glory-hunter

IS an *inſectum animal*; for hee is the maggot of opinion, his behauiour is another thing from himſelfe, and is glewed,

glewed, and but set on. He entertaines men with repetitions, and returnes them their owne words. He is ignorant of nothing, no not of those things, where ignorance is the lesser shame. He gets the names of good wits, and vtters them for his companions. He confesseth vices that he is guiltlesse of, if they be in fashion? & dares not salute a man in old clothes, or out of fashion. There is not a publike assembly without him, and he will take any paines for an acquaintance there. In any shew hee will be one, though he be but a whiffler, or a torch-bearer; and beares downe strangers with the story of his actions. He handles nothing that is not rare, and defends his wardrobe, diet, and all customes, with entituling their beginnings from princes, great Souldiers, and strange Nations. He dares speake more then he vnderstands, and aduentures his words with out the releefe of any seconds. He relates battels, and skirmishes, as from an eye witnesse, when his eyes theeuishly beguiled a ballad

had of them. In a word, to make sure of admiration, he will not let himselfe vnderstand himselfe, but ho es fame and opinion will be the Readers of his Riddles.

A Timist.

IS a noune *Adiectiue of the present tense.* He hath no more of a conscience then Feare, and his religion is not his but the Princes. He reuerenceth a Courtiers Seruants seruant. Is first his own Slaue, and then whosoeuer looketh big; when he giues he curseth, and when he sels he worships. Hee reades the Statutes in his Chamber, and weares the Bible in the streetes: he neuer praiseth any, but before themselues or friends: and misslikes no great mans actions during his life. His new-yeeres gifts are ready at *Alhalomas*, and the sute he meant to meditate before them. He pleaseth the children of great

great men, and promiſeth to adopt them; and his curteſie extends it ſelfe euen to the ſtable. Hee ſtraines to talke wiſely, and his modeſty would ſerue a Bride. He is grauity from the head to the foot; but not from the head to the heart: you may finde what place he affecteth, for he creepes as neere it as may be, and as paſſionately courts it; if at any time his hopes be affected, hee ſwelleth with them; and they burſt out too good for the veſſell. In a word, he danceth to the tune of fortune, and ſtudies for no thing but to keepe time.

An Amoriſt

IS a cerain blaſted or planet-ſtrooken, and is the Dog that leades blinde *Cupid*; when hee is at the beſt, his faſhion exceeds the worth of his weight. He is neuer without verſes, and muske comfets; and ſighs to the hazzard of his but-

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tons; his eyes are all whit, either to weare the liuerie of his mistris complexion, or to keepe *Cupid* from hitting the blacke. He fights with passion, and loseth much of his blood by his weapon; dreames, thence his paleneſſe. His armes are careleſly vſed, as if their beſt vſe was nothing but embracements. He is vntruſt, vnbutned and vngartered, not out of careleſneſſe, but care; his farthest end being but going to bed. Some times he wraps his petition in neatneſſe, but he goeth not alone; for thē he makes ſome other qualitie moralize his affection, and his trimneſſe is the grace of that grace. Her fauour lifts him vp, as the Sun moiſture; when ſhe diſfauours, vnable to hold that happineſſe, it falles downe in teares; his fingers are his Orators, and hee expreſſeth much of himſelfe vpon ſome inſtrument. He anſweres not, or not to the purpoſe; and no maruell, for he is not at home. He ſcotcheth time with dancing with his Miſtris, taking vp of her gloue, and wearing her feather; he

hee is confinde to her colour, and dares not passe out of the circuit of her memory. His imagination is a foole, and it goeth in a pyde-coat of red and white: shortly, he is translated out of a man into folly; his imagination is the glasse of lust, and himselfe the traitor to his own discretion.

An Affectate Traueller

IS a speaking fashion; hee hath taken paines to be ridiculous, and hath seen more then he hath perceiued. His Attire speakes *French* or *Italian*, & his *gate* cries, *Behold me.* Hee censures all things by countenances, and shrugs, and speakes his owne language with shame and lisping: he will choake, rather then confesse *Beere* good drinke; and his pick-tooth is a maine part of his behauiour. Hee chuseth rather to be counted a *Spie*, than not a *Politician*: and maintaines his reputati-

on by naming great men familiarly. He chuſeth rather to tell lies, then not wonders, and talkes with men ſingly: his diſcourſe ſounds big, but meanes nothing: & his boy is bound to admire him howſoeuer. He comes ſtill from great Perſonages, but goes with mean. Hee takes occaſion to ſhew iewels giuen him in regard of his vertue, that were bought in S. *Martines*: and not long after hauing with a *Mountbanks* method, pronounced them worth thouſands, impawneth them for a few ſhillings. Vpon feſtiuall dayes he goes to Court, & ſalutes without reſaluting: at night in an Ordinary he canuaſſeth the buſineſſe in hand, and ſeems as conuerſant with all intents and plots as if he begot them. His extraordinary account of men is, firſt to tell thē the ends of all matters of conſequence, and then to borrow money of them; he offers courteſies, to ſhew them, rather then himſelfe humble. Hee diſdaines all things aboue his reach, and preferreth all Countries before his owne. He imputeth

puteth his want and pouerty to the ignorance of the time, not his owne vnworthineſſe: and concludes his diſcourſe with halfe a period, or a word, & leaues the reſt to imagination. In a word, his religion is faſhion, and both body & ſoule are gouerned by fame, hee loues moſt voices aboue truth.

A Wiſeman

IS the truth of the true definition of man, that is, a reaſonable creature. His diſpoſition alters, hee alters not. Hee hides himſelfe with the attire of the vulgar; and in indifferent things is content to be gouerned by them. He looks according to nature, ſo goes his behauior. His mind enioyes a continuall ſmoothneſſe: ſo commeth it, that his conſideration is alwaies at home. He endures the faults of all men ſilently, except his friends, and to them he is the mirrour of

their actions; by this meanes, his peace commeth not from Fortune, but himselfe. He is cunning in men, not to surprize, but keepe his owne, and beates off their ill affected humours, no otherwise than if they were flyes. He chuseth not friends by the Subsidy-book, and is not luxurious after acquaintance. He maintaines the strength of his body, not by delicates, but temperance; and his minde, by giuing it preheminence ouer his body. He vnderstands things, not by their forme, but qualities; and his comparisons intend not to excuse, but to prouoke him higher. He is not subiect to casualities; for Fortune hath nothing to do with the mind, except those drowned in the body: but hee hath diuided his soule from the case of his soule, whose weakenesse hee assists no otherwise than commiseratiuely, not that it is his, but that it is. He is thus, and will be thus: and liues subiect neither to Time nor his frailties; the seruant of vertue, and by vertue, the friend of the highest.

A Noble Spirit.

HAth ſurueied and fortified his diſpoſition, and conuerts all occurrents into experience, betweene which experience and his reaſon, there is marriage; the iſſue are his actions. He circuits his intents, & ſeeth the end before he ſhot. Men are the inſtruments of his Art, and there is no man without his vſe: occaſiõ incites him, none enticeth him: and he mooues by affection, not for affection; he loues glory, ſcornes ſhame, and gouerneth and obeyeth with one countenance; for it comes from one conſideration. He cals not the variety of the world chances, for his meditation hath trauelled ouer them; and his eye mounted vpon his vnderſtanding, ſeeth them as things vnderneath. He couers not his body with delicacies, nor excuſeth theſe delicacies by his body, but teacheth it, ſince it is not able to defeud its owne

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imbecillity to ſhew or ſuffer. He licenceth not his weakeneſſe, to weare Fate; but knowing reaſon to be no idle gift of Nature, hee is the Steeres-man of his owne deſtiny. Truth is the Goddeſſe, and hee takes paines to get her, not to looke like her. He knowes the condition of the world, that he muſt act one thing like another, and then another. To theſe he carries his deſires, and not his deſires him; and ſticks not faſt by the way (for that contentment is repentance) but knowing the circle of all courſes, of all intents, of al things, to haue but one center or period, without all diſtraction, he haſteth thither & ends there, as his true and naturall element. He doth not contemne Fortune, but not confeſſe her. He is no Gameſter of the world (which only complaine & praiſe her) but being only ſenſible of the honeſty of actions, contemnes a particular profit as the excrement of ſcum. Vnto the ſociety of men he is a *Sunne*, whoſe cleareneſſe directs their ſteps in a regular motion: when he

is

is more particular, hee is the wiſe mans friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus time goeth not from him, but with him: and hee feeles age more by the ſtrength of his ſoule, than the weakeneſſe of his body; thus feeles he no paine, but eſteemes all ſuch things as friends, that deſire to file off his fetters, and helpe him out of priſon.

An Old man

IS a thing that hath been a man in his daies. Old men are to be known blindfolded: for their talke is as terrible as their reſemblance. They praiſe their own times as vehemently, as if they would ſell them. They become wrinckled with frowning and facing youth; they admire their old cuſtomes, euen to the eating of red herring, and going wetſhod. They caſt the thumbe vnder the girdle, Grauitie; and becauſe they can

hardly ſmel at all, their Poſies are vnder their girdles. They count it an ornament of ſpeech, to cloſe the period with a Cough; and it is venerable (they ſay) to ſpend time in wiping their driueled beards. Their diſcourſe is vnanſwerable, by reaſon of their obſtinacy: their ſpeech is much, though little to the purpoſe. Truths and lyes paſſe with an equall affirmation: for their memories ſeuerall is wonne into one receptacle, and ſo they come out with one ſenſe. They teach their ſeruants their duties with as much ſcorne & tyranny, as ſome people teach their dogs to fetch. Their enuy is one of their diſeaſes. They put off and on their cloathes, with that certainty, as if they knew their heads would not direct them, and therefore cuſtome ſhould. They take a pride in halting & going ſtiffely, and therefore their ſtaues are carued and tipped: they truſt their attire with much of their grauity; and they dare not goe without a gowne in Summer. Their hats are bruſhed, to draw mens eyes off from their

their faces; but of all, their *Pomanders* are worne to moſt purpoſe, for their putrified breath ought not to want either a ſmell to defend, or a dog to excuſe.

A Country Gentleman

IS a thing, out of whoſe corruption the generation of a Iuſtice of Peace is produced. Hee ſpeakes ſtatutes and husbandry well enough, to make his neighbors thinke him a wiſe man; hee is well skilled in *Arithmiticke* or rates: and hath eloquence enough to ſaue two-pence. His conuerſation amongſt his Tenants is deſperate; but amongſt his equals full of doubt. His trauell is ſeldom farther then the next market Towne, and his inquiſition is about the price of Corne: when he trauellet , he will goe ten mile out of the way to a Couſins houſe of his to ſaue charges, he rewards the Seruants by taking him by the hand when hee departs

parts. Nothing vnder a *Sub pœna* can draw him to *London*: and when hee is there, hee ſticks faſt vpon euery obiect, caſts his eyes away vpon gazing, and becomes the prey of euery Cutpurſe. When he comes home, thoſe wonders ſerue him for his holy-day talke. If he goe to Court; it is in yellow ſtockings; and if it bee in Winter, in a ſlight tafety cloake, and pumps and pantofles. He is chained that wooes the Vſher for his comming into the preſence, where hee becomes troubleſome with the ill managing of his Rapier, and the wearing of his girdle of one faſhion, and the hangers of another; by this time he hath learned to kiſſe his hand, and make a legge both together, and the names of Lords and Councellors; he hath thus much toward entertainment and courteſie, but of the laſt he makes more vſe; for by the recitall of *my Lord*, hee coniures his poore Countrimen. But this is not his element, he muſt home againe, being like a Dor, that ends his flight in a dunghill.

A fine

A fine Gentleman

IS *the Cynamon tree*, whose barke is more worth then his body. He hath read the Booke of good manners, and by this time each of his limbes may reade it. He alloweth of no iudge, but the eye; painting, boulstering, and bombasting are his *Orators*: by these also hee proues his industry: for hee hath purchased legges, haire, beauty, and straightnesse, more then nature left him. Hee vnlockes maiden-heads with his language, and speaks *Euphues*, not so gracefully as heartily. His discourse makes not his behauiour, but he buyes it at Court, as Countreymen their clothes in Birchinlane. Hee is somewhat like the *Salamander*, and liues in the flame of loue, which paines hee expresseth comically: and nothing grieues him so much, as the want of a Poet to make an issue in his loue; yet hee signes sweetly, and speakes lamentably:

tably: for his breath is perfumed, and his words are wind. Hee is best in season at Christmas; for the Boares head and Reueller come together; his hopes are laden in his quality: and lest Fidlers should take him vnprouided, he weares pumps in his pocket: and lest hee should take Fidlers vnprouided, he whistles his owne Galliard. He is a Calender of ten yeeres, and marriage rusts him. Afterwards he maintaines himselfe an implement of household, by caruing and vshering. For all this, he is iudiciall onely in Taylors and Barbers, but his opinion is euer ready, and euer idle. If you will know more of his acts, the Brokers shop is the witnesse of his valuor, where lyes wounded, dead, rent, and out of fashion, many a spruce Sute, ouerthrowne by his fantasticknesse.

An Elder

An Elder Brother.

IS a Creature borne to the beſt aduantage of things without him; that hath the ſtart at the beginning, but loiters it away before the ending. Hee lookes like his Land, as heauily and durtily, as ſtubbornly. He dares do any thing but fight; and feares nothing but his Fathers life, and minority. The firſt thing he makes known, is his Eſtate; and the Load ſtone that drawes him, is the vpper end of the Table. He wooeth by a particular; & his ſtrongeſt argument is all about the Ioynture. His obſeruation is all about the faſhion, and hee commends Partlets for a rare deuice. He ſpeakes no language, but ſmels of Dogs, or Hawkes; and his ambition flies Iuſtice height. Hee loues to be commended; and hee will goe into the Kitchin, but heele haue it. He loues glorie; but is ſo lazie, as hee is content with flattery. Hee ſpeakes moſt of the precedencie

dency of age, and proteſts fortune the greateſt vertue. He ſummoneth the old ſeruants,& tels what ſtrange acts he will doe when he raignes. He verily beleeues houſe-keepers the beſt commonwealths men;and therefore ſtudies baking, brewing, greaſing, and ſuch as the limbes of goodneſſe. He iudgeth it no ſmall ſigne of wiſdome to talke much; his tongue therfore goes continually his errand, but neuer ſpeeds. If his vnderſtanding were not honeſter then his wil, no man ſhould keepe good conceit by him; for hee thinkes it no theft, to ſell all he can to opinion. His pedegree & his fathers ſealering, are the ſtilts of his crazed diſpoſition. He had rather keepe company with the dregs of men, then not to be the beſt man. His inſinuation is the inuiting of men to his houſe; & he thinks it a great modeſty to comprehend his cheere vnder a piece of Mutton and a Rabbet; if he by this time be not knowne, he will goe home againe: for he can no more abide to haue himſelfe concealed, then his

land;

land; yet hee is(as you ſee) good for nothing, except to make a ſtallion to maintaine the race.

A Braggadochio Welſhman

IS the Oyſter that the Pearle is in, for a man may be pickt out of him. Hee hath the abilities of the mind in *Potentia*, and *actu* nothing but boldneſſe. His clothes are in faſhion before his body: and hee accounts boldneſſe the chiefeſt vertue; aboue all men hee loues an Herauld, & ſpeaks pedegrees naturally. He accounts none well diſcended, that call him not Couſin; and preferres *Owen Glendower* before any of the nine Worthies. The firſt note of his familiarity is the confeſſion of his valour; and ſo hee preuents quarrels. He voucheth Welch, a pure and vnconquered language, and courts Ladies with the ſtorie of their Chronicle. To conclude, he is precious

in

in his owne conceit, and vpon S. *Dauies* day without comparison.

A Pedant.

HEe treades in a rule, and one hand scannes verses, and the other holds his Scepter. Hee dares not thinke a thought, that the Nominatiue case gouernes not the Verbe; and he neuer had meaning in his life, for he trauelled only for wordes. His ambition is *Criticisme*, and his example *Tully*. He values phrases, and elects them by the sound, and the eight Parts of speech are his Seruants. To bee briefe, hee is a *Heteroclite*, for hee wants the plurall number, hauing onely the single quality of words.

A Ser-

A Seruingman

IS *a creature, which though hee bee not drunke, yet is not his owne man.* Hee tels without asking who ownes him, by the ſuperſcription of his Liuery. His life is for eaſe and leaſure, much about *Gentleman-like.* His wealth enough to ſuffice Nature, and ſufficient to make him happy, if he were ſure of it; for he hath little, and wants nothing, hee values himſelfe higher or lower, as his Maſter is. Hee hates or loues the men, as his Maſter doth the Maſter. Hee is commonly proude of his Maſters horſes or his Chriſtmas: he ſleepes when he is ſleepy, is of his religion, only the clocke of his ſtomacke is ſet to goe on horſe after his. Hee ſeldome breakes his owne clothes. He neuer drinks but double, for hee muſt bee [illegible]ledg'd; nor commonly without ſome ſhort ſentence nothing to the purpoſe: and ſeldome abſtaines all

hee comes to a thirſt. His diſcretion is to be carefull for his Maſters credit, and his ſufficiency to marſhall diſhes at a Table, and to carue well. His neatneſſe conſiſts much in his haire and outward linnen. His courting language, viſible bawdie ieſtes; and againſt his matter faile, hee is alway ready furniſhed with a ſong. His inheritance is the Chamber-maide, but often purchaſeth his Maſters daughter, by reaſon of opportunity, or for want of a better; he alwayes cuckolds himſelfe, and neuer marries but his owne widdow. His Maſter being appeaſed, hee becomes a Retainer, and entailes himſelfe and his poſteritie vpon his heire-males for euer.

An Hoſt

IS the kernell of a Signe: or the Signe is the ſhell, and *mine Hoſt* is the Snaile.

Hee

He consists of double beere and fellowship, and his vices are the bawds of his thirst. Hee entertaines humbly, and giues his Guests power, as well of himselfe as house. He answers all mens expectations to his power, saue in the reckoning: and hath gotten the tricke of greatnesse, to lay all mis-likes vpon his seruants. His wife is the *Cummin seede* of his Doue-house; and to bee a good Guest is a warrant for her liberty. Hee traffiques for Guests by mens friends friends friend, and is sensible onely of his purse. In a word, hee is none of his owne: for hee neither eates, drinkes, or thinkes, but at other mens charges and appointments.

An Ostler

IS *a thing that scrubbeth vnreasonably his horse, reasonably himselfe.* Hee consists of Trauellers, though he be none

himſelfe. His higheſt ambition is to be *Hoſt*, and the inuention of his ſigne is his greateſt wit: for the expreſſing wherof hee ſends away the Painters for want of vnderſtanding. Hee hath certaine charmes for a horſe mouth, that hee ſhould not eat his hay: and behind your backe, he will coozen your horſe to his face. His curry-combe is one of his beſt parts, for hee expreſſeth much by the gingling: and his mane combe is a ſpinners card turn'd out of ſeruice. He puffes and blowes ouer your horſe, to the hazard of a double iugge: and leaues much of the dreſſing to the prouerbe of *Muli mutuo ſcabient*, One horſe rubs another. Hee comes to him that cals lowdeſt, not firſt; hee takes a broken head patiently, but the knaue he feeles it not. Vtmoſt honeſty is good fellowſhip, and hee ſpeakes Northerne, what country man ſoeuer. Hee hath a penſion of Ale from the next *Smith* and *Sadler* for intelligence: hee loues to ſee you ride, and hold your ſtirrop in expectation.

The

The true Character of a Dunce.

HEe hath a ſoule drownd in a lumpe of fleſh, or is a piece of earth that *Prometheus* put not halfe his proportion of fire into. A thing that hath neither edge of deſire, nor feeling of affection in it; the moſt dangerous creature for confirming an Atheiſt, who would ſweare his ſoule were nothing but the bare temperature of his body. He ſleeps as hee goes, and his thoughts ſeldome reach an inch further then his eies. The moſt part of the faculties of his ſoule lie fallow, or are like the reſtiue Iades, that no ſpur can driue forwards towards the purſuit of any worthy deſignes. One of the moſt vnprofitable of Gods creatures being as he is, a thing put cleane beſides the right vſe, made fit for the cart & the flayle; and by miſchance intangled amongſt books and papers. A man cannot tell poſſibly what hee is now good

for, ſaue to moue vp and downe and fill roome, or to ſerue as *animatum inſtrumentum*, for others to worke withall in baſe imployments, or to be foile for better wits, or to ſerue (as they ſay Monſters doe) to ſet out the variety of nature, and ornament of the vniuerſe. Hee is meere nothing of himſelfe, neithe eates, nor drinkes, nor goes, nor ſpits, but by Imitation, for all which he hath ſet-formes and faſhions, which he neuer varies, but ſtickes to with the like plodding conſtance, that a mil-horſe followes his trace. But the Muſes and the Graces are his hard Miſtreſſes, though he daily inuocate them, though he ſacrifice *Hecatombs*, they ſtill look aſquint. You ſhall note him oft (beſides his dull eye, and lowring head, and a certain clammy benūmed pace) by a faire diſplaied beard, a night-cap, and a gowne, whoſe very wrinckles proclaime him the true *Genius* of familiraity. But of all others, his diſcourſe, and compoſitions beſt ſpeake him, both of thē are much of one ſtuffe

and

and fashion. Hee speakes iust what his bookes or last company said vnto him, without varying one whit, and very seldome vnderstands himselfe. You may know by his discourse where he was last: for what he heard or read yesterday, he now disgraceth his memory or Notebooke of, not his vnderstanding, for it neuer came there. What hee hath hee flings abroad at all aduentures, without accomodating it to time, place, or persons, or occasions. He commonly loseth himselfe in his tale, and flutters vp and downe windlesse without recouery, and whatsoeuer next presents it selfe, his heauy conceit seizeth vpon, and goeth along with, how-euer *Heterogeneall* to his matter in hand. His Iests are either old flead *Prouerbs*, or leane-ste ru'd-hack. ney *Apothegmes*, or poore verbalquips, outworne by Seruingmen, Tapsters, and Milkemaides, euen laide aside by Balladers. Hee assentts to all men that bring any shaddow of reason, and you may make him when hee speakes most Dog-

matically euen with one breath, to auer poore contradictions. His compoſitions differ onely *terminorum poſitione*, from dreames; nothing but rude heapes of immateriall, incoherent, droſſie, rubbiſh ſtuffe, promiſcuouſly thruſt vp together. Enough to infuſe dulneſſe and barrenneſſe in conceit into him that is ſo prodigall of his eares, as to giue the hearing. Enough to make a mans memory ake with ſuffring ſuch durty ſtuffe caſt into it. As vnwelcome to any true cõceit, as ſluttiſh morſels, or wallowiſh potions to a nice ſtomack, which whiles hee empties himſelfe, it ſtickes in his teeth, nor can hee be deliuered without ſweat, and ſighes, and hems and coughs, enough to ſhake his Grandams teeth out of her head. Hee ſpits and ſcratches, and ſpawles, and turnes like ſicke men from one elbow to another, and deſerues as much pitty during his torture, as men in fits of *Tertian Feuers* or ſelfe laſhing Penitentiaries. In a word, rippe him quite aſunder, and examine euery

ſhred

ſhred of him, you ſhall finde of him to bee iuſt nothing, but the ſubiect of nothing : the obiect of contempt; yet ſuch as hee is you muſt take him, for there is no hope he ſhould euer become better.

A good Wife

IS a mans beſt moueable, a ſcien incorporate with the ſtocke, bringing ſweet fruit; one that to her husband is more then a friend, leſſe then trouble: an equall with him in the yoke. Calamities and troubles ſhee ſhares alike, nothing pleaſeth her that doth not him. Shee is relatiue in all; and hee without her, but halfe himſelfe. Shee is his abſent hands, eyes, eares, and mouth: his preſent and abſent All. She frames her nature vnto his howſoeuer: the *Hiacinth* followes not the *Sunne* more wil-

willingly. Stubbornneſſe and obſtinacy are hearbs that grow not in her garden. She leaues tattling to the Goſſips of the Towne, and is more ſeene then heard. Her houſhold is her charge; her care to that, makes her ſeldome *non reſident*. Her pride is but to be cleanly, and her thrift not to be, prodigal. By his diſcretion ſhe hath children; not wantons; a husband without her, is a miſery in mans apparrell: none but ſhe hath an aged husband, to whom ſhee is both a ſtaffe and a chaire. To conclude, ſhe is both wiſe and religious, which makes her all this.

A Melancholy Man

IS a ſtrayer from the droue: one that Nature made a ſociable, becauſe ſhe made him man, and a crazed diſpoſition hat altered. Impleaſing to all, as all to him; ſtraggling thoughts are his content, they make him dreame waking, there's

there's his pleasure. His imagination is neuer idle, it keeps his mind in a continuall motion, as the poise the clocke: he winds vp his thoughts often, and as often vnwindes them; *Penelopes* webbe thriues faster. He'le seldome be found without the shade of some groue, in whose bottome a riuer dwels. Hee carries a cloud in his face, neuer faire weather: his outside is framed to his inside, in that hee keepes a *Decorum*, both vnseemely. Speake to him; hee heares with his eyes, eares follow his minde, and that's not at leysure. He thinkes businesse, but neuer does any: hee is all contemplation, no action. He hewes and fashions his thoughts, as if hee meant them to some purpose; but they proue vnprofitable, as a piece of wrought timber to no vse. His Spirits, and the Sunne are enemies; the Sunne bright and warme, his humour blacke and cold: variety of foolish apparitions people his head, they suffer him not to breathe, according to the

necessi-

neceſſities of nature; which makes him ſup vp a draught of as much aire at once, as would ſerue at thrice. Hee denies nature her due in ſleepe, and nothing pleaſeth him long, but that which pleaſeth his owne fantaſies: they are the conſuming euils, and euill conſumptions that conſume him aliue. Laſtly, he is a man onely in ſhew, but comes ſhort of the better part; a whole reaſonable ſoule, which is mans chiefe preeminence, and ſole marke from creatures ſenſible.

A Saylor

IS a pitcht piece of reaſon ealckt, and tackled, and onely ſtudied to diſpute with tempeſts. Hee is part of his owne Prouiſion, for he liues euer pickled. A fore-winde is the ſubſtance of his Creede; and freſh water the burden of his prayers. He is naturally ambitious, for

for hee is euer climing: out of which as naturally hee feares; for hee is euer flying: time and he are euery where, euer contending who ſhall ariue firſt · hee is well winded, for hee tires the day, and out-runnes darkeneſſe. His life is like a *Hawkes*, the beſt part mewed; and if he liue till three coates, is a Maſter. He ſees Gods wonders in the deepe: but ſo, as rather they appeare his play-fellowes, than ſtirrers of his zeale: nothing but hunger and hard rockes can conuert him, and then but his vpper decke neither; for his hold neither feares nor hopes, his ſteps are but repreeuals of his dangers, and when hee wakes, tis but next ſtage to dying. His wiſedome is the coldeſt part about him, for it euer poynts to the North: and it lies loweſt, which makes his valour euery tide oreflowe it. In a ſtorme tis diſputable, whether the noiſe be more his, or the Elements, and which will firſt leaue ſcolding; on which ſide of the ſhip he may bee ſaued beſt, whether his faith bee

ſtarre-

ſtarre-boord faith, or lar-boord: or the helme at that time not all his hope of heauen: his keele is the Embleme of his conſcience, till it bee ſplit hee neuer repents, then no farther then the land allowes him, and his language is a new confuſion: and all his thoughts new nations: his body and his ſhippe are both one burthen, nor is it knowne who ſtowes moſt wine, or rowles moſt, onely the ſhip is guided, hee has no ſterne: a Barnacle and hee are bred together, both of one nature, and tis fear'd one reaſon: vpon any but a woodden horſe hee cannot ride, and if the winde blow againſt him, hee dare not: hee ſwarues vp to his ſeate as to a ſaile-yard, and cannot ſit vnleſſe hee beare a flag-ſtaffe: if euer hee be broken to the ſaddle, tis but a voyage ſtill, for hee miſ-takes the bridle for a bowlin, and is euer turning his horſe-taile: hee can pray, but tis by rote, not faith, and when hee would, hee dares not, for his brackiſh beliefe hath made that *ominous*. A rocke or a quick-

quicke-ſand pluckes him before hee bee ripe, elſe hee is gathered to his friends at *Wapping*.

A Souldier

IS the husband-man of valour, his ſword is his plough, which honour and *aqua-vitæ*, two fiery metald Iades, are euer drawing. A yonger brother beſt becomes Armes; an elder the thankes for them; euery heate makes him a harueſt: and diſcontents abroad are his Sowers: hee is actiuely his Princes, but paſſiuely his angers ſeruant. Hee is often a deſirer of learning, which once arriued at, proues his ſtrongeſt armor: hee is a louer at all points; and a true defender of the faith of women: more wealth then makes him ſeeme a handſome foe, lightly hee couets not, leſſe is below him: hee neuer truely wants, but in much hauing, for then his eaſe and

letchery

letchery afflict him: the word *Peace*, though in prayer, makes him ſtart, and God hee beſt conſiders by his power: hunger and cold ranke in the ſame file with him, and hold h m to a man: his honour elſe, and the deſire of doing things beyond him, would blow him greater then the ſonnes of *Anack*. His religion is, commonly, as his cauſe is (doubtfull) and that the beſt deuotion keeps beſt quarter: he ſeldome ſees gray hayres, ſome none at all, for where the ſword failes, there the fleſh giues fire: in charity, he goes beyond the Cleargy, for hee loues his greateſt enemie beſt, much drinking. Hee ſeemes a full ſtudent, for hee is a great deſirer of controuerſies, hee argues ſharply, and carries his concluſion in his ſcabbard; in the firſt refining of man-kinde this was the gold, his actions are his ammell. His alay (for elſe you cannot worke him perfect) continuall duties, heauy and weary marches, lodgings as full of needle as cold diſeaſes. No time to ar-

gue,

gue, but to execute. Line him with theſe, and linke him to his ſquadrons, and hee appeares a moſt rich chaine for Princes.

A Taylor

IS a creature made vp of threds, that were pared off from *Adam*, when hee was rough-caſt. The end of his Being differeth from that of others, and is not to ſerue God, but to couer ſinne. Other mens pride is the beſt Patron, and their negligence, a maine paſſage to his profit. Hee is a thing of more than ordinary iudgement: For by vertue of that, hee buyeth land, buildeth houſes, and raiſeth the low ſet rooſe of his croſſe legged Fortune. His actions are ſtrong encounters, and for their notoriouſneſſe alwaies vpon Record. It is neither *Amadis de Gaule*, nor the Knight of the *Sunne*, that is able to re-

fist them. A tenne-groates fee setteth them on foot, and a brace of Officers bringeth them to execution. He handleth the Spanish Pike, to the hazzard of many poore Ægyptian vermins; and in shew of his valour, scorneth a greater Gantlet, then will couer the top of his middle finger. Of all weapons he most affecteth the long Bill; and this hee will manage to the great preiudice of a Customers estate. His spirit notwithstanding is not so much as to make you thinke him man; like a true mongrell, he neither bites nor barkes, but when your backe is towards him. His heart is a lumpe of congealed snow: *Prometheus* was asleepe while it was making. Hee differeth altogether from God; for with him the best pieces are still marked out for damnation, and with out hope of recouery shall be cast downe into hell. He is partly an Alchymist; for hee extracteth his owne apparell out of other mens clothes; and when occasion serueth, making a brokers shop his Alembicke,

bicke, can turne your silkes into gold, & hauing furnished his necessities, after a month or two if he be vrged vnto it, reduce them againe to their proper substance. He is in part likewise an Arithmetician; cunning enough for Multiplication and Addition, but cannot abide Substraction: *Summa totalis*, is the language of his *Canaan*; *& vsque ad vltimum quadrantem*, the period of all his Charitie. For any Skill in *Geometrie*, I dare not commend him; For hee could neuer yet find out the dimensions of his owne conscience: Notwithstanding he hath many bottomes, it seemeth this is alwaies bottomlesse. Hee is double yarded, and yet his female complaineth of want of measure. And so with a *Liberanos a malo*, I leaue you; promising to amend whatsoeuer is amisse, at his next setting.

A Puritane

IS a diſeas'd piece of *Apocrypha*: bind him to the Bible, and hee corrupts the whole text; Ignorance and fat feed, are his Founders; his Nurſes, Railing Rabbies, and round breeches: his life is but a borrowed blaſt of winde; For betweene two religions, as betweene two doores, he is euer whiſtling. Truely whoſe childe he is, is yet vnknowne; For willingly his faith allowes no Father: onely thus farre his pedegree is found, Bragger and hee flouriſht aboue a time firſt; his fiery zeale keepes him continually co[illegible]iue, which withers him into his owne tranſlation, and till hee eate a Schooleman, he is hide-boun[illegible]; hee euer prayes againſt *Non Reſidents*, but is himſelfe the greateſt diſcontinuer, for hee neuer keepes neere his text: any thing that the Law allowes, but Marriage, and March beere; he mar-

murmures at; what it disallowes and holds dangerous, makes him a discipline: Where the gate stands open, he is euer seeking a hole; and where his Learning ought to climbe, hee creepes through, giue him aduice, you runne into *Traditions*, and vrge a modest course, he cryes out *Councels*. His greatest care is to contemne obedience, his last care to serue God handsomely and cleanely; He is now become so crosse a kinde of teaching, that should the Church enioyne cleane shirts, hee were lowsie; more sense then single prayers is not his; nor more in those, than still the same petitions: from which hee either feares a learned faith, or doubts God vnderstands not at first hearing. Shew him a Ring, he runs backe like a Beare; and hates square dealing as all ed to caps: a paire of Organs blow him out oth Parish, and are the onely glister-pipes to coole him. Where the meat is best, there hee confutes most, for his arguing is but the efficacy of his

eating good bits hee holds breede good
pourtions, and the Pope hee best con-
cludes against, in Plom-broth. Hee is
often drunke, but not as we are, tempo-
rally, nor can his sleepe then cure him,
for the fumes of his ambition make his
very Soule reele, and that small Beere
that should allay him (silence) keepes
him more furfeited, & makes his heate
breake out in priuate houses: women
and Lawyers are his best Disciples, the
one next fruite, longs for forbidden Do-
ctrine the other to maintaine forbidden
titles, both which hee sowes amongst
them. Honest hee dare not be, for that
loues order: yet if hee can be brought
to Ceremony, and made but master of
it he is conuerted.

A Whore

A Whore.

IS a high-way to the Deuill, hee that lookes vpon hir with desire, begins his voyage: he that staies to talke with her, mends his pace, and who enioyes her, is at his iournies end: Her body is the tilted Lees of pleasure, dasht ouer with a little decking to hold coloure: taste her shee's dead, and fals vpon the pallate; the sins of other women shew in Landscip, far off and full of shadow, hers in Statue, neere hand and bigger in the life: the prickes betimes, for her stocke is a white thorne, which cut and grafted on, shee growes a Medler: Her trade is opposite to any other, for shee sets vp without credit, and too much custome breakes her; The money that she gets is like a Traitors, giuen only to corrupt her; and what shee gets, serues but to pay diseases. Shee is euer moo'rd in sinne, and euer mending; and after

thirty, ſhe is the Chirurgions creature: ſhame and repentance are two ſtrangers to her, and onely in an hoſpitall acquainted. Shee liues a Reprobate, like *Cain*, ſtill branded, finding no habitation but her feares, and flies the face of Iuſtice like a Fellon. The firſt yeere of her trade ſhee is an Eyeſſe, ſcratches and cryes to draw on more affection: the ſecond a Soare: the third a Ramage whore: the fourth and fifth, ſhee's an intermewers, preies for her ſelfe, and ruffles all ſhee reaches; from thence to tenne ſhe beares the name of white Whore, and then her blood forſakes her with ſalt Rhumes, and now ſhee has mewed three coates; now ſhee growes weary and diſeas'd together, fauours her wing, checks little, but lies for it, bathes for her health, and ſcowres to keepe her coole, yet ſtill ſhee takes in ſtones, ſhee fires her ſelfe elſe: the next remoue is Haggard, ſtill more cunning; and if my Art deceiue mee not, more crazie. All cares and cures are doubled now

now vpon her, and line her perch, or now she mewes her pounces, at all these yeeres shee flies at fooles and kils too: the next is Bussard Bawde, and there I leaue her.

A very Whore

IS a woman. Shee enquires out all the great meetings, which are medicines for her itching. Shee kisseth open-mouth'd, and spits in the palmes of her hands to make them moist. Her eyes are like free-booters, liuing vpon the spoile of stragglers; and shee baits her desires with a million of prostitute countenances and enticements; in the light she listneth to parlies: but in the darke she vnderstandeth signes best. She will sell her Smocke for Cuffes, and so her shooes be fine, she cares not though her stockings want feet. Her modesty is curiosity, and her smell is one of her best

best ornaments. She passeth not a span bredth. And to haue done, shee is the Cooke and the meate, dressing her selfe all day, to bee tasted with the better appetite at night.

A meere Common Lawyer

IS the best shaddow to make a discreet one shew the fairer. Hee is a *Maiorsa prima* informed by reports, actuated by statutes, and hath his Motion by the fauorable Intelligence of the Court. His law is alwayes furnisht with a Commission to arraigne his Conscience; but vpon iudgement giuen, hee vsually sets it at large. Hee thinkes no language worth knowing but his *Barragouin*. Onely for that point hee hath beene a long time at warres with *Priscian* for a Northerne Prouince. He imagines that by sure excellencie his profession onely is learning, and that it's

a pro-

a prophanation of the Temple to his *Themis* dedicated, if any of the liberall Arts bee there admitted to offer strange incense to Her. For indeed hee is all for mony. Seuen or eight yeares squires him out, some of his Nation lesse standing: and euer since the Night of his Call, hee forgot much what he was at dinner. The next morning his man (*in Actu* or *potentia*) inioyes his pickadels. His Landresse is then shrewdly troubled in fitting him a Ruffe; his perpetuall badge. His loue-letters of the last yeere of his Gentlemanship are stuft with *Discontinuances*, *Remitters*, and *Vncore prists*: but now being enabled to speake in proper person, hee talkes of a French-hood, instead of a Ioynture, wages his law, and ioynes issue. Then hee begins to sticke his letters in his ground Chamber window, that so the superscription may make his Squire-ship transparent. His Heraldry giues him place before the Minister, because the Law was before the

gospell.

Goſpell. Next Tearme he walkes his hoopſleeue gowne to the Hall; there it procliames him. Hee feeds fat in the Reading, and till it chance to his turne, diſlikes no houſe order ſo much, as that the month is ſo contracted to a fortnight. Mongſt his countrey neighbours, he arrogates as much honour for being Reader of an Inne of Chancery, as if it had beene of his owne houſe. For they, poore ſoules, take Law and Conſcience, Court and Chancery for all one. Hee learn'd to frame his caſes from putting Riddles, and imitating *Merlins* Propheſies, and to ſet all the Croſſe-row together by the eares. Yet his whole Law is not able to decide *Lucans* one old controuerſie 'twixt *Tan* and *Sigma*. Hee accounts no man of his Cap and Coat idle, but who trots not the Circuit. Hee affects no life or quality for it ſelfe, but for gaine; and that at leaſt, to the ſtating him in a Iuſtice of peaceſhip, which is the firſt quickning ſoule ſuperadded to the elementary

mentary and inanimate forme of his new Tide. His Tearmes are his wiues vacations. Yet ſhee then may vſurpe diuers Court-dayes, and hath her Returnes in *Menſem*, for writs of entrie: often ſhorter. His vacations are her Termers. But in aſſiſe time (the circuit being long) hee may haue a tryall at home againſt him by *Niſi Prius*. No way to heauen hee thinkes, ſo wiſe, as through *Weſtminſter Hall*; and his Clarkes commonly through it viſit both heauen and hell. Yet then hee oft forgets his iourneyes end, although hee looke on the *Starre-Chamber*. Neither is hee wholly deſtitute of the Arts. *Grammar* hee hath enough to make termination of thoſe words which his authority hath endenizon'd. *Rhetoricke* ſome; but ſo little, that its thought a concealemen. *Logicke* enough to wrangle. *Arithmeticke* enough for the Ordinals of his yeere bookes: and number-roles: but he goes not to *Multiplication*; there's a Statute againſt it. So much

Gemme.

ſtinguiſhing Ornaments to them, make them as foyle to ſet their worke on.

A meere Scholler.

A *Meere Scholler is an intelligible Aſſe*, Or a ſilly fellow in blacke, that ſpeaks Sentences more familiarly then Sence. The Antiquity of his Vniuerſity is his Creed, and the excellency of his Colledge (though but for a match at foot-ball) an Article of his faith: he ſpeakes Latine better then his Mother-tongue: and is a ſtranger in no part of the world, but his owne Countrey: he do's vſually tell great ſtories of himſelfe to ſmall purpoſe, for they are commonly ridiculous, bee they true or falſe: his Ambition is, that he either is or ſhall be a graduate: but if euer he get a Fellowſhip he ha's then no fellow. In ſpight of all *Logicke* he dare ſweare and maintaine it, that a Cuckold and a

Towneſ-

Geometrie, that hee can aduiſe in a *Perambulatione facienda*, or a *Rationalibus diuiſis*. In *Aſtronomie* and *Aſtrologie* hee is ſo farre ſeene, that by the *Dominicall* letter, hee knowes the Holy dayes, and findes by Calculation that *Michaelmas* Terme will bee long and dirty. Marry hee knowes ſo much in *Muſicke*, that hee affects onely the moſt and cunningeſt *Diſcords*; rarely a perfect *Concord*, eſpecially ſong, except *in fine*. His skill in *perſpectiue* endeauors much to deceiue the eye of the Law, and giues many falſe colours. Hee is ſpecially practiſed in *Necromancie*, (ſuch a kinde as is out of the Statute of *Primo*) by raiſing many *dead queſtions*. What ſufficiency he hath in *Criticiſme*, the ſoule copies of his *Speciall Pleas* will tell you.

Many of the ſame coate, which are much to be honoured, partake of diuers of his indifferent qualities; but ſo, that *Diſcretion*, *Vertue*, and ſometimes other *good learning*, concurring and di-

ſtin-

Towne-man are *Termini conuertibiles*, though his Mothers Husband bee an *Alderman*: hee was neuer begotten (as it ſeemes) without much wrangling; for his whole life is ſpent in *Pro & Contra*: his tongue goes alwaies before his wit, like Gentleman-vſher, but ſomewhat faſter. That he is a compleat Gallant in all points, *Cap à pea*; witneſſe his horſeman-ſhip and the wearing of his weapons: hee is commonly long-winded, able to ſpeake more with eaſe, than any man can endure to heare with patience. Vniuerſity ieſts are his vniuerſall diſcourſe, and his newes, the demeanor of the Proctors: his Phraſe, the apparell of his minde, is made of diuers ſhreds like a cuſhion, and when it goes plaineſt, it hath a raſh outſide, and fuſtian linings. The currant of his ſpeech is clos'd with an *Ergo*; and what-euer be the queſtion, the truth is on his ſide. Tis a wrong to his reputation to be ignorãt of any thing; and yet hee knowes not that he knowes nothing: he giues dire-

ctions for Husbandry, from *Virgils Georgickes*; for Cattell, from his *Bucolicks*; for warlike Stratagems, from his *Æneides*, or *Cæsars Commentaries*: he orders all things, & thriues in none: Skiltul in all trades, and thriues in none: he is led more by his eares then his vnderstanding, taking the sound of words for their true sense: and do's therefore confidently beleeue, that *Erra Pater* was the Father of heretiques; *Rodulphus Agricola*, a substantiall Farmer; and will not sticke to auerre, that *Systemo's Logicke* doth excell *Keckermans*: his ill lucke is not so much in being a foole, as in being put to such pains to expresse it to the world: for what in others is naturall, in him (with much adoe) is artificiall: his pouertie is his happinesse, for it makes some men beleeue, that hee is none of fortunes fauorites. That learning which hee hath, was in Norrage put in backeward like a glister, and it's now like Ware mislaid in a Pedlers packe; a ha's it, but knowes not where

it is. In a word, his is the Index of a man, and the Title page of a Scholler, or a Puritane in morality; much in profession, nothing in practice.

A Tinker

IS a mooueable: for hee hath no abiding place; by his motion he gathers heate, thence his choller icke nature. Hee seemes to be very deuout, for his life is a continuall pilgrimage, and sometimes in humilitie goes barefoot, thereon making necessity a vertue. His house is as ancient as *Tubal Cains*, and so is a runnagate by antiquitie: yet hee proues himselfe a Gallant, for hee carries all his wealth vpon his backe; or a Philosopher, for hee beares all his substance about him. From his Art was Musicke first inuented, and therefore is hee alwayes furnisht with a song: to which his hammer keeping tune, proues

proues that he was the first founder for the Kettle-drumme. Note, that where the best Ale is, there stands his musick most vpon crotchets. The companion of his trauels is some soule sunne-burnt Queane, that since the terrible Statute recanted Gypsisme, and is turned Pedlerresse. So marches he all ouer England with his bag and baggage. His conuersation is vnreproueable; for hee is euer mending. Hee obserues truly the Statutes, and therefore he can rather steale then begge, in which hee is vnremoueably constant in spight of whip, or imprisonment: and so a strong enemy to idlenesse that in mending one hole, hee had rather make three then want worke, and when hee hath done, hee throwes the wallet of his faults behinde him. Hee embraceth naturally ancient custome. conuersing in open fields, and lowly Cottages. If hee visit Cities or Townes, tis but to deale vpon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. His tongue is verie voluble, which with

Canting proues him a *Linguist*. Hee is entertain'd in euery place, but enters no further then the doore, to auoyd suspition. Some would take him to bee a Coward; but beleeue it, he is a Lad of mettle, his valour is commonly three or foure yards long, fastned to a pike in the end for flying off. He is very prouident, for hee will fight but with one at once, and then also he had rather submit then be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he scape Tyburne and Banbury, hee dies a begger.

An Apparatour

IS a Chicke of the egge Abuse, hatcht by the warmth of authority: hee is a bird of rapine, and beginnes to prey and feather together. Hee croakes like a Rauen against the death of rich men, and so gets a Legacy vnbequeath'd: his happinesse is in the multitude of children,

dren, for their increaſe is his wealth, and to that end, hee himſelfe yeerely addes one. Hee is a cunning hunter, vncoupling his intelligencing hounds, vnder hedges in thickets and corne-fields, who follow the chaſe to Citie-Suburbs, where often his game is at couert: his quiuer hangs by his ſide, ſtuftwith ſiluer arrowes, which hee ſhootes againſt Churchgates, and priuate mens doores, to the hazard of their purſes and credit. There went but a paire of ſheeres betweene him and the purſiuant of hell, for they both delight in ſinne, grow richer by it, and are by iuſtice appointed to puniſh it: onely the Deuill is more cunning, for hee pickes a liuing out of others gaines. His liuing lieth in his eye, which (like ſpirits) hee ſends through chinkes, and key-holes, to ſuruey the places of darkneſſe; for which purpoſe he ſtudieth the optickes, but can diſcouer no colour but blacke, for the pure white of chaſtitie dazleth his eyes. He is a Catholicke, for hee is

euery where; and with a Politicke, for hee transforms himselfe into all shapes. Hee trauels on foot to auoid idlenesse, and loues the Church entirely, because it is the place of his edification. Hee accounts not all sinnes mortall: for fornication with him is a veniall sinne, and to take bribes, a matter of charity: he is collector for burnings and losses at Sea, and in casting account, can readily substract the lesser from the greater summe. Thus liues he in a golden age, till Death by a processe, summons him to appeare.

An Almanacke-maker

IS the worst part of an Astronomer: a certaine compact of figures, characters, and cyphers: out of which hee scores the fortune of a yeere, not so profitably, as doubtfully. Hee is tenant by custome to the Planets, of whom he holds

holds the 12. Houſes by leaſe paroll: to them hee payes yeerely rent, his ſtudie, & time; yet lets them out againe (with all his heart) 40. s. *Per annum*. His life is meerely contemplatiue: for His practice, tis worth nothing, at leaſt not worthy of credit; & if (by chance) he purchaſe any, hee loſeth it againe at the yeeres end, for time brings truth to light. *Ptolomy* and *Ticho Brache* are his Patrons, whoſe volumes he vnderſtands not, but admires; and the rather becauſe they are Strangers, and ſo eaſier to bee credited, than controuled. His life is vpright, for he is alwayes looking vpward; yet dares beleeue nothing aboue *Primum mobile*, for tis out of the reach of his *Iacobs ſtaffe*. His charitie extends no further then to Mountebankes and Sow-gelders, to whom hee bequeathes the ſeaſons of the yeere, to kill or torture by. The verſes of his Booke haue a worſe pace then euer had *Rocheſter* Hackney: for his proſe, tis dappled with Inke-horne tearmes, and

may ſerue for an Almanacke: but for his iudging at the vncertainty of weather, any old Shepheard ſhall make a Dunce of him. Hee would be thought the deuils intelligencer for ſtoln goods, if euer he ſteale out of that qualitie: as a flie turnes to a Maggot, ſo the corruption of the cunning-man is the generation of an Empericke: his workes fly forth in ſmall volumes, yet not all, for many ride poaſt to Chandlers and Tobacco ſhops in folio. To be briefe, he fals 3. degrees ſhort of his promiſes; yet is he the Key to vnlocke Termes, and Lawdayes, a dumbe *Mercurie* to point out high-wayes, and a Bayliffe of all Marts and Faires in England. The reſt of him you ſhall know next yeere; for what he will be then, he himſelfe knowes not.

An Hypo-

An Hypocrite.

IS a gilded *Pill*, compos'd of two vertuous ingredients, *Naturall dishonesty*, and *Artificiall dissimulation*. *Simple Fruit*, *Plant*, or *Drug*, hee is none, but a deformed mixture, bred betwixt *Euill Nature* and *false Art*, by a monstrous *generation*; and may well be put into the reckoning of those creatures that God neuer made. In *Church* or *Commonwealth* (for in both these this *Mongrell-weede* will shoot) it is hard to say whether he be *Physicke* or a *Disease*: for he is both in diuers respects.

As he is gilt with an outside of *Seeming purity*, or as he offereth himselfe to you to be taken downe in a cup or taste of *Golden zeale* and *Simplicitie*, you may call him *Physicke*. Nay, and neuer let *potion* giue *Patient* good stoole, it being truely tasted and relisht, hee be not as loth-

lothſome to the ſtomack of any honeſt man.

He is alſo *Phyſicke*, in being as commodious for vſe, as he is odious in taſte, if the *Body* of the *Company* into which he is taken, can make true vſe of him. For the malice of his nature makes him ſo *Informer-like-dangerous*, in taking aduantage of any thing done or ſaide: yea, euen to the ruine of his makers, if he may haue benefit; that ſuch a creature in a ſocietie makes men as careful of their ſpeeches and actions, as the ſight of a knowne Cut-purſe in a throng makes them watchfull ouer their purſes and pockets: he is alſo in this reſpect profitable Phyſicke, that his conuerſation being once truely taſted and diſcouered, the hatefull foulneſſe of it wil make thoſe that are not fully like him, to purge all ſuch Diſeaſes as are ranke in him, out of their owne liues; as the ſight of ſome Citizens on horſe-backe, make a iudicious man amend his owne faults in horſemanſhip. If one of theſe

vſes

vſes can bee made of him, let him not long offend the ſtomacke of your company; your beſt way is to ſpue him out. That hee is a Diſeaſe in the body where hee liueth, were as ſtrange a thing to doubt, as whether there bee knauery in Horſe-courſers. For as among Sheepe, the rot; among Dogs, the mange; amongſt Horſes, the glaunders: amongſt Men and Women, the Northerne itch, and the French Ache bee diſeaſes; an Hypocrite cannot but be the like in all States and Societies that breede him. If hee bee a Cleargy Hypocrite, then all manner of vice is for the moſt part ſo proper to him, as he will grudge any man the practice of it but himſelfe; like that graue Burgeſſe, who being deſired to lend his cloathes to repreſent a part in a Comedie, anſwered: *No by his leaue, hee would haue no body play the foole in his cloathes but himſelfe.* Hence are his ſo auſtere reprehenſions of drinking healths, laſciuious talke, vſury and vnconſcionable dealing; when as himſelfe is ting

hating the prophane mixture of malt & water will by his good will let nothing come within him, but the purity of the Grape, when hee can get it of anothers coſt: But this muſt not bee done neither, without a preface of ſeeming toothneſſe, turning vp the eyes mouing the head, laying hand on the breſt, and proteſting that hee would not doe it but to ſtrength his body, beeing euen conſumed with diſſembled zeale, and tedious and thankeleſſe babbling to God and his Auditors. And for the other vices, I doe but venture the making your ſelfe priuate with him, or truſting of him, and if you come off without a ſauor of the ayre which his ſoule is infected with, you haue great fortune. The fardle of all this ware that is in him, you ſhall commonly ſee carryed vpon the backe of theſe two beaſts, that liue within him, *Ignorance* and *Impertinence*: and they may well ſerue to carrie other vices, for of themſelues they are inſupportable.

ble. His *Ignorance* acquites him of all ſcience, humane or diuine, and of all Language, but his mothers; holding nothing pure, holy or ſincere, but the ſenſeleſſe collections of his owne crazed braine, the zealous fumes of his enflamed ſpirit, and the endleſſe labours of his eternall tongue; the motions whereof, when matter and words faile, (as they often doe) muſt bee patched vp, to accompliſh his foure houres in a day at the leaſt, with long and feruent *hummes*. Any thing elſe, either for language or matter hee cannot abide, but thus cenſureth: *Latine*, the language of the *Beaſt*; *Greeke*, the tongue wherein the heathen Poets wrote their fictions; *Hebrew*, the ſpeech of the *Iewes*, that crucified Chriſt: *Controuerſies* doe not edifie; *Logicke* and *Philoſophie*, are the ſubtilties of *Satan* to deceiue the *Simple*. Humane ſtories *prophane*, and not ſauouring of the *Spirit*: In a word, all decent and ſenſible forme of ſpeech and perſwaſion (though in his owne

owne tongue) vaine *Ostentation.* And all this is the burthen of his *Ignorance*: sauing that sometimes *Idlenesse* will put in also to beare a part of the baggage.

His other *Beast Imperiousnesse*, is yet more proudly loaden, it carryeth a burthen, that no cords of *Authoritie*, *Spirituall* nor *Temporall*, should binde, if it might haue the full swinge: No *Pilat*, no *Prince* should command him: Nay, hee will command them, and at his pleasure censure them, if they will not suffer their eares to bee fettered with the long chaines of his tedious collations, their purses to bee emptied with the inundations of his vnsatiable humour, and their iudgements to bee blinded with the muffler of his *zealous Ignorance*: for this doth hee familiarly insult ouer his *Maintainer* that breedes him, his *Patronce* that feeds him, and in time ouer all them that will suffer him to set a foote within their doores, or put a finger in their purses. All this;

and

and much more is in him, that abhorring *Degrees* and *Vniuerſities*, as reliques of *Superſtition*, hath leapt from a Shopboord, or a Cloake-bag, to a Deske, or Pulpit, and that like a Sea-god in a *Pageant*, hath the rotten laths of his culpable life, and palpable ignorance, couered ouer with the painted-cloth of a pure gowne, and a night-cap; and with a falſe Trumpet of *Fained Zeale*, draweth after him ſome poore *Nymphes* and *Mid-men*, that delight more to reſort to darke Caues and ſecret places, then to open and publike aſſemblies. The *Lay-Hypocrite*, is to the other, a *Champion*, *Diſciple*, and *Subiect*; and will not acknowledge the tythe of the *Subiection*, to any *Miter*; no, not to any *Scepter*, that he will do to the hook and crooke of his Zeale-blind Shepheard. No *Ieſuites* demand more blind and abſolute obedience from their vaſſals; no Magiſtrates of the *Canting* ſocietie, more ſlauiſh ſubiection from the members of that

that trauelling ſtate, then the Clearke *Hypocrites* expect from theſe lay Pulpis. Nay, they muſt not only be obeyd, fed, and defended, but admired too: & that their Lay-followers doe ſincerely, as a ſhirtleſſe fellow with a Cudgell vnder his arme doth a face-wringing *Ballad-ſinger: a Water-bearer* on the floore of a Play-houſe, a wide mouth'd *Poet*, that ſpeakes nothing but bladders and bumbaſt. Otherwiſe, for life and profeſſion, nature and Art, inward and outward: they agree in all, like *Canters* and *Gypſies*, they are all *zeale*, no *knowledge*: all purity, no humanity: all ſimplicity, no honeſty: and if you neuer truſt them, they will neuer deceiue you.

A Maquerela, in plaine Engliſh, a Bawde

IS an old *Char-cole*, that hath beene burnt her ſelfe, and therefore is able to kindle a whole greene Coppice. The burden of her ſong is like that of *Frier Bacons* Head; *Time is, Time was, and Time is paſt*: in repeating which, ſhee makes a wicked brazen face, and weepes in the cup, to allay the heat of her *Aqua vitæ*. Her teeth are falne out, marry her noſe, and chin, intend very ſhortly to bee friends, and meet about it. Her yeeres are ſixty and odde: that ſhee accounts her beſt time of trading; for a *Bawde* is like a Medlar, ſhee's not ripe, till ſhe be rotten. Her enuy is like that of the Deuill, to haue all faire women like her; & becauſe tis impoſſible they ſhould catch it being ſo young, ſhe hurries them to it by diſeaſes. Her *Parke* is a villanous barren ground; and all the Deere in it are

Raſcall: yet poore Cottagers in the Countrey (that know her but by heare-ſay) thinke well of her; for what ſhe encloſes to day, ſhe makes *Common* to morrow. Her goods and her ſelfe are all remoued in one ſort, only ſhe makes bold to take the vpper hand of them, and to be carted before them; the thought of which, makes her ſhee cannot endure a poſſet, becauſe it puts her in minde of a Baſon. Shee ſits continually at a rackt Rent; eſpecially, if her *Landlord* beare Office in the pariſh: for her moueables in the houſe; (beſides her quicke cattel) they are not worth an *Inuentory*, onely her beds are moſt commonly in print: ſhe can eaſily turne a Sempſtreſſe into a waiting Gentle-woman, but her Ward-robe is moſt infectious, for it brings them to the *Falling-ſickneſſe*: ſhee hath onely this one ſhew of *Temperance*: that let a Gentleman ſend for tenne pottles of wine in her houſe, hee ſhall haue but ten quarts; and if hee want it that way, let him pay for't, and take it out in

ſtewd

ſtewd prunes. The Iuſtices Clark ſtands many times her very good friend; and works her peace with the Iuſtice of *Quorum*. Nothing ioyes her ſo much, as the comming ouer of *Strangers*, nor daunts her ſo much, as the approach of Shroue-tueſday. In fine, not to foule more paper with ſo foule a ſubiect, he that hath paſt vnder her, hath paſt the *Equinoctiall*; He that hath ſcap't her, hath ſcap't worſe then the *Calenture*.

A Chamber-maid.

SHee is her miſtreſſes ſhee Secretary, and keepes the box of her teeth, her haire, and her painting very priuate. Her induſtry is vp ſtaires, and downe ſtaires like a Drawer: and by her dry hand you may know ſhee is a ſore ſtarcher. If ſhe lye at her Maſters beds feet, ſhee is quit of the *Greene ſickneſſe* for e-

uer; For ſhe hath terrible dreames when ſhe's awak, as if ſhe were troubled with the *Night-mare*. She hath a good liking to dwell i'th Country, but ſhee holds *London* the goodlieſt Forreſt in *England*, to ſhelter a great belly. She reads *Greens* works ouer and ouer, but is ſo carried away with the *Mirror of Knighthood*, ſhe is many times reſolu'd to runne out of her ſelfe, and become a Lady Errand. If ſhe catch a clap, ſhe diuides it ſo equally betweene the Maſter and the ſeruingman, as if ſhe had cut out the gettingof it by a Thred: only the knaue *Sumner* makes her bowle booty, and ouer-reach the Maſter. The Pedant of the houſe, though he promiſe her marriage, cânot grow further inward with her, ſhe hath paid for her credulity often, and now growes weary. Shee likes the forme of our marriage very wel, in that a woman is not tyde to anſwer to any Articles concerning queſtions of Virginity: Her minde her body, & clothes, are parcels looſely tackt together, and for want of

good

good vtterance, ſhe perpetually laughs out her meaning. Her Miſtris and ſhee helpe to make away *Time*, to the idleſt purpoſe that can bee, eyther for loue or mony. In briefe, theſe *Chambermaides* are like Lotteries: you may draw twenty, ere one worth any thing.

A Preciſian.

TO ſpeake no otherwiſe of this *varniſht rottenneſſe*, then in truth and veritie hee is, I muſt define him to bee a demure Creature, full of ouall Sanctity, and mentall impietie; a faire obiect to the eye, but ſtarke naught for the vnderſtanding: or elſe a violent thing, much giuen to contradiction. Hee will bee ſure to be in oppoſition with the *Papiſt*, though it bee ſometimes accompanied with an abſurdity;

like the Ilanders neere adioyning vnto *China*, who salute by puting off their shooes, because the men of *China* doe it by their hats. If at any time he fast, it is vpon Sunday, & he is sure to feast vpon Friday. He can better affoord you tenne lies, than one oath; & dare commit any sinne gilded with a pretence of sanctity. He will not sticke to commit Fornication or Adulterie, so it be done in the feare of God, and for the propagation of the godly; and can find in his heart to lye with any whore, saue the whore of *Babylon*. To steale he holds it lawfull, so it be from the wicked & Ægyptians. He had rather see *Antichrist*, then a picture in the Church window: and chuseth sooner to bee false hanged, then see a legge at the name of *IESVS*, or one stand at the *Creede*. He conceiues his prayer in the Kitchin, rather then in the Church; & is of so good discourse, that he dares challenge the *Almighty* to talke with him *ex tempore*: He thinkes euery Organist is in the state of damnation,

and

and had rather heare one of *Robert Wisdome Psalmes*, then the best *Hymne* a *Cherubin* can sing. Hee will not breake wind without an *Apology*, or asking forgiuenesse, nor kisse a Gentlewoman for feare of lusting after her. He hath nicknamed all the Prophets and Apostles with his Sonnes, and begets nothing but *Vertues* for Daughters. Finally, hee is so sure of his saluation, that hee will not change places in heauen with the *Virgin Mary*, without boot.

An Innes of Court man.

HEe is distinguished from a Scholler by a paire of silke stockings, and a Beauer Hat, which makes him contemn a Scholler as much as a Scholler doth a Schoolemaster. By that hee hath heard one mooting, and seene two playes, hee thinkes as basely of the

Vniuersitie, as a young *Sophister* doth of the *Grammar-schoole*. Hee talkes of the *Vniuersitie*, with that state, as if hee were her Chancellour; findes fault with alterations, and the fall of *Discipline*, with an, *It was not so when I was a Student*; although that was within this halfe yere. Hee will talke ends of *Latine*, though it bee false, with as great confidence, as euer *Cicero* could pronounce an Oration, though his best authors for't be *Tauernes* and *Ordinaries*. Hee is as farre behind a *Courtier* in his fashion, as a Scholler is behind him: and the best grace in his behauiour, is to forget his acquaintance.

Hee laughes at euery man whose Band sits not well, or that hath not a faire shoo-tie, and hee is ashamed to be seene in any mans company that weares not his clothes well. His very essence he placeth in his outside, and his chiefest praier is, that his reuenues may hold out for Taffata cloakes in the Summer, and Veluet in the Winter. For his recreatiõ,

he

he had rather goe to a Citizens Wife, then a Bawdy house, only to saue charges: and hee holds Fee-taile to be absolutely the best tenure. To his acquaintance hee offers two quarts of wine, for one hee giues. You shall neuer see him melancholly, but when he wants a new Suite, or feares a Sergeant: At which times only, he betakes himselfe to *Ploydon*. By that he hath read *Littleton*, he can call *Solon*, *Lycurgus*, and *Iustinian*, fooles, and dares compare his Law to a *Lord Chiefe Iustices*.

A meere fellow of an house.

HE is one whose Hopes commonly exceed his fortunes, and whose minde sores aboue his purrse. If hee hath read *Tacitus*, *Guicciardine*, or *Gallo-Belgicus*, he contemnes the *late Lord Treasurer*, for all the State-policy he had;

had; and laughs to thinke what a foole he could make of *Salomon*, if hee were now aliue. Hee neuer weares new cloaths, but against a Commencement or a good time, and is Commonly a degree behinde the fashion. Hee hath sworne to see *London* once a yeere, though all his businesse be to see a play, walke a turne in *Pauls*, and obserue the fashion. Hee thinkes it a discredit to be out of debt, which hee neuer likely cleares, without resignation mony. He wil not leaue his part he hath in the priuiledge ouer yong Gentlemen, in going bare to him, for the Empire of *Germany*: Hee prayes as heartily for a scaling, as a *Cormorant* doth for a deare yeere: yet commonly hee spends that reuenue before he receiues it.

At meales, he sits in as great state ouer his *Peny-Commons*, as euer *Vitellius* did at his greatest Banquet: & takes great delight in comparing his fare to my Lord *Mayors*.

If hee be a leader of a *Faction*, hee thinkes

thinks himselfe greater then euer *Cæsar* was, or the *Turke* at this day is. And hee had rather lose an inheritance then an Office, when he stands for it.

If he be to trauell, hee is longer furnishing himselfe for a fiue miles iourney, then a ship is rigging for a seuen yeeres voyage. He is neuer more troubled, then when hee is to maintaine talke with a Gentle-woman: wherein hee commits more absurdities, then a Clowne in eating of an egge.

He thinkes himselfe as fine when hee is in a cleane band, and a new paire of shooes, as any Courtier doth, when hee is first in a New-fashion.

Lastly, he is one that respects no man in the *Vniuersity*, and is respected by no man out of it.

A worthy

A Worthy Commander in the Warres

IS one, that accounts learning the nourishment of military vertue, and laies that as his first foundation. Hee neuer bloodies his sword but in heate of battel; and had rather saue one of his owne Souldiers, then kill ten of his enemies. Hee accounts it an idle, vaine-glorious, & suspected bounty, to be full of good words; his rewarding therefore of the deseruer arriues so timely, that his liberality can neuer be said to be gowty-handed. He holds it next his Creed, that no Coward can be an honest man, and dare die in't. He doth not thinke his body yelds a more spreading shadow after a victory then before; & when he looks vpon his enemies dead body, tis a kind of noble heauinesse, no insultation; he is so honourably mercifull to women in

sur-

ſurprizall, that onely, that makes him an excellent Courtier. He knowes, the hazard of battels, not the pompe of Ceremonies, are Souldiers beſt Theaters, and ſtriues to gaine reputation, not by the multitude, but by the greatneſſe of his actions. Hee is the firſt in giuing the charge, and the laſt in retiring his foot. Equall toyle he endures with the Common Souldier: from his example they all take fire, as one Torch lights many. Hee vnderſtands in warre, there is no meane to erre twice; the firſt, and leaſt fault beeing ſufficient to ruine an Army: faults therfore he pardons none; they that are preſidents of diſorder, or mutiny, repaire it by being examples of his *Iuſtice*. Beſiedge him neuer ſo ſtrictly, ſo long as the ayre is not cut from him, his heart faints not. He hath learned as well to make vſe of a victory, as to get it, and purſuing his enemies like a whirle-wind carries all afore him; being aſſured, if euer a man will benefit himſelfe vpon his foe, then is the time,

when

when they haue loſt force, wiſedome, courage, & reputation. The goodnes of his cauſe is the ſpeciall motiue to his valour; neuer is he knowne to ſlight the weak'ſt enemy that coms arm'd againſt him in the hand of *Iuſtice*. Haſty and ouermuch heat he accounts the *Stepdame* to all great actions, that will not ſuffer them to driue: if he cannot ouercome his *Enemy* by force, he do's it by *Time*. If euer he ſhake hands with war, he can dye more calmely then moſt Courtiers, for his continuall dangers haue been as it were ſo many meditations of death; he thinkes not out of his owne calling, when hee accounts life a continuall warfare, and his prayers then beſt become him when armed *Cap a pea*. Hee vtters them like the great *Hebrew Generall*, on horſebacke. Hee caſts a ſmiling contempt vpon *Calumny*, it meets him as if *Glaſſe* ſhould encounter *Adamant*. He thinkes warre is neuer to bee giuen ore, but on one of theſe three conditions: an aſſured *peace*, abſolute *victory*, or

or an honeſt *death*. Laſtly, when peace folds him vp, his ſiluer head ſhould lean neere the golden Scepter, and dye in his *Princes* boſome.

A vayne-glorious Coward in Command,

IS one, that hath bought his place, or come to it by ſome Noble-mans letter: hee loues a life dead payes, yet wiſhes they may rather happen in his Company by the ſcuruy, then by a battell. View him at a muſter, and he goes with ſuch a noiſe, as if his body were the wheele-barrow that carried his iudgement rumbling to drill his Souldiers. No man can worſe define betweene *Pride* and noble *Courteſie*: hee that ſalutes him not ſo farre as Piſtoll carries leuell, giues him the *diſguſt* or *affront*, chuſe you whether. He traines by the booke,

booke; and reckons ſo many poſtures of the Pike and Musket, as if hee were counting at Noddy. When hee comes at firſt vpon a Camiſado, he lookes like the foure windes in painting, as if he would blow away the enemy; but at the very firſt on-ſet, ſuffers feare and trembling to dreſſe themſelues in his face apparantly. He ſcornes any man ſhould take place before him: yet at the entring of a *breach*, hee hath been ſo humble-minded, as to let his Lieutenant lead his Troopes for him. He is ſo ſure armd for taking hurt, that hee ſeldome does any: and while hee is putting on his Armes, hee is thinking what ſumme hee can make to ſatiſfie his ranſome. He will raile openly againſt all the great *Commanders* of the aduerſe patty; yet in his owne conſcience allowes them for better men: ſuch is the nature of his feare, that contrary to all other filthy qualities it makes him thinke better of another man then himſelfe. The firſt part of him that is ſet a running, is his

Eye.

Eye-ſight: when that is once ſtruck with terrour, all the *Coſtiue Phiſicke* in the world cannot ſtay him; if euer hee doe any thing beyond his own heart, tis for a *Knighthood*, and hee is the firſt kneeles for't without bidding.

A Pyrate

TRuely defined, is a *bold Traytor*; for hee fortifies a Caſtle againſt the King. Giue him Sea-roome in neuer ſo ſmall a veſſell, and like a witch in a ſciue, you would thinke hee were going to make merry with the Diuell. Of all callings his is the moſt deſperate, for he will not leaue off his theeuing, though he be in a narrow priſon, and looke euery day (by tempeſt or fight) for execution. Hee is one plague the Diuell hath added, to make the Sea more terrible then a ſtorme; and his heart is ſo hardned in that rugged element, that hee

cannot repent, though he view his graue (before him) continually open: he hath so little of his own, that the house hee sleeps in is stoln; all the necessities of life hee filches, but one: hee cannot steale a sound sleep, for his troubled conscience. Hee is very gentle to those vnder him, yet his rule is the horriblest tyranny in the world, for hee giues licence to all rape, murder, and cruelty, in his owne example: what hee gets, is small vse to him, onely liues by it, (somewhat the longer) to do a little more seruice to his belly; for he throwes away his treasure vpon the shore in riot, as if he cast it into the Sea. He is a *cruell Hawke* that flies at all but his owne kinde: and as a *Whale* neuer comes ashore but when shee is wounded; so hee very seldome, but for this necessities. He is the *Merchants book*, that serues onely to reckon vp his losses; *a perpetuall plague* to noble traffique, the *Hurican of the Sea, and the Earth-quake of the Exchange*. Yet for all this giue him but his pardon, and forgiue him restitu-

tion,

tion, he may liue to know the inside of a Church, and die on this side Wapping.

An ordinary Fencer

IS a fellow, that beside shauing of Cudgels, hath a good insight into the world, for hee hath long beene beaten to it. Flesh and blood hee is like other men; but surely nature meant him *Stockfish*: his, and a Dancing-schoole, are inseparable adiuncts; and are bound, though both stinke of sweate most abominable, neither shall complaine of annoyance: three large Bauins set vp his Trade, with a Bench; which (in the vacation of the afternoone) hee vses for his day-bed: for a firkin to pisse in, hee shall be allowed that, by those make *Allom*: when hee comes on the Stage at his Prize, hee makes a legge seuen seuerall wayes, and

ſcrambles for mony, as if hee had beene borne at the *Bathe* in *Somerſetſhire*: at his challenge he ſhewes his metall; for contrary to all rules of Phyſick, he dares bleed, though it bee in the dog-dayes: hee teaches *Deuilliſh* play in's Schoole, but when he fights himſelfe, he doth it in the feare of a good Chriſtian, he compounds quarrels among his Schollers, and when he hath brought the buſineſſe to a good vpſhot, he makes the reckoning. His wounds are ſeldome aboue skin-deepe; for an inward bruiſe, Lambſtones and ſweet-breads are his onely *Sperma Ceti*, which he eats at night next his heart faſting: ſtrange Schoole-maſters they are, that euery day ſet a man as farre backeward as he went forward; & throwing him into a ſtrange poſture, teach him to threſh *ſatisfaction* out of *iniurie*. One ſigne of a good nature is, that hee is ſtill open breſted to his friends: for his foile, and his doublet, weare not out aboue two buttons, and reſolute he is, for he ſo much ſcorns to take blowes,

that

that hee neuer weares *Cuffes*; and hee liues better contented with a little, than other men; for if he haue two eyes in's head, he thinkes Nature hath ouerdone him. The Lord *Mayors* triumph makes him a man, for that's his best time to flourish. Lastly, these fencers are such things, that care not if all the world were ignorant of more letters then only to read their Patent.

A Puny-Clarke.

HEe is tane from *Grammar-schoole* halfe codled, and can hardly shake off his dreames of breeching in a twelue moneth. Hee is a Farmers sonne, and his fathers vtmost ambition is to make him an *Attorney*. Hee doth itch towards a Poet, and greases his breeches extremely with feeding without a napkin. He studies false Dice

to cheat Coſtermongers, and is moſt chargeable to the Butler of ſome *Inne of Chancery*, for piſſing in their greenpots. Hee eats Ginger-bread at a play-houſe; and is ſo ſawcy, that he ventures fairely for a broken pate at the banquetting-houſe,& hath it. He would neuer come to haue any wit, but for a long *vacation*, for that makes him bethinke him how he ſhall ſhift another day. Hee prayes hotly againſt faſting; and ſo he may ſup well on Friday nights, hee cares not though his maſter bee a *Puritane*. Hee practiſes to make the words in his *Declaration* ſpread, as a Sewer doth the diſhes at a Nigards Table; a Clarke of a ſwooping *Daſh*, is as commendable as a Flanders horſe of a large taile. Though you be neuer ſo much delay'd, you muſt not call his Maſter knaue; that makes him goe beyond himſelfe, and write a Challenge in Court-hand; for it may be his own another day. Theſe are ſome certaine of his *liberall faculties*: but in the Tearme time, his *Clog* is a *Buckrom Bag*.

Bag. Laſtly, which is great pitty, hee neuer comes to his full growth, with bearing on his ſhoulder the ſinfull burthen of his Maſter at ſeuerall Courts in *Weſtminſter.*

A Foot-man.

LEt him bee neuer ſo well made, yet his legges are not matches, for hee is ſtill ſetting the beſt foote forward. He will neuer be a ſtaid man, for he has had a running head of his owne, euer ſince his child-hood. His mother (which out of queſtion, was a light-heel'd wench) knew it, yet let him runne his race; thinking age would reclaime him from his wilde courſes. He is very long winded; and, without doubt, but that hee hates naturally to ſerue on horſe-backe, hee had prooued an excellent Trumpet. He has one happineſſe aboue

all the reſt of the Seruingmen: for when he moſt ouer-reaches his Maſter, hee is beſt thought of. Hee liues more by his owne heat then the warmth of clothes; and the waiting-woman hath the greateſt fancy to him, when he is in his cloſe trouſes. Gardes he weares none; which makes him liue more vpright than any groſſe-gartered Gentlemanvſher. Tis impoſſible to draw his picture to the life, cauſe a man muſt take it as he's running; onely this, Horſes are vſually let blood on S. *Steuens* day on S. *Patricks* he takes reſt, and is drencht for all the yeere after.

A Noble and retired Houſe-keeper

IS one whoſe bounty is limitted by *reaſon*, not *oſtentation*: and to make it laſt, hee deales it diſcreetly, as wee ſowe the *furrow*, not by the ſacke, but by

by the handfull. His word and his meaning neuer ſhake hands and part, but alway goe together. He can ſuruay good, and loue it, and loues to doe it himſelfe, for it owne ſake, not for thankes. Hee knowes there is no ſuch miſery as to out liue good name, nor no ſuch folly as to put it in practiſe. His mind is ſo ſecure, that *thunder* rockes him aſleepe, which breakes other mens ſlumbers, *Nobility* lightens in his eyes: and in his face and geſture is painted, *The god of Hoſpitality*. His great houſes beare in their front more durance, then ſtate; vnleſſe this adde the greater ſtate to them, that they promiſe to out-laſt much of our new phantaſticall building. His *heart* neuer growes old, no more then his *memory*, whether at his booke or on horſebacke; hee paſſeth his time in ſuch noble exerciſe, a man cannot ſay, any time is loſt by him: nor hath he onely *yeeres*, to approue he hath liued till he be old, but *vertues*. His thoughts haue a high *eyme*, though their dwelling be in the *Vale of*

an

an humble heart, whence as by an *Engine* (that raiſes water to fall, that it may riſe the higher) he is heightned in his humility. The *Adamant* ſerues not for all Seaes, but this doth; for hee hath, as it were, put a gird about the whole world, and found all her *quicke-ſands*. Hee hath this hand ouer *Fortune*, that her iniuries, how violent or ſudden ſoeuer, they doe not daunt him; for whether his time call him to liue or die, hee can doe both nobly: if to fall, his deſcent is breſt to breſt with vertue; and euen then,

like the *Sunne* neere his Set,
hee ſhewes vnto the
world his *cleereſt*
countenance.

An Intruder into fauour,

IS one, that builds his reputation on others infamy: for ſlaunder is moſt commonly his morning prayer. His paſſions are guided by *Pride*, and followed by *Iniuſtice*. An inflexible anger againſt ſome poore ſutor, hee falſly cals a *Couragious conſtancie*, and thinkes the beſt part of grauity to conſiſt in a ruffled forehead. He is the moſt ſlauiſhly ſubmiſſe; though enuious to thoſe that are in better place then himſelfe; and knowes the Art of words ſo wel, that (for ſhrowding diſhoneſty vnder a fair pretext) he ſeems to preſerue mud in Chryſtall. Like a man of a kinde nature, hee is the firſt good to himſelfe, in the next file, to his French Taylor, that giues him all his perfection: for indeed, like an *Eſtridge*, or *Bird of Paradiſe*, his feathers are more worth then his body. If euer hee doe good

good deed (which is very seldome) his owne mouth is the *Chronicle* of it, lest it should die forgotten. His whole body goes all vpon *skrewes*, and his face is the *vice* that moues them. If his *Patron* bee giuen to musicke, hee opens his chops, and *sings*, or with a wrie necke, fals to tuning his instrument: if that faile, hee takes the height of his Lord with a Hawking pole. He followes the mans fortune, not the man: seeking thereby to increase his owne. He pretends he is most vndeseruedly enuied, & cries out, remembering the game, *Cheſſe*, that a Pawne before a King is most playd on. Debts hee owes none, but shrewd turns, and those he payes ere he be sued. He is a flattering *glasse* to conceale age, and wrinkles. He is *Mountaines Monkie*, that climbing a tree, and skipping from bough to bough, giues you backe his face; but come once to the top, he holds his nose vp into the winde, and shewes you his tayle: yet all this gay glitter, shewes on him, as if the Sunne shone

in

in a puddle; for hee is a ſmall wine that will not laſt; and when hee is falling, hee goes of himſelfe faſter then miſery can driue him.

A faire and happy Milke-maid

IS a Countrey Wench, that is ſo farre from making her ſelfe beautifull by Art, that one looke of hers is able to put *all face-Phyſicke* out of countenance. She knowes a faire looke is but a *Dumbe Orator* to commend vertue, therefore mindes it not. All her excellencies ſtands in her ſo ſilently, as if they had ſtolne vpon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparell (which is her ſelfe) is farre better than outſides *of Tiſſew*: for though ſhe be not arrayed in the ſpoile of the *Silke-worme*, ſhee is deckt in *innocency*, a far better wearing. Shee doth not, with lying long abed,

ſpoile

ſpoile both her *complexion* and *conditions*; nature hath taught her, too *immoderate ſleepe is ruſt to the Soule*: ſhee riſes therefore with *Chaunticleare* her dames Cock, and at night makes the *Lambe* her *Corſew*. In milking a Cow, and ſtraining the Teates through her fingers, it ſeemes that ſo ſweete a Milke-preſſe makes the Milke the whiter or ſweeter; for neuer came *Almond Gloue* or *Aromatique Oyntment* of her Palme to taint it. The golden eares of corne fall and kiſſe her feete when ſhee reapes them, as if they wiſht to be bound & led priſoners by the ſame hand that fell'd them. Her breath is her owne, which ſents all the yeer long of *June*, like a new made Hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart ſoft with pitty: and when winters euenings fal early (ſitting at her mery wheele) ſhe ſings a defiance to the giddy *wheele of Fortune*. She doth all things with ſo ſweet a grace, it ſeems *ignorance* will not ſuffer her to doe ill, beeing her minde is to doe well.

Shee

Shee beſtowes her yeeres wages at next fair; and in chuſing her garments, counts no brauery i'th'world, like decency. The *Garden* and *Bee-hiue* are all her *Phyſicke* and *Chyrurgery*, and ſhe liues the longer for't. Shee dares goe alone, and vnfold ſheepe i'th'night, and feares no manner of ill, becauſe ſhee meanes none: yet to ſay truth, ſhe is neuer alone, for ſhee is ſtill accompanied with old *ſongs*, *honeſt thoughts*, and *prayers*, but ſhort ones; yet they haue their efficacie, in that they are not pauled with inſuing idle cogitati. ons. Laſtly, her dreames are ſo chaſte, that ſhe dare tell them: onely a Fridaies dream is all her *ſuperſtition*: that ſhe conceales for feare of anger. Thus liues ſhe; and all her care is ſhee may die in the *Spring-time*, to haue ſtore of flowers ſtucke vpon her winding-ſheet.

An arrant Horſe-courſer

HAth the tricke to blow vp Horſe-fleſh, as the Butcher doth Veale, which ſhall waſh out againe in twice riding twixt *Waltham* and *London*. The Trade of Spurre making had decayed long ſince, but for this vngodly tyre-man. Hee is curſt all ouer the foure ancient High-wayes of England; none but the blind men that ſell ſwitches i'th' Road are beholding to him. His Stable is fill'd with ſo many Diſeaſes, one would thinke moſt part about Smithfield were an Hoſpitall for Horſes, or a ſlaughter houſe of the Common-hunt. Let him furniſh you with a Hackney, 'tis as much as if the Kings-warrant ouertooke you within ten miles to ſtay your iourney. And though a man cannot ſay, hee couzens you directly; yet any Oſtler within ten miles, ſhould hee be

bee brought vpon his Booke-oath, will affirme hee hath laid a bayt for you. Resolue when you first stretch your selfe in the stirrops, you are put as it were vpon some Vsurer, that will neuer beare with you past his day. Hee were good to make one that had the Collicke alight often, and (if example will cause him) make vrine; let him onely for that say, *Gra'mercy Horse*. For his sale of horses, hee hath false couers for all manner of Diseases, onely comes short of one thing (which hee despaires not vtterly to bring to perfection) to make a horse goe on a woodden legge and two crutches. For powdring his eares with Quicksiluer, and giuing him suppositories of liue Eeles he's expert. All the while you are a cheapning, he feares you will not bite, but he laughs in his sleeue, when he hath coozened you in earnest. French-men are his best Chapmen, hee keepes amblers for them on purpose, and knowes hee can deceiue them very easily. He is so constant to his Trade,

that while he is awake, he tries any man he talkes with, and when he's asleepe, he dreams very fearefully of the pauing of Smithfield, for he knowes it would founder his occupation.

A Roaring Boy.

His life is a meere counterfet Patent: which neuertheleſſe makes many a Countrey Iuſtice tremble. *Don Quixotes Water-Milles* are ſtill Scotch Bag-pipes to him. Hee ſends Challenges by word of mouth: for he proteſts (as he is a Gentleman & a brother of the Sword) he can neither write nor read. He hath runne through diuers parcels of Land, & great houſes, beſide both the Counters. If any priuate quarrell happen among our great Courtiers; hee proclaimes the *buſineſſe*, that's the word, the *buſineſſe*; as if the vnited forces of the

Romiſh

Romiſh Catholickes were making vp for *Germany*. He cheats young Guls that are newly come to Towne; and when the keeper of the Ordinary blames him for it, he anſwers him in his owne Profeſſion, that a *Woodcocke* muſt be pluckt ere he be dreſt. He is a *Superuiſor* to Brothels, and in them is a more vnlawfull reformer of vice, then Prentices on Shroue-Tueſday. He loues his Friend, as a Counſellor at law loues the veluet breeches he was firſt made Barreſter in, hee'l be ſure to weare him thred-bare ere he forſake him. He ſleepes with a Tobacco-pipe in's mouth; and his firſt prayer i'th' morning is, hee may remember whom he fell out with ouer night. *Souldier* hee is none, for hee cannot diſtinguiſh 'tweene *Onion ſeede* and *Gunpowder*: if hee haue worne it in his hollow tooth for the Toothach, and ſo come to the knowledge of it, that's all. The Tenure by which he holds his meanes, is an eſtate at will; and that's borrowing. Land-lords haue but foure

Quarter-dayes; but hee three hundred and odde. He keepes very good *Company*; yet is a man of no *reckoning*: and when he goes not drunke to bed, hee is very ſicke next morning. He commonly dies like *Anacreon*, with a Grape in's throat; or *Hercules*, with fire in's marrow. And I haue heard of ſome (that haue ſcap't hanging) begg'd for *Anatomies*, onely to deterre men from taking *Tobacco*.

A Drunken Dutchman reſident in England,

IS but a Quarter-Maſter with his wife. Hee ſtinkes of Butter, as if hee were nointed all ouer for the Itch. Let him come ouer neuer ſo leane, and plant him but one Moneth neere the Brew-houſes in S. *Katherines*, and hee'l bee puft vp to your hand like a bloat Herring. Of all places

places of pleasure, he loues a Common Garden, and (with the Swine of the Parish) had neede bee ringed for rooting. Next to these he effects Lotteries naturally; and bequeathes the best prize in his Will aforehand; when his hopes fall, hee's blanke. They swarme in great Tenements like Flies: sixe Households will liue in a Garret. He was wont (onely to make vs fooles) to buy the Fox skin for three pence, & sell the taile for a shilling. Now his new Trade of brewing Strong waters makes a number of mad-men. Hee loues a Welshman extremely for his Diet and Orthography; that is, for pluralitie of consonants, and cheese. Like a Horse, hee's onely guided by the mouth: when hee's drunke, you may thrust your hand into him like an Eeleskinne, and strip him, his inside outwards. Hee hoordes vp faire gold, and pretends 'tis to seethe in his Wiues broth for a consumption, and loues the memorie of King *Henry* the 8. most especially for his old Souraignes.

He saies we are vnwise to lament the decay of Timber in England; for all manner of buildings or Fortification whatsoeuer, he desires no other thing in the world, then Barrels and Hop-poles. To conclude, the onely two plagues hee trembles at, is final Beere, and the Spanish Inquisition.

A Phantastique.

An Improuident young Gallant.

THere is a confederacy betweene him and his clothes, to bee made a puppy: view him well, and you'll say his Gentry sits as ill vpon him, as if he had bought it with his penny. He hath more places to send money to, then the Duel hath to send his spirits: and to furnish each Mistresse, would make him run besides his wits, if he had any to lose. Hee

accounts

accounts baſhfulnes the wickedſt thing in the world; and therefore ſtudies Impudence. If all men were of his minde, all honeſty would be out of faſhion: hee withers his Cloathes on a Stage, as a Sale-man is forc't to doe his ſutes in Birchin-lane; and when the Play is done, if you marke his riſing, 'tis with a kinde of walking Epilogue betweene the two candles, to know if his Suite may paſſe for currant: he ſtudies by the diſcretion of his *Barber*, to frizle like a *Baboone*: three ſuch would keepe three the nimbleſt Barbers in the town, from euer hauing leiſure to weare net-Garters: for when they haue to do with him, they haue many Irons in'th fire. He is trauelled, but to little purpoſe; only went ouer for a ſquirt, and came backe againe, yet neuer the more mended in his conditions, 'cauſe hee carried himſelfe along with him: a Scholler hee pretends himſelfe, and ſayes he hath ſwear for it: but the truth is, hee knowes *Cornelius* farre better than *Tacitus*: his ordinary ſports

are Cock-fights: but the most frequent, horse races, from whence hee comes home dry-foundred. Thus when his purse hath cast her calfe, he goes downe into the Country where hee is brought to milke and white cheese like the *Switzers*.

A BVTTON-MAKER of Amsterdam,

IS one that is fled ouer for his *Conscience*; and left his wife and children vpon the Parish. For his knowledge, hee is meerely a *Horne-booke* without a *Christ-Crosse* afore it: and his zeale consists much in hanging his Bible in a Dutch button: hee coozens men in the purity of his cloathes: and twas his onely ioy when he was on this side, to be in Prison: he cries out, 'Tis impossible for any man to be damn'd, that liues in his Reli-

Religion, & his equiuocation is true: as long as a man liues in't, he cannot; but if he die in't, there's the queſtion. Of all Feaſts in the yeere, he accounts S. *Georges* Feaſt the prophaneſt, becauſe of S. *Georges* Croſſe, yet ſometime hee doth *ſacrifice* to his owne belly; prouided, that he put off the Wake of his owne natiuity, or wedding, till *good Friday*. If there bee a great Feaſt in the Towne, though moſt of the wicked (as he calls them) be there, he will be ſure to bee a gueſt, and to out-eat ſix of the fatt'ſt *Burgers*: he thinkes, though he may not pray with a *Iew*, he may eat with a *Iew*: hee winkes when hee prayes, and thinkes he knowes the way ſo now to heauen, that he can finde it blindefold. Latine he accounts the language of the *Beaſt* with ſeuen heads; and when he ſpeakes of his owne Countrey, cries, hee is fled out of *Babel*. Laſtly, his deuotions *Obſtinacy*; the onely ſolace of his heart, *Contradiction*; and his maine end, *Hypocriſie*.

A diſtaſter

A Diſtaſter of the Time

IS a *Winter Graſhopper* all the yeere long that lookes backe vpon *Harueſt*, with a leane paire of cheekes, neuer ſets forward to meet it: his malice ſuckes vp the greateſt part of his owne venome, and therewith impoiſoneth himſelfe: and this ſickneſſe riſes rather of *ſelfe-opinion, or ouer-groſs expectation*; ſo in the conceit of his owne ouer-worthineſſe, like a *Coiſtrell*, hee ſtriues to fill himſelfe with winde, and flies againſt it. Any mans aduancement is the moſt capitall offence that can bee to his malice: yet this enuy, like *Phalaris Bull*, makes that a torment, firſt for himſelfe, hee prepared for others: hee is a *Day-bed for the Diuell* to ſlumber on; his blood is of a yellowiſh colour; like thoſe that haue beene bitten by *Vipers*; and his gaule flowes as thicke in him as oyle in a poyſon'd ſtomacke.

macke. He infects all ſociety, as thunder ſowres wine: warre or peace, dearth or plenty, makes him equally diſcontented. And where he finds no cauſe to taxe the State, he deſcends to raile againſt the rate of Salt-butter. His wiſhes are *whirle-windes*; which breath'd forth, returne into himſelfe, & make him a moſt giddy and tottering veſſell. When he is awake, & goes abroad, he doth but walk in his ſleepe, for his viſitation is directed to none; his buſineſſe is nothing. He is often dumbe-mad, & goes fetter'd in his owne entrailes. Religion is commonly his pretence of diſcontent, though he can be of all religions; therefore truely of none. Thus by vnnaturalizing himſelfe, ſome would thinke him a very dangerous fellow to the State, but hee is not greatly to be fear'd: for this deiection of his, is onely like a Rogue that goes on his knees and elbowes in the mire, to further his cogging.

A meere

A meere fellow of an House

EXamines all mens carriage but his owne; and is ſo kinde-natured to himſelfe, hee findes fault with all mens but his owne. Hee weares his apparell much after the faſhion; his meanes will not ſuffer him come too nigh: they afford him *Mockvelvet*, or *Satiniſco*; but not without the Colledges next leaſes acquaintance: his inſide is of the ſelfe-ſame faſhion, not rich: but as it reflects from the glaſſe of ſelfe-liking, there *Cræſus* is *Irus* to him. Hee is a *Pedant* in ſhew, though his title be *Tutor*; and his *Pupils*, in broader phraſe, are *ſchoole-boyes*. On theſe he ſpends the falſe gallop of his tongue; and with ſenſeleſſe diſcourſe towes them alone, not out of ignorance. Hee ſhewes them the rinde, conceales the ſap: by this meanes hee keeps them the longer, himſelfe the better. He hath learnt to cough, and ſpit, & blow

blow his nose at euery period, to recouer his memory: and studies chiefely to set his eyes and beard to a new forme of learning. His Religion lies in waite for the inclination of his Patron; neither ebbes nor flowes, but iust standing water, betweene *Protestant* and *Puritane*. His dreames are of pluralitie of Benefices and Non-residency; and when hee rises, acts a long Grace to his looking-glasse. Against hee comes to bee some great mans Chaplaine, he hath a habit of boldnesse, though a very Coward. He speakes swords, Fights, *Ergo's*: His pace on foot is a measure; on horse-back a gallop: for his legs are his own, though horse and spurres are borrowed. He hath lesse vse then possession of Bookes. He is not so proud, but he will call the meanest Author by his name; nor so vnskilled in the Herauldry of a study, but he knowes each mans place. So ends that fellowship, and begins another.

A meere Pettyfogger

I*S one of Samsons Foxes*: Hee sets men togethers by the eares, more shamefully then *Pillories*; and in a long vacation his sport is to goe a fishing *with the Penall statutes*. He cannot erre before Iudgement, and then you see it, onely *writs of error* are the *Tariers* that keepes his *Client* vndoing somewhat the longer. Hee is a vestry-man in his Parish, and easily sets his neighbour at variance with the *Vicar*, when his wicked *Counsell* on both sides is like weapons put into mens hands by a *Fencer*, whereby they get blowes, he money. His honesty and learning bring him to *Vnder-Shriueshipp*, which hauing thrice runne through, hee doe's not feare the *Lieutenant* o'th' Shire: nay more, hee feares not God. *Cowardise* holds him a good Commonwealths man; his penne is the plough, and parchment

ment the Soyle, whence he reapes both Coyne and Curſes. Hee is an *Earthquake*, that willingly will let no ground lye in quiet. Broken titles make him whole; to haue halfe in the County break their Bonds, were the onely liberty of conſcience. Hee would wiſh (though he be a *Brownift*) no neighbour of his ſhould pay his Tithes duly, if ſuch Sutes held continuall Plea at *Weſtminſter*. He cannot away with the reuerend Seruice in our Church, becauſe it ends with *The peace of God*. Hee loues blowes extremely, and hath his *Chirurgians* bill of all rates, from head to foote, to incenſe the furie: hee would not giue away his yeerely beatings for a good piece of mony. Hee makes his Will in forme of a Law-caſe, full of quiddits, that his friends after his death (if for nothing elſe, yet) for the vexation of Lawe, may haue cauſe to remember him. And if hee thought the ghoſts of men did walke againe (as they report in time of Popery) ſure hee would

hide

hide some single money in *Westminster-Hall*, that his spirit might haunt there. Only with this, I wil pitch him o're the Barre, and leaue him, That his fingers itch after a Bribe, euer since his first practising of Court-hand.

An Ingrosser of Corne.

THere is no vermine in the Land like him, hee slanders both Heauen and Earth with pretended Dearths, when there's no cause of scarcity. His hoording in a deere yeere, is like *Erisicthons* Bowels in *Ouid*: *Quodque vrbibus esse, quodq; satis poterat populo, non sufficit vni.* He prayes daily for more inclosures, and knowes no reason in his Religion, why wee should call our forefathers dayes, *The time of ignorance*, but onely because they sold Wheate for twelue pence a bushell. He wishes that *Danske* were at the *Moloccos*; and had rather bee cer-

certaine of ſome forraine inuaſion, then of the ſetting vp of the Stilyard. When his barnes and garners are full (if it be a time of dearth) he will buy halfe a buſhel i'th' Market to ſerue his Houſhold: and winnowes his Corne in the night, leſt, as the Chaffe throwne vpon the water, ſhew'd plenty in Ægypt; ſo his (carried by the winde) ſhould proclaime his abundance. No painting pleaſes him ſo well, as *Pharaohs* dreame of the ſeuen leane Kine, that ate vp the fat ones; that he has in his Parlor, which he will deſcribe to you like a motion, & his cõment ends with a ſmothered praier for the like ſcarſity. He cannot away with Tobacco; for he is perſwaded (and not much amiſſe) that tis a ſparer of bread-corne; which he could finde in's heart to tranſport without Licence: but weighing the penalty, he grows mealy-mouth'd and dares not. Sweet ſmels he cannot abide; wiſhes that the pure aire were generally corrupted: nay, that the ſpring had loſt her fragrancy for euer,

or we our superfluous sense of smelling, (as he tearmes it) that his Corne might not be found musty. The Poore hee accounts the Iustices intelligencers, & cannot abide them: he complaines of our negligence of discouering new parts of the world, onely to rid them from our Climate. His Sonne, by a certaine kind of instinct, he bindes Prentice to a Taylor, who all the terme of his Indenture, hath a deare yeere in's belly, and rauins bread extremely: when he comes to be a free-man (if it be a dearth) he marries him to a Bakers daughter.

A Deuilish Vsurer

IS sowed as *Cummin* or *Hempe-seede*, with curses; and he thinkes he thriues the better. He is farre better read in the *Penall Statutes*, then the Bible; and his cuill

euill angell perſwades him, he ſhall ſooner be ſaued by them. He can bee no mans friend; for all men he hath moſt intereſt in, he vndoes: and a double dealer he is certainly; for by his good will, hee euer takes the forfeit. He puts his mony to the vnnaturall Act of generation; and his Scriu'neris the ſuperuiſor bawd to't. Good Deedes he loues none, but Seal'd and Deliuered: nor doth he wiſh any thing to thriue in the Countrey, but Bee-hiues; for they make him wax rich. He hates all but Law-Latine, yet thinks he might be drawne to loue a Scholler, could he reduce the yeere to a ſhorter compaſſe, that his vſe money might come in the faſter. He ſeemes to be the ſonne of a Iaylor, for all his eſtate is in moſt heauy & cruel bonds. He doth not giue, but ſell daies of paiment, & thoſe at the rate of a mans vndoing: he doth only feare the day of Iudgement ſhould fal ſooner, than the paiment of ſom great ſum of money due to him: hee remoues his lodging when a ſubſidie comes; & if

hee bee found out, and pay it, he grumbles Treaſon; but tis in ſuch a deformed ſilence, as Witches raiſe their ſpirits in. Grauity hee pretends in all things, but in his priuate Whore; for hee will not in a hundred pound take one light ſixepence; and it ſeemes hee was at *Tilbury Campe*; for you muſt not tell him of a *Spaniard*. Hee is a man of no conſcience; for (like the *Iakes-farmer* that ſwounded with going into Bucklersbury) hee falls into a cold ſweat, if hee but looke into the Chauncerie: thinkes in his Religion, wee are in the right for euery thing, if that were abolisht: hee hides his money as if hee thought to find it againe at the laſt day, and then begin's old trade with it. His clothes plead preſcription; and whether they or his body are more rotten, is a queſtion: yet ſhould hee liue to bee hang'd in them, this good they would doe him, The very Hangman would pittie his caſe. The Table hee keepes, is able to ſeruе twenty tall men; his ſeruants

uants haue not their liuing, but their dying from him, & that's of Hunger. A ſpare diet he commends in all men, but himſelfe: he comes to Cathedrals only for loue of the ſinging-boyes, becauſe they looke hungry. He likes our Religion beſt, becauſe tis beſt cheape; yet would faine allow of Purgatorie, cauſe 'twas of his Trade, and brought in ſo much money: his heart goes with the ſame ſnaphance his purſe doth, tis ſeldome open to any man: friendſhip hee accounts but a word without any ſignification; nay, he loues all the world ſo little, that & it were poſſible, he would make himſelfe his owne Executor: for certaine, hee is made Adminiſtrator to his owne good name, while he is in perfect memory, for that dyes long afore him; but he is ſo far from being at the charge of a Fuuerall for it, that he lets it ſtinke aboue ground. In concluſion, for neighbourhood, you were better dwell by a contentious Lawyer. And for his death, tis either Surfet, the Pox, or deſ-

paire, for ſeldome ſuch as he die of Gods making, as honeſt men ſhould do.

A Water-man

IS one that hath learnt to ſpeake well of himſelfe; for alwaies he names him ſelfe, *The firſt Man*. If he had betane himſelf to ſome richer Trade, he could not haue choos'd but done well. For in this (though it be a meane one) he is ſtill plying it, and putting himſelfe forward. He is euermore telling ſtrange Newes, moſt commonly lyes. If he be a Sculler, aske him if he be married, he'l equiuocate and ſweare he's a ſingle man. Little truſt is to be giuen to him, for he thinks that day he does beſt, when he fetches moſt men ouer. His daily labour teaches him the art of diſſembling: for like a fellow that rides to the pillory, he goes not that way he lookes: he keepes ſuch a bawling at Weſtminſter, that if the Lawyers were not acquainted with it,

an order would be tane with him. When he is vpon the Water, he is Fare-company: when he comes ashore, he mutinies; and contrary to all other Trades, is most surly to Gentlemen, when they tender payment: the Play-houses onely keepe him sober; and as it doth many other Gallants, make him an after-noones man. London-bridge is the most terriblest eye-sore to him that can be. And to conclude, nothing but a *great Presse*, makes him flye from the River; nor any thing, but a great *Frost*, can teach him any good manners.

A Reuerend Iudge

IS one that desires to haue his greatnesse, onely measur'd by his goodnes: his care is to appeare such to the people, as he would haue them bee; and to bee himselfe such as he appeares; for vertue cannot seeme one thing, & be another: hee knowes that the hill of greatnesse yee'des a most delightfull prospect; but withall, that it is most subiect to lightning, and thunder: and that the people, as in ancient *Tragedies*, sit & censure the actions of those in authority: he squares his owne therefore, that they may farre bee aboue their pitty: hee wishes fewer Laws, so they were better obseru'd: and for those are mulctuarie, he vnderstands their institution not to be like briers or Springes, to catch euery thing they lay hold of; but like Sea-markes (on our dangerous *Goodwin*) to auoide the ship-

wracke

wracke of ignorant paſſengers: he hates to wrong any man; neither hope, nor deſpaire of preferment can draw him to ſuch an exigent: hee thinkes himſelfe then moſt honourably ſeated, when hee giues mercy the vpper hand: hee rather ſtriues to purchaſe good name, then land; and of all rich ſtuffes for bidden by the Statute, loathes to haue his Followers weare their cloathes cut out of bribes and extortions. If his Prince call him to higher place, there hee deliuers his minde plainely, and freely, knowing for truth, there is no place wherein diſſembling ought to haue leſſe credit, than in a Princes Councell. Thus honor keeps peace with him to the graue, and doth not (as with many) there forſake him, and goe backe with the Heraulds: but fairely ſits ore him, and broods out of his memory, many right excellent Common-wealths men.

A vertuous Widdow

IS the Palme-tree, that thriues not after the ſupplanting of her husbād. For her childrens ſake ſhee firſt marries, for ſhe maried that ſhe might haue childrē, and for their ſakes ſhe marries no more. She is like the pureſt Gold, only imploied for Princes medals, ſhee neuer receiues but one mans impreſſiō; the large ioynture mooues her not, titles of honor cannot ſway her. To change her name, were (ſhee thinkes) to commit a ſinne ſhould make her aſham'd of her husbāds calling. She thinks ſhe hath traueld all the world in one man; the reſt of her time therfore ſhe directs to heauen. Her maine ſuperſtition is, ſhe thinks her husbands ghoſt would walk, ſhould ſhe not performe his will: ſhe would do it, were there no Prerogatiue Court. She giues much

much to pious vſes, without any hope to merit by them: and as one Diamond faſhions another, ſo is ſhe wrought into workes of Charity, with the duſt or aſhes of her husbād. She liues to ſee her ſelfe full of time; being ſo neceſſarie for earth, God cals her not to heauē, till ſhe be very aged: and euen then, though her naturall ſtrēgth faile her, ſhe ſtands like an ancient *Pyramid*; which the leſſe it grows to mans eie, the neerer it reaches to heauen. This latter Chaſtity of hers, is more graue and reuerend, then that ere ſhe was married: for in it, is neither hope, nor longing, nor feare, nor iealouſie. She ought to be a mirrour for our yongeſt Dames to dreſſe themſelues by, when ſhe is fulleſt of wrinkles. No calamity can now come neere her; for in ſuffering the loſſe of her Husband, ſhe accounts all the reſt trifles. She hath laid his dead body in the worthieſt monument that can be: She hath buried it in her owne heart. To conclude, She is a Relique, that without any ſuperſti-

tion

tion in the world, though she will not be kist, yet may be reuerenc't.

An ordinary Widdow

IS like the Heraulds Hearse-cloth; she serues to many funerals, with a very little altering the colour. The end of her Husband begins in teares; and the end of her teares beginnes in a Husband. Shee vses to cunning women to know how many Husbands shee shall haue, and neuer marries without the consent of sixe Midwiues. Her chiefest pride is in the multitude of her Suitors; and by them she gaines: for one serues to draw on another, and with one at last shee shootes out an other, as Boyes doe Pellets in Elderne Gunnes. Shee commends to them a single life, as Horse-coursers doe their Iades, to put them away. Her fancy is to one of the biggest

of

of the Gard, but Knighthood makes her draw in a weaker Bow. Her ſeruants or kinsfolke, are the Trumpeters that ſummon any to this combate; by them ſhee gaines much credit, but loſeth it againe in the old Prouerbe: *Fama eſt mendax.* If ſhe liue to be thrice married, ſhe ſeldome failes to coozen her ſecond Huſbands Creditors. A Churchman ſhee dare not venture vpon; for ſhee hath heard widdowes complain of dilapidations: nor a Souldier, though hee haue Candle-rents in the Citie, for his eſtate may be ſubiect to fire: very ſeldome a Lawyer, without he ſhewes his exceeding great practiſe, & can make her caſe the better: but a Knight with the old rent may doe much, for a great comming in is all in all with a widdow: euer prouided, that moſt part of her Plate and Iewels (before the wedding) be conceal'd with her Scriuener. Thus like a too-ripe Apple, ſhee falles off her ſelfe: but hee that hath her, is Lord but of a filthy purchaſe, for the title is crack't.

crack't. Laſtly, while ſhe is a widdow, obſerue her, ſhe is no morning woman: the euening, a good fire, and ſacke, may make her liſten to a husband: and if euer ſhe be made ſure, tis vpon a full ſtomacke to bed-ward.

A Quackſaluer

IS a Mountebanke of a larger Bill than a Taylor; if hee can but come by names enow of diſeaſes to ſtuffe it with, tis all the skill he ſtudies for. He tooke his firſt beginning from a Cunning woman, and ſtole this blacke Art from her, while he made her ſeacoale fire. All the diſeaſes euer ſinne brought vpon man, doth he pretend to be a Curer of; when the truth is, his maine cunning is Corn-cutting. A great plague makes him, what with rayling againſt ſuch, as leaue their cures for feare of infection, and in friendly

friendly breaking Cake-bread, with the Fiſh-wiues at funeralls, he vtters a moſt abominable deale of *Carduus water*, and the Conduits cry out, All the Learned Doctors may caſt their Cappes at him. He parts ſtakes with ſome Apothecary in the ſuburbes, at whoſe houſe hee lies: and though he be neuer ſo familiar with his wife, the Apothecary dares not (for the richeſt horne in his Lhop) diſpleaſe him. All the Midwiues in the Towne are his Intelligencers; but Nurſes and young Marchants Wiues (that would faine conceiue with child) theſe are his Idolaters. He is a more vniuſt bone-ſetter, than a dice-maker; he hath put out more eyes then the ſmall Poxe; made more deafe than the *Cataracts* of *Nilus*; lamed more than the Gowte: ſhrunk more ſinews thã one that makes bowſtrings, & kild more idly than Tobacco. A Magiſtrate that had any way ſo noble a ſpirit, as but to loue a good horſe well, would not ſuffer him to be a farrier: his diſcourſ is vomit, & his ignorance,

rance, the ſtrongeſt purgation in the world: to one that would be ſpeedily cured, he hath more delayes and doubles, then a Hare, or a Law-ſuit: he ſeekes to ſet vs at variance with nature, and rather then hee ſhall want diſeaſes, hee'l beget them. His eſpeciall practice (as I ſaid afore) is vpon women; labours to make their minds ſicke, ere their bodies feele it, and then ther's worke for the Dog-leach. He pretends the cure of mad-men; and ſure hee gets moſt by them, for no man in his perfect wit would meddle with him. Laſtly, he is ſuch a ſuggler with Vrinals, ſo dangerouſly vnskilfull, that if euer the City will haue recourſe to him for diſeaſes that need purgation, let them employ him in ſcowring *Moore-ditch*.

A Canting

A Canting Rogue.

THis not vnlikely but he was begot by ſome *Intelligencer* vnder a hedge; for his mind is wholly giuen to trauell. Hee is not troubled with making of ioyntures: he can diuorce himſelf without the fee of a Proctor; nor feares he the cruelty of ouer-ſeers of his will. He leaues his children all the world to Cant in, & all the people to their fathers. His Language is a conſtant tongue, the Northerne ſpeech differs from the South, Welſh from the Corniſh: but Canting is generall, nor euer could be altered by conqueſt of the *Saxon*, *Dane*, or *Norman*. He will not beg out of his limit though hee ſterue; nor breake his oath if hee ſweare by his *Salomon*, though you hang him: and hee payes his cuſtome as truly to his Grand Rogue, as tribute is paid to the great Turke. The

March Sunne breedes agues in others, but hee adores it like the *Indians*; for then beginnes his progreſſe after a hard winter. Oſtlers cannot indure him, for hee is of the Infantry, and ſerues beſt on foot. He offends not the Statute againſt the exceſſe of apparell, for hee will goe naked, and counts it a voluntary penance. Forty of them lye in a Barne together, yet are neuer ſued vpon the Statute of Inmates. If hee were learned, no man could make a better deſcription of *England*; for he hath trauel'd it ouer and ouer. Laſtly, hee brags, that his great houſes are repaired to his hands, when Churches go to ruine: and thoſe are priſons.

A French

A French Cooke.

HE learnt his trade in a Towne of Garison neere famish't, where hee practiſed to make a little go farre; ſome driue it from more antiquity, and ſay, *Adam* (when he pickt ſallets) was of his occupation. He doth not feed the belly, but the Palate;& though his command lie in the Kitchin (which is but an inferiour place) yet ſhall you find him a very ſawcy cõpanion. Euer ſince the wars in *Naples*, he hath ſo minc't the ancient and bountifull allowance, as if his Nation ſhould keepe a perpetuall diet. The Seruingmen call him the laſt relique of Popery, that makes men faſt againſt their conſcience. He can be truely ſaid to be no mãs fellow but his Maſters: for the reſt of his ſeruants are ſtarued by him. He is the prime cauſe why Noble-

men build their houſes ſo great: for the ſmalneſſe of their Kitchin, makes the houſe the bigger: and the Lord cals him his Alchymiſt that can extract gold out of hearbs, rootes, muſhromes, or any thing: that which he dreſſes, we may rather call a drinking, then a meale; yet he is ſo full of variety, that he brags, & truely, that he giues you but a taſte of what he can doe: he dare not for his life come among the butchers; for ſure they would quarter and bake him after the Engliſh faſhion; hee's ſuch an enemy to Beefe and Mutton. To conclude, hee were onely fit to make a funerall feaſt, where men ſhould eat their victuals in mourning.

A Sexton

A Sexton

IS an ill-willer to humane nature. O all Prouerbs, hee cannot endure to heare that which ſays, We ought to liue by the quicke, not by the dead. He could willingly all his life time be confinde to the Church-yard; at leaſt within fiue foot on't: for at euery Church ſtile, commonly ther's an Ale-houſe; where let him be found neuer ſo idle pated, hee is ſtill a graue drũkard. He breaks his faſt heartileſt while hee is making a graue, and ſaies, the opening of the ground makes him hungry. Though one would take him to bee a Slouen, yet hee loues cleane linnen extremely, and for that reaſon takes an order that fine holland ſheetes be not made wormes meat. Like a Nation called the *Cuſani*, hee weepes when any are borne, and laughes when they die: the reaſon; he gets by Burials,

not Christnings: he will hold argument in a Tauerne ouer Sack, till the Diall and himself be both at a stand: he neuer obserues any time but Sermon time, & there hee sleepes by the houre glasse. The Rope-maker payes him a pension, and hee payes tribute to the Physician; for the Physician makes worke for the Sexton, as the Ropemaker for the hangman. Lastly, he wishes the Dog-dayes would last all yeere long: and a great plague is his yeere of Iubilee.

A Iesuite

IS a larger Spoone for a Traytour to feed with the Deuill, then any other Order: vnclaspe him, and hee's a gray Wolfe, with a golden Starre in the forehead: so superstitiously he followes the Pope, that he forsakes Christ, in not giuing *Cæsar* his due. His vowes seeme heauenly; but in meddling with State-

businesse,

buſineſſe, he ſeemes to mixe heauen and earth together. His beſt Elements, are Confeſſion and Penance: by the firſt, he finds out mens inclinations; and by the latter, heapes wealth to his Seminary. Hee ſprang from *Ignatius Loyola*, a *Spaniſh* Souldier; and though he were found out long ſince the inuentiō of the Canon, 'tis thought hee hath not done leſſe miſchiefe. He is a halfe Key to open Princes Cabinets, and pry into their Counſels; and where the Popes excommunication thunders, hee holdes it no more ſinne the decrowning of kings, then our Puritanes doe the ſuppreſſion of Biſhops. His order is full of irregularitie and diſobedience; ambitious aboue all meaſure; for of late dayes, in *Portugall* and the *Indies*, he reiected the name of Ieſuite, and would be call'd Diſciple, In *Rome*, and other Countries that giue him freedome, he weares a maske vpon his heart; in *England* he ſhifts it, & puts it vpon his face. No place in our Climate hides him ſo ſecurely as a Ladies

Chamber : the modeſty of the *Purſeuant* hath only forborne the bed, and ſo miſt him. There is no Diſeaſe in Chriſtendom, tht may ſo properly be call'd *The Kings Euil*. To conclude, would you know him beyond Sea? In his Seminary, hee's a Fox; but in the Inquiſition, a Lyon Rampant.

An excellent Actor.

WHatſoeuer is commendable to the graue Orator, is moſt exquiſitely perfect in him; for by a full and ſignificant action of body, hee charmes our attention: ſit in a full Theater, and you will thinke you ſee ſo many lines drawne from the circumference of ſo many eares, whiles the *Actor* is the *Center*. He doth not ſtriue to make nature monſtrous, ſhe is often ſeene in the ſame Scene with him, but neither

neither on Stilts nor crutches; and for his voice, tis not lower then the prompter; not lowder then the Foile or Target. By his action hee fortifies morall precepts with examples; for what wee see him personate; we think truely done before vs: a man of a deepe thought might apprehend, the ghost of our ancient *Heroes* walk't againe, and take him (at seueral times) for many of them. Hee is much affected to painting, and tis a question whether that make him an excellent Player, or his Playing an evquisite Painter. He addes grace to the Poets labours: for what in the Poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and musicke. He entertaines vs in the best leasure of our life, that is betweene meales, the most vnfit time either for study or bodily exercise. The flight of Hawkes and chase of wilde Beasts, either of them are delights noble: but some thinke this sport of men the worthier, despight all *calumny*. All men haue beene of his occupation: and indeed,

deed, what hee doth fainedly, that doe others eſſentially: this day one playes a Monarch, the next a priuate perſon. Here on acts a Tyrant, on the morrow an Exile: A Paraſite this man to night. to morrow a Preciſian, and ſo of diuers others. I obſerue, of all mē liuing, a worthy actor in one kinde is the ſtrongeſt motiue of affection that can be: for when hee dies, wee cannot be perſwaded any man can doe his parts like him. But to conclude, I value a worthy Actor by the corruption of ſome few of the quality, as I would do gold in the oare; I ſhould not mind the droſſe, but the purity of the metall.

A Franklin.

A Franklin.

HIs outside is an ancient Yeoman of England, though his inside may giue armes (with the best Gentleman) and ne're see the Herauld. There is no truer seruant in the House then himselfe. Though hee be Master, he saues not to his seruants, Go to field, but Let vs goe; and with his owne eye, doth both fatten his flocke, and set forward all manner of husbandrie. Hee is taught by nature to bee contented with a little; his owne fold yeelds him both food and rayment: hee is pleas'd with any nourishment God sends, whilest curious gluttonie ransackes, as it were, *Noahs Arke* for food, onely to feed the riot of one meale. He is ne'r knowne to goe to Law; vnderstanding, to bee Law bound among men, is like to bee hide-bound among his beasts; they thriue not vnder it: and that such men sleepe

ſleepe as vnquietly, as if their pillowes were ſtuft with Lawyers pen-kniues. When he builds, no poore Tenants cottage hinders his proſpect: they are indeed his Almes-houſes, though there be painted on them no ſuch ſuperſcriptiõ: he neuer ſits vp late, but when he hunts the Badger, the vow'd foe of his Lambs: nor vſes he any cruelty, but when hee hunts the Hare, nor ſubtilty, but when he ſetteth ſnares for the Snite, or pitfalls for the Black-bird; nor oppreſſion, but when in the moneth of Iuly, he goes to the next Riuer, and ſheares his ſheepe. He allowes of honeſt paſtime, and thinkes not the bones of the dead any thing bruiſed, or the worſe for it, though the country Laſſies dance in the Church-yard after Euen-ſong. Rocke Munday, and the Wake in Summer, ſhrouings. the wakefull ketches on Chriſtmas Eue, the Hoky, or Seed cake, theſe he yeerely keepes, yet holds them no reliques of popery. He is not ſo inquiſitiue after newes deriued from the priuie

priuie clozet, when the finding an eiery of Hawkes in his owne ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good ſtraine, are tydings more pleaſant, more profitable. Hee is Lord paramount within himſelfe, though he hold by neuer ſo meane a Tenure; and dyes the more contentedly (though he leaue his heire young) in regard he leaues him not liable to a couetous Guardian. Laſtly, to end him; hee cares not when his end comes, he needs not feare his Audit, for his *Quietus* is iu heauen.

A Rymer

IS a fellow whoſe face is hatcht all ouer with impudence, and ſhould hee bee hang'd or pilloried, tis armed for it. Hee is a Iuggler with words, yet practiſes the Art of moſt vncleanely con-

conueyance. He doth boggle very often; and becauſe himſelfe winks at it, thinks tis not perceiued: the maine thing that euer hee did, was the tune hee ſang to. There is nothing in the earth ſo pittifull, no not an Ape-carrier, hee is not worth thinking of, & therefore I muſt leaue him as nature left him; a Dunghill not well laid together.

A Couetous

A Couetous man.

THis man would loue honour and adore God, if there were an L. more in his name: Hee hath coffind vp his ſoule in his cheſts before his body; Hee could wiſh he were in *Mydas* his taking for hunger, on condition he had his chymicall quality. At the grant of a new ſubſidy he would gladly hang himſelfe, were it not for the charge of buying a Rope, and beginnes to take mone vpon vſe, when he heares of a priuy ſeale. His morning praier is to ouer-looke his bagges, whoſe euery parcell begets his adoration. Then to his ſtudies, which are how to coozen this Tenant, begger that widow, or to vndo ſome Orphane. Then his bonds are viewed, the well-knowne dayes of payment con'd by heart; and if he euer pray, it is, ſome one may breake his day, that the beloued forfeiture may bee obtained. His vſe is doubled,

doubted, and no one ſixpence begot or borne, but preſently by an vntimely thrift it is getting more. His chimney muſt not bee acquainted with fire, for feare of miſchance, but if extremitie of cold pinch him, hee gets him heat with looking on, and ſometime remooving his aged wood-pile, which he meanes to leaue to many deſcents, till it hath outliued all the woods of that Countrey. He neuer ſpends his candle but at Chriſtmas (when he has them for new-yeeres gifts) in hope that his ſeruants will breake glaſſes for want of light, which they doubly pay for in their wages. His actions are guilty of more crimes then any other mens thoughts, and he conceiues no ſin which he dare not act ſaue onely luſt, from which he abſtaines for feare he ſhould bee charged with keeping Baſtards: once a yeere he feaſts, the reliques of which meale ſhall ſerue him the next quarter. In his talke he raiſes againſt eating of breakefaſts, drinking betwixt meales, and ſweares he is impouerißhed

uerished with paying of tythes. He had rather haue the frame of the world fall, then the price of Corne. If he chance to trauell, he curses his fortune that his place binds him to ride, and his faithfull cloake-bag is sure to take care for his prouision. His nights are as troublesome as his dayes, euery Rat awakes him out of his vnquiet sleepes. If he haue a daughter to marry, he wishes he were in Hungary or might follow the custom of that country, that all her portion might bee a wedding Gowne. If he fall sicke, hee had rather die a thousand deaths, than pay for any physicke: and if hee might haue his choyce, he would not go to heauen but on condition he may put money to vse there. In fine, he liues a drudge, dies a wretch, that leaues a heape of pelfe (which so many carefull hands had scraped together) to haste after him to hell, and by the way it lodges in a Lawyers purse.

The proud man

IS one in whom pride is a quality that condemnes euery one beſides his maſter, who when he weares new cloathes, thinks himſelfe wrong'd, if they be not obſeru'd, imitated, and his diſcretion in the choice of his faſhion and ſtuffe applauded: when hee vouchſafes to blede the ayre with his preſence, hee goes as neere the wall as his Sattin ſuit will giue him leaue, & euery paſſenger he viewes vnder the eye-browes, to obſerue whether hee vailes his bonnet low enough, which hee returnes with an Imperious Nod: he neuer ſalutes firſt, but his farewell is perpetuall. In his attire he is effeminate, euery haire knows his owne ſtation; which if it chance to loſe, it is checkt in again with his pocket combe. He had rather haue the whole Cõmonwealth out of order, then the leaſt member

ber of his Muchato, and chooſes rather to loſe his patrimony, than to haue his band ruffled; at a feaſt if he be not placed in the higheſt ſeate, he eats nothing, howſoeuer, he drinkes to no man, talkes with no man for feare of familiarity. He profeſſeth to keepe his ſtomacke for the Pheaſant or the Quaile, and when they come, he can eate little, he hath been ſo cloyed with them that yeere, although they be the firſt he ſaw. In his diſcourſe he talks of none but Priuy Councellors, and is as prone to be-lye their acquaintance, as he is a Ladies fauors: if he haue but twelue-pence in's purſe, he will giue it for the beſt roome in a play-houſe. He goes to ſermons, onely to ſhew his gay cloathes, and if on other inferiour daies he chance to meete his friend, he is ſorry he ſees him not in his beſt ſuite.

A Priſon.

IT ſhould be Chriſts Hoſpital: for moſt of your wealthy Citizens are good benefactors to it; and yet it can hardly be ſo, becauſe ſo few in it are kept vpon Almes. Charities houſe and this, are built many miles aſunder. One thing notwithſtanding is here praiſe-worthy, for men in this perſecutiō cannot chuſe but proue good Chriſtians, in that they are a kinde of Martyrs, & ſuffer for the trueth. And yet it is ſo curſed a piece of Land, that the ſonne is aſhamed to be his fathers heire in it. It is an infected peſt-houſe all the yeere long: the plague ſores of the Law, are the diſeaſes heere hotly reigning. The Surgeons are Atturnies & Pettifoggers, who kill more than they cure. *Lord haue mercy vpon vs*, may well ſtand ouer theſe doores, for debt

debt is a moſt dangerous and catching City peſtilence. Some take this place for the walkes in Moore-fields, (by reaſon the madmen are ſo neere) but the croſſes here and there are not alike. No: it is not halfe ſo ſweet an ayre. For it is the Dunghill of the Law, vpon which are throwne the ruines of Gentry, & the naſty heaps of voluntary decaied Bankrupts, by which means it comes to be a perfect medall of the iron Age, ſithence nothing but gingling of keyes, rattling of ſhackls, bolts, & grates are here to be heard. It is the horſe of Troy, in whoſe wombe are ſhut vp all the mad Greekes that were men of action. The *Nullum vacuum* (vnleſſe in priſoners bellies) is here truly to be proued. One excellent effect is wrought by the place it ſelfe, for the arranteſt coward breathing, being poſted hither, comes in three dayes to an admirable ſtomacke. Does any man deſire to learne muſicke? euery man here ſings *Lachrymæ* at firſt ſight, and is hardly out; hee runnes diuiſion vpon euery

note; and yet (to their commendations bee it ſpoken) none of them (for all that diuiſion) doe trouble the Church. They are no Anabaptiſts; if you aske vnder what Horizon this climate lyes, the *Bermoodas* and it are both vnder one and the ſame height. And whereas ſome ſuppoſe that this Iland (like that) is haunted with diuels, it is not ſo: for thoſe diuels (ſo talked of, and feared) are none elſe but hoggiſh Iaylors. Hither you need not ſayle, for it is a ſhip of it ſelfe: the Maſters ſide is the vpper decke. They in the common Iayle lye vnder hatches, & helpe to ballaſt it. Intricate caſes are the Tacklings, Executions the Anchors, Capiaſſes the Cables, Chancery-bils the huge Sayles, a long Terme the Maſt, Law the helme, a Iudge the Pylot, a Coūcel the Purſer, an Atturney the Boatſwain, his fleeting Cleark the Swabber, Bonds, the waues, out-lawries guſts, the Verdicts of Iuries rough windes, Extents the Rockes that ſplit all in pieces. Or if it be not a Ship,

yet

yet this & a ſhip differ not much in the building; the one is a mooving miſerie, the other a ſtanding. The firſt is ſeated on a Spring, the ſecond on Piles. Either this place is an Emblem of a Bawdy-houſe, or a Bawdy-houſe of it: for nothing is to be ſeene (in any roome) but ſcuruy beds and bare walles. But (not ſo much to diſhonor it) it is an Vniuerſity of poore Schollers, in which three Arts are chiefely ſtudied: To pray, to curſe, and to write Letters.

A Priſoner

IS one that hath beene a monied man, and is ſtill a very cloſe fellow; whoſoeuer is of his acquaintance, let them make much of him, for they ſhall finde him as faſt a friend as any in England: he is a ſure man, & you know where to finde him. The corruption of a Bankerupt, is commonly the generatiõ of this

creature: hee dwels on the backe ſide of the world, or in the Suburbes of ſocietie, and liues in a Tenement which he is ſure none will goe about to take ouer his head. To a man that walkes abroad, he is one of the *Antipodes*; That goes on the top of the world; and This vnderit. At his firſt comming in, he is a *piece* of *new coyne*, all ſharking old priſoners lye ſucking at his purſe. An old man and *he* are much alike, neyther of them both goe farre. They are ſtill angry, and peeuiſh, and they ſleepe little. Hee was borne at the *fall of Babel*, the confuſion of Languages is only in his mouth. All the Vacations, he ſpeakes as good Engliſh, as any man in England, but in *Tearme times* he breaks out of that hopping one-legg'd pace, into a *racking trot* of *Iſſues*, *Billes*, *Replications*, *Reioynders*, *Demurres*, *Querelæ*, *Subpenaes*, &c. able to fright a ſimple Countrey fellow, and make him beleeue he Coniures. What-ſoeuer his Complexion was before, it *turnes* (in this place) to *Choller* or deep

Melan

Melancholly, ſo that hee needes euery houre to take Phyſick to looſe his body, for that (like his eſtate) is very *foule* and *corrupt*, and extremely *hard bound*. The taking of an *Execution* off his ſtomack, giues him fiue or ſix ſtooles, and leaues his body very ſoluble. The *withdrawing* of an Action, is a *Vomit*. Hee is no ſound man, and yet an vtter Barreſter (nay, a Sargeant of the Caſe) will feede heartily vpon him, hee is very good picking meate for a Lawyer. The Barber Surgeons may (if they will) begge him for an *Anatomie* after he hath ſuffered an Execution, an excellent Lecture may be made vpon his body: for he is a kinde of dead carkaſſe, *Creditors*, *Lawyers*, and *Iaylors* deuoure it: *Creditors* pecke out his eyes with his owne teares, *Lawyers* flay off his owne skinne, and lappe him in parchment, and *Iaylors* are the *Promethean vultures* that gnaw his very heart. He is a bond ſlaue to the Law, and (albeit he were a Shop-keeper in *London*) yet he cannot with ſafe conſcience

ſcience write himſelf a *freeman*. His *Religion* is of fiue or ſixe colours; this day he prayes that God would turne the hearts of his Creditors: and to morrow he curſeth the time that euer he ſaw them. His *apparell* is dawb'd commonly with Statute lace, the *ſuite* it ſelfe of *durance*, and the *hoſe* full of long Paines. He hath many other laſting ſuites, which he himſelf is neuer able to *weare* out, for they *weare* out him. The *Zodiaque* of his life, is like that of the *Sun* (marry not halfe ſo glorious.) It begins in *Artes*, and ends in *Piſces*. Both *Head* and *Feet* are (all the yeere long) in troubleſome and laborious *motions*, and *Weſtminſter Hall* is his *Spheare*. Hee liues betweene the two *Tropiques*, (*Cancer* & *Capricorne*) and by that means is in double danger (of crabbed Creditors) for his *purſe*, and *hornes* for his *head*, if his wiues heeles bee light. If hee be a *Gentleman*, he alters his *armes* ſo ſoone as he comes in. Few (heere) carry *fields* or *argent*, but what ſoeuer they bare before, here they giue onely *Sables*. Whiles he

lies

lies by it, he's trauelling ore the *Alps*, & the hearts of his creditors are the snows that lye vnmelted in the middle of Sũmer. Hee is an *Almanacke* out of date: none of his dayes speakes of faire Weather. Of all the files of men, he marcheth in the last, and comes limping, for he is shot, and is no man of this world. Hee hath lost his way, and being benighted, strayed into a Wood full of *wolues*, and nothing so hard as to *get away*, without being deuoured. He that walkes from six to six in *Pauls*, goes still but a quoite cast before this man.

A Creditor

A Creditor

IS a fellow that tormẽts men for their good *conditions*. He is one of *Deucalions* ſons begotten of a ſtone. The marble Images in the Temple Church, that lye croſſe-legg'd, do much reſemble *him*, ſauing that *this* is a little more *croſſe*. Hee weares a forfeited bond vnder that part of his girdle where his *thumbe* ſtickes, with as much pride as a *Welſhmã* does a *Leek* on S. *Dauids* day, & quarrels more and longer about it. Hee is a *Catchpoles* mornings draught: for the news that ſuch a gallant's come yeſternight to Town, drawes out of him both muſcadel and mony too. He ſaies the *Lords praier backwards*, or (to ſpeake better of him) he hath a *Pater noſter* by himſelfe, & that *particle*, *Forgiue vs our debts, as we forgiue others*, &c. hee either quite leaues out, or els leaps ouer it. It is a dangerous rub in the alley of his conſcience. He is the *Bloud-hound* of the *law*, and hunts *counter*, very ſwiftly and with great iudge-

iudgement. Hee hath a *quicke ſent* to ſmell out his game, and a good *deepe mouth* to purſue it, yet neuer opens till hee bites, and bites not but hee *killes*, or at leaſt drawes *blood*, and then he *pincheth* moſt *doggedly*. Hee is a Lawyers Moyle, and the onely Beaſt vpon which he *ambles* ſo often to Weſtminſter. And a *Lawyer* is his God *Almighty*, in *him* only he truſts, to *him* he flyes in all his troubles, from *him* he ſeekes ſuccour; to *him* he prayes, that hee may by his meanes ouercome his enemies: *Him* does hee worſhip both in the *Temple* and *abroad*, and hopes by *him* and good *Angels*, to proſper in all his *actions*. A Scriuener is his *Farriar*, & helps to recouer all his diſeaſed and maimed Obligations. Euery Tearme hee ſets vp a *Tenters* in Weſtminſter Hall, vpon which he rackes and ſtretches Gentlemen like Engliſh *broadcloth*, beyond the ſtaple of the Wooll, till the threds cracke, and that cauſeth them with the leaſt wet to ſhrink, and preſently to weare *bare*: Marrie hee handles

handles a Citizen (at least if himselfe be one) like a piece of *Spanish cloth*, giues him only a twitch, and straines him not too hard, knowing how apt he is to *break of himselfe*, and then he can cut nothing out of him but shreds. To the one, hee comes like *Tamberlaine*, with his *blacke* and *bloudy flagge*. But to the other, his white one hangs out, and (vpon the parley) rather then faile, he takes ten groats i'th' pound for his *ransom*, & so lets him *march* away with *Bagge* and *Baggage*. From the beginning of *Hilary* to th' end of *Michaelmas*, his purse is full of *Quicksiluer*, and that sets him running from *Sun-rise* to *Sunset* vp *Fleetstreete*, and so to the *Chancery*, from thence to *Westminster*, then backe to one *Court*, after that to another; then to *Attiurny*, then to a *Councellour*, and in euery of these places, hee melts some of his *fat* (his money.) In the vacation hee goes to grasse, and gets vp his *flesh* againe, which hee bates as you heard. If he were to be hang'd, vnlesse he could be saa'd by his book, he cannot

for

for his heart call for a *Pſalme* of *mercy*. He is a *Law trap* baited with parchment and wax; the fearefull *Mice* he catches, are debters, with whom *ſcratching Atturneyes* (like cats) play a good while, and then *mouze* them. The *belly* is an *vnſatiable creditor*, but *man* worſe.

A Sergeant

VVAs once taken (when hee *bare office* in his pariſh) for an honeſt man. The ſpawne of a *decaied Shop-keeper* begets this *Fry*; out of that *dunghill* is this *Serpents egge* hatched. It is a Diuell made ſomtimes out of one of the twelue Companies, and does but ſtudy the part and rehearſe it on earth, to bee perfect when he comes to act it in hell: that is his ſtage. The hangman and he are *twinnes*; onely the *Hangman* is the elder Brother, and he dying without iſſue (as cõmonly hee does, for none but a *Rope-makers* widdow

widdow will marry him) this then inherites. His *habit* is a long *Gowne*, made at first to couer his knauery, but that *growing* too monstrous, hee now goes in Huffe: his Conscience and that, being both *cut* out of one Hide, and are of one toughnesse. The *Counter gate* is his *kennell*, the *whole City* his *Paris garden*, the miserie of a poore man (but especially a badde liuer) is the Offalles on which he feedes. The Deuill cals him his *white sonne*; hee is so like him, that he is the worse for it, and hee takes after his Father; for the one *torments bodies*, as fast as the other *tortures soules*. *Money* is the *Cruſt* hee leapes at: *Crie*, a *Ducke a a Ducke*, and he plundges not so eagerly as at *this*. The *dogges chaps water* to fetch nothing else: hee hath his name for the same quality; For *Sergeant*, is *Quaſi See Argent*, looke you *Rogue* here is mony. He goes *muffled* like a Theefe, and carires still the markes of one, for hee *steales* vpon man *cowardly*, *Pluckes* him by the Throate, makes him *stand*,

and

and fleeces him. In this they differ, the theefe is more *valiant* and more *honeſt*. His walkes in Terme time are vp *Fleet-ſtreet*, at the end of the Terme vp Holborne, and ſo to Tyburne, the gallowes are his purlues, in which the *Hang-man* and *Hee* are *Quarter rangers*, the one *turnes* off, and the other *cuts dowme*. All the vacation he lies imboag'de behinde the lattice of ſome blind, drunken, bawdy Ale-houſe, and if he ſpie his prey, out he leapes, like a free-booter, and rifles; or like a *Ban-dog* worries. No Officer to the City, keepes his oath ſo *vprightly*; he neuer is forſworne, for he ſweares to be *true Varlet* to the City, and he continues ſo to his dying day. *Mace*, which is ſo comfortable to the ſtomacke in all kinde of meats, turnes in his hand to mortall poyſon. This Rauen pecks not out mens eyes as others doe, all his ſpite is at their ſhoulders, and you were better to haue the *Night-Mare* ride you, then this *Incubus*. When any of the Furies of Hell die, this *Cacodæmon* hath

the reuerſion of his place. He will venture as deſperately vpon the *Pox* as any *Roaring Boy* of them all. For when hee arreſts a *whore*, himſelfe puts her in common baile at his owne perill, and ſhee paies him ſoundly for his labour; vpon one of the Sheriffes Cuſtards hee is not ſo greedy, nor ſo ſharpe ſet, as at ſuch a ſtew-pot. The City is (by the cuſtome) to feed him with good meat, as they ſend dead horſes to their hounds, onely to keepe them both in good heart, for not onely thoſe *Curs* at the *Dog-houſe*, but theſe within the walles, are to ſerue in their places, in their ſeuerall huntings. He is a Citizens birdlime, and where he holds, he hangs.

His Yeoman

IS the *Hanger* that a *Sergeant* weares by his ſide, it is a falſe Die of the ſame *Bale*,

Bale, but not the same *Cut*, for it runnes some-what *higher*, and does more mischiefe. It is a *Tumbler* to driue in the *Conies*. He is yet but a *bungler*, and knowes not how to cut vp a man without *tearing*, but by a pattern. One *Terme* fleshes him, or a *Fleet-street breakefast*. The *Deuill* is but his father in *law*, & yet for the loue he beares him, will leaue him as much as if he were his owne child. And for that cause (in stead of praiers) he does euery morning at the *Counter-gate* aske him *blessing*, and thriues the better in his *actions* al the day after. This is the hooke that hangs vnder water to choake the *fish*, and his Sergeant is the *quill* aboue water, which pops downe so soone as euer the *bait* is swallowed. It is indeed an *Otter*, and the more terrible destroyer of the two. This *Counter-Rat* hath a taile as long as his fellowes, but his teeth are more sharp, & he more hungry, because he does but snap, and hath not his full *halfe share* of the booty. The eye of this Wolfe is as quicke in his head, as a *Cut-*

purſes in a throng, and as nimble is he at his buſineſſe, as a *Hang-man* at an *execution*. His *Office* is as the dogs to worrie the ſheepe firſt, or driue him to the ſhambles; the Butcher that cuts his throat, ſteps out afterwards, and that's his *Sargeant*. His liuing lies within the City, but his *conſcience* lies *bedrid* in one of the holes of a *Counter*. This Eele is bred too, out of the mud of a Bankerupt, and dies commonly with his guts ript vp, or elſe a ſudden ſtab ſends him of his laſt errand. He will very greedily take a cut with a ſword, and ſuck more [illegible]t of the wound then his *Surgeon* ſhall. His beginning is deteſtable, his courſes deſperate, and his end damnable.

A Common cruell Taylor.

IS a creature miſtaken in the making, for hee ſhould bee a Tyger, but the ſhape

ſhape being thought too terrible, it is couered; and hee weares the vizor of a man, yet retaines the qualities of his former fiercenes, curriſhneſſe, and rauening. Of that red earth, of which man was faſhioned, this piece was the baſeſt; of the rubbiſh which was left, and throwne by, came this Iaylor, his deſcent is then more ancient, but more ignoble, for hee comes of the race of thoſe angels that fell with *Lucifer* from heauen, whither he neuer (or very hardly) returnes. Of all his bunches of keies, not one hath wards to open that doore; For this Iaylors ſoule ſtands [illegible] on thoſe two Pillers that ſupport heauen, (*Iuſtice* and *Mercy*:) it rather ſits vpon thoſe two foot-ſtooles of hell, *Wrong* and *Cruelty*. He is a Iudges ſlaue, and a priſoner's his. In this they differ, he is a voluntary one, the other compeld. Hee is the *Hang-man* of the Law (with a lame hand) and if the Law gaue him all his limbs perfect, he would ſtrike thoſe, on whom he is glad to fawne. In fighting

gainſt a Debtor, hee is a Creditors ſecond; but obſerues not the lawes of the *Duello*, for his play is foule, and on all baſe aduantages. His conſcience and his ſhackles hang vp together, & are made very neere of the ſame mettle, ſauing that the one is harder then the other, and hath one property aboue Iron, for that neuer melts. He diſtils mony out of poore mens teares, and growes fat by their curſes. No man comming to the practicall part of hell, can diſcharge it better, becauſe here he do's nothing but ſtudy the Theoricke of it. His houſe is the picture of hell in little, and the originall of the letters Patents of his office, ſtands exemplified there. A Chamber of lowſie beds, is better worth to him then the beſt acre of corne-land in England. Two things are hard to him (nay almoſt impoſſible) viz: To ſaue all his priſoners that none euer eſcape, and to be ſaued himſelfe. His eares are ſtopt to the cries of others, and Gods to his: and good reaſon, for lay the life of a man in

one

one Scale, and his fees on the other, hee will loſe the firſt, to find the ſecond. He muſt looke for no mercy (if hee deſires Iuſtice to be done to him) for he ſhewes none, and I thinke he cares the leſſe, becauſe he knowes heauen hath no neede of ſuch Tenants, the doores there want no Porters, for they ſtand euer open. If it were poſſible for all creatures in the world to ſleepe euery night, he only and a Tyrant cannot. That bleſſing is taken from them, and this curſe comes in the ſtead, to be euer in feare, and euer hated: what eſtate can be worſe?

What a Character is.

IF I muſt ſpeake the Schoole-maſters language, I will confeſſe that Character comes of this Infinitiue moode χαράττω, which ſignifies to ingraue, or make a deepe Impreſſion. And for that

cauſe, a letter (as A.B.) is called a Character.

Thoſe Elements which wee learne firſt, leauing a ſtrong ſeale in our memories.

Character is alſo taken for an Ægyptian Hieroglyphicke, for an impreſe, or ſhort Embleme; in little comprehending much.

To ſquare out a Character by our Engliſh leuel, it is a picture (reall or perſonall) quaintly drawne, in various colours, all of them heightned by one ſhadowing.

It is a quicke and ſoft touch of many ſtrings, all ſhutting vp in one muſicall cloze: it is wits deſcant on any plaine ſong.

The Character of a happy life.

By Sir H. W.

How happy is he borne or taught,
That serueth not anothers will;
Whose Armour is, his honest thought,
And simple Truth *his highest skill!*

Whose passions not his Masters are,
Whose soule is still prepar'd for death:
Vntyed vnto the world with care
Of Princely loue, or vulgar breath.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat:
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make accusers great.

Who

Who enuieth none whom chance doth raiſe,
Or vice: who neuer vnderſtood,
How deepeſt wounds are giuen with praiſe;
Not rules of ſtate, but rules of good:

Who GOD doth late and early pray,
More of his grace, then gifts to lend;
Who entertaines the harmleſſe day,
With a well choſen Booke or Friend:

This man is free from ſeruile bands,
Of hope to riſe, or feare to fall;
Lord of himſelfe, though not of Lands,
And hauing nothing, he hath All.

An Essay of Valour.

I Am of opinion, that nothing is so potent either to procure, or merit Loue, as Valour; and I am glad I am so, for thereby I shall doe my selfe much ease. Becaus valour neuer needs much wit to maintaine it. To speake of it in it self, It is a quality which he that hath, shal haue least neede of: so the best league betweene Princes, is a mutual feare of each other. It teacheth a man to value his reputation as his life, and chiefely to hold the lye insufferable, though being alone hee finds no hurt it doth him. It leaues it selfe to others censures. For he that brags of his owne, dissuades others from beleeuing it. It feareth a sword no more than an Ague. It alwaies makes good the owner: for though hee be generally held a foole, hee shall seldome heare so much by word of mouth; and that inlargeth him more than

than any ſpectacles, for it makes a little fellow to be called a *Tall man*. It yeelds the wall to none but a woman, whoſe weakeneſſe is her prerogatiues; or a man ſeconded with a woman, as an Vſher which alwais goes before his betters. It makes a man become the witnes of his owne words, to ſtand to what-euer he hath ſaid, and thinketh it a reproach to cõmit his reuiling vnto the Law. It furniſheth youth with action, and age with diſcourſe, & both by futures; for a man muſt neuer boaſt himſelf in the preſent tenſe. And to come neerer home, nothing drawes a woman like to it, for valor towards men, is an Emblem of an Ability towards women, a good quality ſignifies a better. Nothing is more behooueful for that Sexe, for from it they receiue protection, & we free from the danger of it. Nothing makes a ſhorter cut to obtaining: for a man of armes is alwaies void of ceremony, which is the wall that ſtands betwixt *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, that is, man and woman, for there

there is no pride in women, but that which rebounds from our owne baſeneſſe (as cowards grow valiant vpon thoſe that are more cowards) ſo that only by our pale asking, we teach them to deny: And by our ſhamefaſtneſſe, we put them in mind to be modeſt: whereas indeed it is cunning Rhetoricke, to perſwade the hearers, that they are that already, which we would haue them to be. This kinde of baſhfulneſſe is farre from men of valor, and eſpecially from ſouldiers, for ſuch are euer mē (without doubt) forward, and confident, loſing no time, leſt they ſhould loſe opportunity, which is the beſt Factor for a Louer. And becauſe they know women are giuen to diſſemble; they will neuer beleeue them when they deny. Whilome before this age of wit, & wearing black broke in vpon vs, there was no way knowne to win a Lady, but by Tilting, Tournying, and Riding thorow Forreſts, in which time theſe ſlender ſtriplings with little legs, were held but of

ſtrength

ſtrength enough to marry their widdowes. And euen in our daies there can be giuen no reaſon of the inundation of Seruingmen vpon their Miſtreſſes, but onely that vſually they carry their Miſtreſſes weapons, and his valour. To be counted handſome, iuſt, learned, or welfauoured; all this carries no danger with it, but it is to be admitted to the title of valiant Acts, at leaſt the venturing of his mortality, & all women take delight to hold him ſafe in their armes, who hath eſcaped thither through many dangers. To ſpeak at once, man hath a priuiledge in valour; In cloathes and good faces we but imitate women, and many of that ſexe will not thinke much (as farre as an anſwer goes) to diſſemble wit too. So then theſe neat youthes, theſe women in mens apparell, are too neer a woman to bee beloued of her, they bee both of a Trade, but he of grim aſpect, and ſuch a one a glaſſe dares take, & ſhe will deſire him for newneſſe and varietie. A ſcarre in a mans face is the ſame that a mole in

a womans; and a mole in a womans, is a Iewell set in white to make it seeme more white; For a scar in a man is a marke of honour, and no blemish; for 'tis a scarre and a blemish in a Souldier to be without one. Now as for all things else, which are to procure Loue, as a good face, wit, clothes, or a good body; each of them I confesse may worke somewhat for want of a better, that is, if valour be not their Riuall. A good face auailes nothing, if it be in a coward that is bashfull, the vtmost of it is to be kist, which rather encreaseth thē quencheth Appetite. He that sends her gifts, sends her word also, that hee is a man of small gifts otherwise: for wooing by signes and tokens, imploies the author dumbe. And if *Ouid* who writ the Law of Loue were aliue (as hee is extant) would allow it as good a diuersity, that gifts should be sent as gratuities, not as bribes. Wit getteth rather promise then Loue. Wit is not to bee seene: and no woman takes aduice of any in her louing;

but

but of her owne eyes and her wayting womans: Nay which is worſe, wit is not to be felt, and ſo no good Bed-fellow. Wit applied to a womā, makes her diſſolue her ſympering, and diſcouer her teeth with laughter, and this is ſurely a purge for loue; for the beginning of loue is a kind of fooliſh melancholly. As for the mā that makes his Taylor his Bawd, and hopes to inueagle his loue with ſuch a coloured ſuite, ſurely the ſame deeply hazzards the loſſe of her fauor, vpon euery change of his cloathes. So likewiſe for the other that courts her ſilētly with a good body, let me certify him, that his cloathes depend vpon the comlineſſe of his body, and ſo both vpon opinion. She that hath beene ſeduced by apparell, let me giue her to wit, that men alwayes put off their cloathes before they goe to bed. And let her that hath beene enamoured of her ſeruants body, vnderſtand, that if ſhe ſaw him in a skinne of cloth, that is, in a Suite made of the patterne of his body, ſhe would ſee ſlender

cauſe

cauſe to loue him euer after. There is no clothes ſit ſo well in a womans eye, as a Suit of ſteele, though not of the faſhion, and no man ſo ſoone ſurpriſeth a womans affections, as he that is the ſubiect of all whiſpering, & hath alwaies twenty ſtories of his owne deedes depending vpon him. Miſtake me not, I vnderſtand not by valour, one that neuer fights, but when he is backed with drink or anger, or hiſſed on with beholders, nor one that is deſperate, nor one that takes away a Seruingmans weapons, when perchance it coſt him his Quarters wages, nor yet one that weares a priuie coat of defence, and therin is confident, for then ſuch as made Bucklers would be counted the Catalines of the Commonwealth. I intend one of an euen reſolution grounded vpon reaſon: which is alwaies euen, hauing his power reſtrained by the law of not doing wrong. But now I remember I am for valour, and therefore muſt be a man of few words.

CERTAINE EDICTS

from a Parliament in *Eutopia*;
Written by the Lady
Southwell.

Inprimis, He that hath no other worth to commend him, then a good Suite of Apparell, ſhall not dare to woo a Lady in his owne behalfe, but ſhall be allowed to carry the Hieroglyphike of his friends affection.

Item, that no foule-fac'd Lady ſhall raile on her that is fairer, becauſe ſhe is fairer; nor ſeeke by black calumniation, to darken her fame, vnleſſe ſhe be her corriuall.

Item, that no man may entitle himſelfe by the matchleſſe name of a friend, that loues vpon condition, vnleſſe hee be a Schoole-maſter.

Item, that no Lady, which modeſtly keepes

keepes her house for want of good clothes to visit her Gossips, shall professe contempt of the worlds vanity, vnlesse she see no hope of the tides returning.

Item, that no Bankrupt Knight, that to set vp shop againe, becomes parasite or Buffone to some great Lord, shall euer after sweare by his honour; but by his Knighthood he may.

Item, that no Lady that vseth to paint, shall finde fault with her Painter that hath not counterfeited her picture faire enough, vnlesse shee will acknowledge her selfe to be the better counterfeiter.

Item, that no man, whose vaine loue hath beene reiected by a vertuous Lady, shall report that he hath refused and cast her off, vnlesse he will take the base lying fellow by the next assailant, so reiected, without any further quarrell.

Item, that no Lady shall court her looking glasse, past one houre in a day, vnlesse she professe to be an Inginer.

Item, that no Quarter waiter shall feed on cheese three quarters of a yeere

to feaſt on ſatten one quarter, without *Galens* aduice, and the Apothecaries bill to be written by a Taylor.

Item, that wench that is ouer enamored of her ſelfe, and thinkes all other ſo too, ſhall be bound to carry a burthen of Birdlime on her backe, and ſpinne at a Barne-doore to catch fooles.

Item, hee that ſweareth when hee loſeth his money at dice, ſhall challenge his damnation by the way of purchaſe.

Item, no Lady that ſilently ſimpereth for want of wit, ſhall be call'd modeſt.

Item, no fellow that begins to argue with a woman, and wants wit to encounter her, ſhall thinke hee hath redeem'd his credit dy putting her to ſilence with ſome laſciuious diſcourſe, vnleſſe hee weare white for *William*, and greene for *Summer*.

Item, no woman that remaineth conſtant for want of aſſault, ſhall be called chaſte.

Item,

Item, he that profeſſeth vertuous loue to a woman, and giues ground when his vanitie is reiected, ſhall haue his bels cut off, and flie for a Haggard.

Item, ſhe that reſpecteth the good opinion of others, before the Being of good in her ſelfe, ſhall not refuſe the name of an Hypocrite; and ſhe that employes all her time in working trappings for her ſelfe, the name of a Spider: and ſhe that ſets the firſt queſt of enquiry amongſt her Goſſips for new faſhions, ſhall not refuſe a ſtitcher for her ſecond husband.

Item, he that hath reported a Lady to be vertuous, for the which he profeſſeth to loue her, yet vnder hand commenceth a baſe ſuit, and is diſdained; ſhall not on this blow which his owne vice hath giuen him, out of policie raile ſuddenly on her, for feare hee be noted for a vicious foole: but to his friend in priuate he may ſay, that his iudgement was blinded by her cunning diſguiſe, and that he finds her wauering in good-

neſſe, and in time hee ſhall openly profeſſe to raile on her; but with ſuch a modeſty forſooth, as if hee were loth to bring his judgement into queſtion; nor would hee doe it, but that he preferres truth euen out of his owne reach.

NEVVES FROM ANY WHENCE.

OR,

OLD TRVTH, VNDER A suppoſall of Nouelrie.

Occaſioned by diuers Eſſaies, and priuate *paſſages of Wit, betweene ſundry Gentlemen vpon that ſubiect.*

Newes from Court.

IT is thought heere that there are as great miſeries beyond happines, as a this ſide it, as *being in loue*. That truth is euery mans by aſſenting. That time makes euery thing aged, & yet it ſelf was neuer but a minute

old. That, next ſleepe, the greateſt deuourer of time is buſineſſe: the greateſt ſtretcher of it, *Paſſion*: the trueſt meaſure of it, *Contemplation* To be ſaued, alwaies is the beſt plot: and vertue alwaies cleares her way as ſhee goes. *Vice* is euer behind hand with it ſelfe. That *Wit* and a *woman* are two fraile things, and both the frailer by concurring. That the meanes of begetting a man, hath more increaſt mankinde than the end. That the madneſſe of Loue is to bee ſicke of one part, and cured by another. The madneſſe of Iealouſie, that it is ſo diligent, and yet it hopes to loſe his labor. That all women for the bodily part, are but the ſame meaning put in diuers words. That the difference in the ſence is their vnderſtanding. That the wiſedome of *Action* is *Diſcretion*; the knowledge of *Contemplation* is truth: the knowledge of action is men. That the firſt conſiders what ſhould bee, the latter makes vſe of what is. That euery man is weake in his owne humours.

That

That euery man a little beyond himſelfe, is a foole. That affectation is the more ridiculous part of folly then ignorance. That the matter of greatneſſe is compariſon. That God made one world of *Subſtance*; Man hath made another of *Art* and *Opinion*. That Money is nothing but a thing which *Art* hath turned vp *Trumpe*. That cuſtome is the ſoule of circumſtances. That cuſtome hath ſo farre preuailed, that *Truth* is now the greateſt newes.

Sir *T. Ouer*.

Anſwer to the Court Newes.

THat *Happineſſe* and *Miſerie* are *Antipodes*. That *Goodneſſe* is not *Felicitie* but the rode thither. That Mans ſtrength is but a viciſſitude of falling and riſing. That onely to refraine ill, is to be ill ſtill. That the plot of Saluation

uation was laide before the plot of *Paradiſe*. That enioying is the preparatiue to contemning. That hee that ſeekss opinion beyond merit, goes iuſt as farre back. That no man can obtaine his deſires, nor in the world hath not to his meaſure. That to ſtudy, men are more profitable then bookes. That mens loues are their afflictions. That Titles of Honour, are rattles to ſtill ambition. That to be a King, is *Fames Butte*, and *Feares Quiuer*. That the ſoules of Women and Louers, are wrapt in the portmanque of their ſences. That imagination is the end of man. That wit is the webbe, and wiſedome the wooſe of the cloth; ſo that womens ſoules were neuer made vp. That enuie knowes what it will not confeſſe. That *Goodneſſe* is like the Art *Proſpegiue*: one point Center, begetting infinite rayes. That man, Woman, and the Deuill, are the three degrees of compariſon. That this Newes holds number, but not weight,

weight, by which couple all things receiue forme.

Country Newes.

THat there is moſt heere, for it gathers in going. That reputation is meaſured by the Acre. That Pouerty is the greateſt diſhoneſtie. That the pittie of *Alaſſe poore ſoule*, is for the moſt part miſtaken. That Roſt Beefe is the beſt ſmell. That a Iuſtice of Peace is the beſt relique of Idolatrie. That the Allegory of Iuſtice drawne blinde, is turned the wrong way. That not to liue too heauenly is accounted great wrong. That wiſedome deſcends in a race. That wee loue names better then perſons. That to hold in Knights ſeruice, is a ſlipperie ſeruice. That a Papiſt is a new word for a Traitor. That the dutie of Religion is lent, not pay'd. That the reward is loſt in the

want

want of humilitie. That the puritane perſecution is as a cloude that can hide the glory of the light, but not the day. That the emulation of the *Engliſh* and *Scots* to be the *Kings* Country men, thruſt the honour on the *Welſh*. That a Courtier neuer attaines his ſelfe-knowledge, but by report. That his beſt Embleme is a Hearne-dogge. That many great men are ſo proud, that they know not their owne Fathers. That loue is the taile worme. That a woman is the effect of her owne firſt fame. That to remember, to know, and to vnderſtand, are three degrees not vnderſtood. That Country ambition is no vice, for there is nothing aboue a man. That fighting is a Seruingmans valour: Martyrdome their Maſters. That to liue long, is to fill vp the dayes we liue. That the zeale of ſome mens Religion reflect from their Friends. That the pleaſure of vice is indulgence of the prefent, for it endures but the acting. That the proper reward of goodneſſe is from within, the

exter-

externall is policie. That good and ill is the croſſe and pile in the ayme of life. That the Soule is the Lampe of the body, Reaſon of the Soule, Religion of Reaſon, Faith of Religion, Chriſt of Faith. That circumſtances are the Atomies of Policie, Cenſure the being, Action the life, but ſucceſſe the Ornament. That Authoritie preſſeth downe with weight, and is thought violence: Policie trips vp the heeles and is called the dexterity. That this life is a throng in a narrow paſſage, hee that is firſt out, finds eaſe, hee in the middle worſt hemm'd in with troubles, the hindmoſt that driues both out afore him, though not ſuffering wrong, hath his part in doing it. That God requires of our debts, a reckoning, not payment. That heauen is the eaſieſt purchaſe, for wee are the richer for the diſburſing. That liberalitie ſhould haue no obiect but the poore, if our mindes were rich. That the myſterie of greatneſſe is to keepe the inferiour ignorant

of

of it. That all this is no Newes to a better wit. *That the Citie cares not what the Countrey thinkes.*

Sir T.R.

Newes from the very Countrey.

THat it is a Frippery of Courtiers, Marchants, and others, which haue beene in fashion, and are verie neere worne out. That Iustices of Peace hauethe selling of vnder-woods, but the Lords haue the great falls. The Iesuits are like Apricockes, heretofore, heere and there one succour'd in a great mans house, and cost deare; now you may haue them for nothing in euery cottage. That euery great Vice is a Pike in a Pond, that deuours vertues and lesse vices. That it is wholesomest getting a stomacke by walking on your owne ground: and the thriftiest laying

of

of it at anothers Table. That debtors are in *London* close prisoners, and heere haue the liberty of the house. That *Atheists* in affliction, like blinde beggers, are forced to aske, though they know not of whom. That there are (God be thanked) not two such Acres in all the Countrey, as the *Exchange* and *Westminster Hall*. That onely Christmasse Lords know their ends. That Women are not so tender fruit, but that they doe as well, and beare as well vpon beds, as plashed against walles. That our carts are neuer worse imployed, then when they are waighted on by Coaches. That Sentences in Authors, like haiers in horse tailes, concurre in one roote of beauty and strength; but being pluckt ont one by one, serue only for springes and snares. That both want and aboundance, equally aduance a rectified man from the world as cotton and stones are both good casting for an Hawke. That I am sure there is none of the forbidden fruit left, because

we

we doe not all eat thereof. That our beſt three-pilde miſchiefe comes from beyond the ſea, and rides poſt through the Countrey, but his errand is to Court. That next to no wife and children, your owne are the beſt paſtime, anothers wife and your children worſe. your wife and anothers children worſt. That Stateſmen hunt their fortunes, and are often at default: Fauorites courſe her, and are euer in view. That intemperance is not ſo vnwholſome heere; for none euer ſaw Sparrow ſicke of the pox. That here is no trechery nor fidelity, but it is becauſe here are no ſecrets. That Court-motions are vp and downe, ours circular. theirs like ſquibs cannot ſtay at the higheſt, nor returne to the place which they roſe from, but vaniſh and weare out in the way: Ours like Mill-wheeles, buſie without changing place; they haue peremptory fortunes; wee viciſſitudes.

I. D.

Anſwer

Answer to the very Countrey Newes.

IT is a thought, that man is the Cooke of time, and made dresser of his owne fatting. That the fiue Sences are Cinque-ports for temptation, the traffique sinne, the Lieutenant *Satan*, the custome-tribute, Soules. That the Citizens of the high Court, grow rich by simplicity; but those of *London*, by simple craft. That life, death and time, doe with short cudgels dance the Matachine. That those which dwell vnder the *Zona Torrida*, are troubled with more damps, than those of *Frigida*. That *Policie* and *Superstition* hath of late her masque rent from her face, and shee is found with a wrie mouth and a stinking breath, and those that courted her hotly, hate her now in the same degree or beyond. That Nature too much louing her own, becomes vnnaturall & foolish.

That the ſoule in ſome is like an egge, hatched by a young Pullet, who often rigging from her neſt, makes hot and cold beget rottenneſſe, which her wanton youth will not beleeue, till the faire ſhell being broken, the ſtinke appeareth to profit others, but cannot her. That thoſe are the wiſe ones, that hold the ſuperficies of vertue, to ſupport her contrary, all-ſufficient. That clemency within and without is the nurſe of rebellion. That thought of the future is retired into the Country, and time preſent dwels at Court. That I liuing neere the Church-yard, where many are buried of the Peſt, yet my infection commeth from *Spaine*, and it is feared it will diſperſe further into the Kingdome.

A.S.

Newes to the Vniuerſitie.

A Meere Scholler is but a liue booke. Actions doe expreſſe knowledge better then words; ſo much of the ſoule is loſt as the body cannot vtter. To teach, ſhould rather bee an effect, then the purpoſe of learning. Age decayes nature, perfects Art: therefore the glory of youth, is ſtrength; of the gray-head, wiſedome; yet moſt condemne the follies of their owne infancie, runne after thoſe of the worlds, and in reuerence of antiquity will beare an old error againſt a new truth. *Logicke* is the *Heraudrie* of Arts, and array of Iudgement, none it ſelfe, nor any Science without it: where it and learning meete not, muſt be either a skilfull ignorance, or a wilde knowledge. Vnderſtanding cannot conclude out of moode and figure. Diſcretion containes *Rhetoricke*; the next way to

learne good words, is to learne ſence; the neweſt *Philoſophie* is ſoundeſt, the eldeſt *Diuinitie* : *Aſtronomie* begins in Nature, ends in Magick. There is no honeſty of the body without health, which no man hath had ſince *Adam*. *Intemperance* that was the firſt mother of ſickeneſſe, is now the daughter. Nothing dies but qualities. No kind in the world can periſh without ruine of the whole. All parts helpe one another (like States) for particular intereſt: So in Arts which are but tranſlations of nature, there is no ſound poſition in any one, which, imagine falſe, there may not from it bee drawne ſtrong concluſions, to diſproue all the reſt. Where one truth is granted, it may bee by direct meanes brought to confirme any other controuerted. The ſoule and body of the firſt man, were made fit to bee immortall together: we cannot liue to the one, but we muſt die to the other. A man and a Chriſtian are two Creatures. Our perfection in this World is vertue; in the next, know-

ledge;

ledge; when wee ſhall read the glory of God in his owne face.

Newes from Sea.

THat the beſt pleaſure is to haue no obiect of pleaſure, and vniformity is a better proſpect then varietie. That putting to Sea is change of life, but not of condition, where riſings and falls, calmes, and croſſe gales are yours, in order and turne; fore windes but by chance. That it is the worſt winde, to haue no winde, and that your ſmooth-fac'd Courtier, deading your courſe by a calme, giues greater impediment, then an open enemies croſſe-gale. That leuitie is a vertue: for many are held vp by it. That it's nothing ſo intricate and infinite to rigge a ſhip, as a woman, and the more either is fraught, the apter to leake. That to

pumpe the one, and ſhreeue the other, is alike noyſom. That ſmall faults habituated, are as dangerous as little leakes vnfound; and that to puniſh and not preuent, is to labour in the pumpe, and leaue the leake open. That it is beſt ſtriking Saile before a ſtorme, and neceſſarieſt in it. That a little time in our life is beſt, as the ſhorteſt cut to our Hauen is the happieſt voyage. That to him that hath no Hauen, no winde is friendly; and yet it is better to haue no Hauen, then ſome kind of one. That expedition is euery where to bee bribed but at Sea. That gaine workes this miracle, to make men walke vpon the water; and that the ſound of commoditie drowns the noiſe of a ſtorme, eſpecially of an abſent one. That I haue once in my life out gone night at Sea, but neuer darkenesſe; and that I ſhall neuer wonder to ſee a hard world, becauſe I haue liued to ſee the Sunne a bankrupt, being ready to ſtarue for cold in his perpetual preſence. That a mans companions are (like ſhips) to

bee

be kept in distance, or falling foule one of another; onely with my friend I will close. That the fairest field for a running head is the Sea, where he may run himselfe out of breath, and his humour out of him. That I could carry you much further, and yet leaue more before then behind, and all will be but *via Nauis*, without print or tracke, for so is morall instruction to youths watrish humour. That though a Shippe vnder saile bee a good sight, yet it is better to see her moor'd in the Hauen. That I care not what become of this fraile Barke of my flesh, so I saue the passenger. And heere I cast Anchor.

W. S.

Forraine Newes of the yeere 1622.

From France.

IT is deliuered from *France*, that the choyce of friends there, is as of their Wines: those that beeing new, are hard and harsh, proue best: the most pleasing are least lasting. That an enemy fierce at the first onset, is as a torrent tumbling downe a mountaine; awhile it beares all before it: haue but that whiles patience, you may passe it drie-foot. That a penetrating judgement may enter into a mans minde by his bodies gate; if this appeare affected, apish and vnstable: a wonder if that bee settled.

That vaine glory, new fashions, and the *French* disease, are vpon termes of quitting

quitting their Countries Allegeance, to bee made free Denisons of *England*. That the wounds of an ancient enmity haue their scarres, which cannot be so well cloz'd to the sight, but they will lye open to the memorie. That a Princes pleasurable vices, vshered by authority, and waited on by conniuence, sooner punish themselues by the subiects imitation, then they can be reformed by remonstrance or correction: so apt are all ill examples to rebound on them that giue them. That Kings heare truth oftner for the tellers, then their owne aduantage.

From Spaine.

THat the shortest cut to the riches of the *Indies*, is by their contempt. That who is feared of most, feares most. That it more vexeth the proud, that men dispise them, then that they not feare

feare them. That greatneſſe is fruitfull enough, when other helpes faile, to beget on it ſelfe deſtruction. That it is a groſſe flattring of tired cruelty, to honeſt it with the title of clemency. That to eat much at other mens coſt, and little at his owne, is the wholeſomeſt and moſt nouriſhing diet, both in Court and Country. That thoſe are apteſt to domineere ouer others, who by ſuffering indignities, haue learned to offer them. That ambition like a ſilly Doue flies vp to fall downe, it mindes not whence it came, but whither it will. That euen Galleyſlaues, ſetting light by their captiuity, finde freedome in bondage. That to bee ſlow in military buſineſſe, is to bee ſo courteous, as to giue the way to an enemy. That lightning and greatneſſe, more feare then hurt.

From Rome.

THat the Venereall (called veniall) ſinne, is to paſſe in the ranke of Cardinall vertues; and that thoſe ſhould be held henceforth his Holines beneficiall friends, that ſinne vpon hope of pardon. That where vice is a State commodity, he is an offender that often offends not. That Iewes and Curtezans there, are as beaſts that men feede, to feede on. That for an Engliſhman to abide at *Rome*, is not ſo dangerous as report makes it; ſince it skilles not where we liue, ſo we take heed how we liue. That greatneſſe comes not downe by the way it went vp, there being often found a ſmall diſtance between the higheſt & the loweſt fortunes. That rackt authority is oft leſſe at home then abroad regarded, while things that ſeeme, are (commonly) more a farre off then at hand feared.

From

From Venice.

THat the moſt profitable Banke, is the true vſe of a mans ſelfe, whiles ſuch as grow mouldy in idleneſſe, make their houſes their Tombs, and die before their death. That many dangerous ſpirits lye buried in their wants, which had they meanes to their minds, would dare as much as thoſe that with their better Fortunes ouer-top them. That profeſſed Curtezans, if they be any way good, it is becauſe they are openly bad. That frugality is the richeſt treaſure of an eſtate, where men feede for hunger, cloath for cold and modeſtie, and ſpend for Honour, Charity, and Safety.

From

Newes.

From Germanie.

THat the infectious vice of Drunken-good-fellowſhip, is like to ſtick by that Nation as long as the multitude of Offenders ſo benums the ſenſe of offending, as that a common blot is held no ſtaine. That diſcretions muſt be taken by weight, not by tale: who doth otherwiſe, ſhall both proue his owne too light, and fall ſhort of his reckoning. That feare and a nice fore-caſt of euery ſlight danger, ſeldome giues either faithfull or fruitfull counſell. That the Empire of *Germanie*, is not more great then that ouer a mans ſelfe.

Newes.

From the Low-Countries.

THat one of the ſureſt grounds of a man's liberty is, not to giue another power ouer it. That the moſt dangerous plunge whereto to put thine enemie, is deſperation, while forcing him to ſet light by his owne life, thou makeſt him maſter of thine. That neglected danger lights ſooneſt and heauieſt. That they are wiſeſt, who in the likelihood of good, prouide for ill. That ſince pittie dwelles at the next doore to miſerie, he liueth moſt at eaſe, that is neighboured with enuie. That the euill fortune of the warres, as well as the good, is variable.

Newes

Newes from my Lodging.

THat the beſt proſpect is to looke inward. That it is quieter ſleeping in a good conſcience, then a whole skin. That a ſoule in a fat body lies ſoft, and is loth to riſe. That he muſt riſe betimes who would cooze the Deuil. That *Flattery* is increaſed from a pillow vnder the elbow, to a bed vnder the whole body. That *Policie* is the vnſleeping night of reaſon. That he who ſleepes in the cradle of ſecurity, ſinnes ſoundly without ſtarting. That guilt is the Flea of the conſcience. That no man is throughly awaked, but by affliction. That a hang'd Chamber in priuate, is nothing ſo conuenient as a hang'd Traitour in publike. That the religion of *Papiſtrie*, is like a curtaine, made to keepe out the light. That the life of moſt Women is walking in their ſleepe, and they talke their dreames.

dreames. That Chambring is counted a ciuiller quality, then playing at Tables in the Hall, though Seruing-men vſe both. That the beſt bedfellow for all times in the yeere, is a good bed without a fellow. That hee who tumbles in a calme bed, hath his tempeſt within. That hee who will riſe, muſt firſt lye downe and take humility in his way. That ſleepe is deaths picture drawne to life, or the twylight of life and death. That in ſleepe wee kindly ſhake death by the hand; but when wee are awaked, we will not know him. That often ſleepings are ſo many trials to dye, that at laſt we may doe it perfectly. That few dare write the true newes of their Chamber: and that I haue none ſecret enough to tempt a ſtrangers curioſity, or a ſeruants diſcouery.

God giue you good morrow.

B.R.

Newes of my morning Worke.

THat to bee good, the way is to bee moſt alone, or the beſt accompanied. That the way to heauen is miſtaken for the moſt Melancholy walke. That the moſt feare the worlds opinion, more then Gods diſpleaſure. That a Court-friend ſeldome goes further then the firſt degree of Charitie. That the Deuill is the perfecteſt Courtier. That innocencie was firſt couſin to man, now guiltineſſe hath the neereſt alliance. That ſleepe is Deaths Leiger-Ambaſſadour. That time can neuer bee ſpent: we paſſe by it, & cannot returne. That none can be ſure of more time then an inſtant. That ſinne makes worke for repentance, or the Deuill. That patience hath more power then afflictions. That euery ones memory is diuided into two parts: the part loſing all, is the

Sea, the keeping part is Land. That honesty in the Court liues in persecution, like Protestants in Spain. That predestination and constancy are alike vncertaine to be iudged of. That reaſō makes loue the Seruing-man. That vertues fauour is better then a Kings fauourite. That being ſicke, begins a ſuit to God; being well, poſſeſſeth it. That health is the Coach which carries to Heauen, ſickneſſe the poſt-horſe. That worldly delights to one in extreme ſickneſſe, is like a high candle to a blinde man. That abſence doth ſharpen loue, preſence ſtrengthens it, that the one brings fuell, the other blowes it till it burnes cleare: that loue often breakes friendſhip, that euer increaſeth loue. That conſtancy of women, and loue in men, is alike rare. That Art is truths Iuggler. That falſehood playes a larger part in the world then truth. That blinde zeale, and lame knowledge, are alike apt to ill. That fortune is humbleſt where moſt contemned. That no Porter but reſolution

keepes

keepes feare out of mindes. That the face of goodneſſe without a body, is the worſt wickedneſſe. That womans fortunes aſpire but by others powers. That a man with a female wit, is the worſt *Hermaphrodite*. That a man not worthy being a friend, wrongs himſelfe by being in acquaintance. That the worſt part of ignorance, is making good and ill ſeeme alike. That all this is newes onely to fooles.

Miſt. B.

Newes from the lower end of the Table.

IT is ſaid among the folke heere, that if a man die in his infancy, hee hath onely broke his faſt in this world: if in his youth, hee hath left vs at dinner. That it is bed-time with a man at three-ſcore and tenne: and hee that liues to a

hundred yeeres, hath walked a mile after ſupper. That the humble-minded man makes the loweſt curteſie. That grace before meat, is our electiō before we were: grace after meat our ſaluation when we are gone. The ſoule that halts betweene two opinions, falls betweene two ſtooles. That a foole at the vpper end of the table, is the bread before the ſalt. Hee that hates to bee reproued, ſits in his owne light. Hunger is the cheapeſt ſawce, and nature the cheapeſt gueſt. The ſenſible man and the ſilent woman, are the beſt diſcoursers. Repentance without amendment, is but the ſhifting of a foule trencher. Hee that tels a lie to ſaue his credit, wipes his mouth with his ſleeue to ſpare his napkin. The tongue of a leſter is the fiddle that the hearts of the company dance to. The tongue of a foole craues a piece of his heart to euery man that ſits next him. A ſilent man is a couered meſſe. The contented man onely is his owne caruer. Hee

that

that hath many friends, eats too much ſalt with his meat. That wit without diſcretion, cuts other men meat and his owne fingers. That the ſoule of a cholericke man ſits euer by the fire-ſide. That patience is the lard of the leane meat of aduerſitie. The Epicure puts his money into his belly, and the Miſer his belly in his purſe. That the beſt company makes the vpper end of the table, and not the ſalt-celler. The ſuperfluitie of a mans poſſeſſions, is the broken meat that ſhould remaine to the poore. That the enuious keepes his knife in his hand, and ſwallowes his meat whole. A rich foole amongſt the wiſe, is a gilt empty bowle amongſt the thirſtie. Ignorance is an inſenſible hunger. The water of life is the beſt wine. Hee that robs mee of my inuention, bids himſelfe welcome to another mans table, and I will bid him welcome when hee is gone. The vain-glorious man piſſeth more then he drinkes. That no man can drinke an health out of the

cup of bleſſing. To ſurfet vpon wit, is more dangerous then to want it. Hee that's ouercome of any paſſion, is drie drunke. Tis eaſier to fill the belly of faith then the eye of reaſon. The rich glutton is better fed then taught. That faith is the elbow for a heauie ſoule to leane on. He that ſinnes that he may repent, ſurfets that he may take phyſicke. He that riſes without thankſgiuing, goes away and owes for his ordinary. He that beginnes to repent when he is old, neuer waſhed his hands till night. That this life is but one day of three meales, or one meale of three courſes: child-hood, youth, and old age. That to ſuppe well, is to liue well: and that's the way to ſleepe well. That no man goes to bed till he dies, nor wakes till he be dead. And therefore

Good night to you here,
and good morrow hereafter.

I. C.

Newes from the Church.

IT was thought heere, that the world was made for man, and not man for the world, and that therefore they take a crosse course that lye downe there. That those that will not rise, their soules must, and carry their bodies to iudgement. That wee haue spent one inheritance already, and are prodigall of this. That there is no hope beyond mercy, and that this is that time; the next is of Iustice. That Christ when hee went away, left good seede in his Church; and when hee comes againe, hee shall finde Christians, but not faith. That the Deuill hath got, vpon vs, the same way that he did at the first, by drawing shadowes ouer substances, as hee did the body ouer the soule. That *Protestants* weare the name of Christ for a Charme, as *Papists* doe the Crosse. That States vse it, the Cleargie liue by

it, the people follow it, more by a ſtreame, then one by one. That all are religious rather then ſome. That euery one lookes to another, but not to himſelfe. That they goe ſo by throngs to Heauen, that it is to bee feared they take the broader way. That the Church is in the world, like a Ship in the Sea; the elect in the Church, like *Ionas* amongſt the Mariners. That to mend this, is to cheate the Deuill, to turne man the right ſide outward, and ſet the ſoule foremoſt againe. That the ſoule may be too ranke too, if wee looke not to it: and ſo a *Puritane* oftentimes meetes a *Papiſt* in ſuperſtition another way. That to binde from and to indifferent things, is equall, though it bee thought otherwiſe. That ſome, out of a good meaning, haue fallen this way into a vice. That theſe faults are more ſubtill; and therefore leſſe perceiued, and leſſe to bee blamed; but as dangerous as the other, if they take head. That the rule is in all things,

the

the body and the ſoule muſt goe together, but the better before. That wee haue contended ſo long about the body of Religion, that ſome men thought it was dead. That ſo *Atheiſts* are come into the Church, and that it will bee as hard to caſt them out, as Deuils. That thoſe which haue thus broken the peace of *Ieruſalem*, are obliged to ſatisfaction; and thoſe which firſt gaue them cauſe of amendment. That they are a good medicine one for another, and both a good Compoſition. That a pure *Biſhop* is the beſt gouernment, if the pride on both ſides would let them know it. That all Controuerſies for the moſt part, leaue the truth in the middle, and are factious at both ends. That the Church hath this good by them, they cleanſe the way for others, but not for themſelues. That ſincerity, in the cauſe of truth, is more worth then learning. That too much, and too little knowledge, haue made the world mad. That wee haue a

ſhorter

ſhorter cut to it; and a ſurer way then *Drake* had ouer the world, if wee could find it out. That euery man is a brief of the whole; and as he is ſo, he is greater then a King. That euery King is a briefe of his Land, and hee hath a *Patterne* of the gouernmēt of it alwaies about him. That as the honour that he giues vnto his Nobles & Counſellors, is a charge; ſo is that which God giues him. That as he requires an account, ſo he muſt giue. That he is the Image of God in his kingdome, as man is in the World. That therefore the Subiects owe him obedience, as the Creatures doe Man. That thoſe that will not obey, are neither good Subiects, nor good men. That to obey well, is as great a thing as to gouerne, & more mens duties. That thoſe that thinke not ſo, know not the Chriſtians part, which is to ſuffer. That though States be naught, if they profeſſe Religion, they may deliuer many men ſafe to Heauen, though they goe not themſelues, and ſo they are like bad Miniſters.

ſters. That this is Gods vſe of both & of the world too, to conuey his elect to their place. That the outward face of the Church hath but the ſame vſe, and the Elect are the Church themſelues. That they are the Temple of the holy Ghoſt, & therefore ought to pluck down their Idols, and ſet vp God there. That the Idols of theſe times, are Couetouſnes, Pride, Gluttony, Wantonneſſe, Hereſies, & ſuch like admiration & ſeruing of our ſelues. That we muſt make all time an occaſiō of amendment, becauſe the deuill makes it an occaſiō to tempt. That he is a ſpirit, and therefore cunninger then we. That there is no way to reſiſt him, but by the Spirit of God, which is his Maſter. That this is the gift of God, which hee giueth to all that are his. That it is encreaſed by the word, & held by humility & prayer. That Faith is the effect of it, and workes the aſſurance. That thus the vnderſtanding and will, which is the whole ſoule of man, is made vp again, and ſanctifies the body.

That

That ſo we are the members of Chriſt. That our Head is in Heauen, as a pawne, that where he is, wee ſhall bee. That there is no opinion but knowledge; for it is the Science of ſoules, and God the teacher.

Newes from the bed.

THat the Bed is the beſt Rendevou of mankind, and the moſt neceſſary ornament of a Chamber. That Souldiers are good Antiquaries in keeping the old faſhion, for the firſt bed was the bare ground. That a mans pillow is his beſt Counſeller. That *Adam* lay in ſtate, when the Heauen was his canopie. That the naked truth is, *Adam* and *Eue* lay without ſheetes. That they were either very innocent, verie ignorant, or very impudent, they were

were not ashamed the heauens should see them lie without a couerlet. That it is likely *Eue* studied Astronomy, which makes the posterity of her Sex euer since to lie on their backes. That the circumference of the bed is nothing so wide as the conuex of the heauens, yet it containes a whole world. That the fiue Senses are the greatest sleepers. That a slothfull man is but a reasonable Dormouse. That the soule euer awakes to watch the body. That a iealous man sleepes dog-sleepe. That sleepe makes no difference betweene a Wise man and a Foole. That for all times sleepe is the best bedfellow. That the Deuill and mischiefe euer awake. That loue is a dreame. That the preposterous hopes of ambitious men are like pleasing dreames, farthest off when awake. That the bed payes *Venus* more custome then all the world beside. That if dreames and wishes had beene all true, there had not beene since Poperie, one Maide to make a Nun of.

That

That the ſecure man ſleepes ſoundly, and is hardly to be awak't. That the charitable man dreames of building Churches, but ſtarts to thinke the vngodlier Courtier will pull them downe againe. That ſleepers were neuer dangerous in a State. That there is a naturall reaſon, why Popiſh Prieſts chuſe the bed to confeſſe their women vpon, for they hold it neceſſarie, that humiliation ſhould follow ſhrift. That if the bed ſhould ſpeake all it knowes, it would put many to the bluſh. That it is fit the bed ſhould know more then paper.

R.S.

Newes from Shipboord.

THat Repentance without amendment, is like continuall pumping, without mending the leake. That hee that liues without Religon, ſayles without a Compaſſe. That the wantonneſſe

of

of a peaceable Common-wealth, is like the playing of the Porpeſſe before a ſtorme. That the foole is Sea-ſicke in a Calme, but the wiſe mans ſtomacke endures all weathers. That paſſions in a foole, are Ordnance broken looſe in a ſtorme, that alter their property of offending others, and ruine himſelfe. That good Fortunes are a ſoft quick-ſand, aduerſity a rocke, both equally dangerous. That vertue is in pouerty a ready rigd Ship, that lies windbound. That good faſhion in a man, is like the Pilot in a Ship, that doth moſt with leaſt force. That a Fooles tongue is like the buye of an Anchor, you ſhall finde his heart by it whereſoeuer it lyes. Wiſedome makes vſe of the croſſes of this world, as a skilfull Pilot of Rockes for Sea-markes to ſaile by.

H.R.

Newes.

Newes from the Chimney corner.

THat wit is Brush-wood, judgement Timber: the one giues the greatest flame, the other yeelds the durablest heat, and both meeting makes the best fire. That Bawdes and Attorneyes are Andirons that hold vp their Clyents, till they burne each other to ashes: they receiue warmth by these; these by them their destruction. That a wise rich man is like the backe or stocke of the Chimney, and his wealth the fire; he receiues it not for his owne need, but to reflect the heat to others good. That House-keeping in England is falne from a great fire in a hot Summers day, to boughs in the Chimney all Winter long. That mans reason in matter of Faith is fire, in the first degree of his ascent flame, next smoake, and then nothing. A young fel-

fellow falne in loue with a whore, is ſaid to be falne aſleepe in the Chimney corner. Hee that leaues his friend for his wench, forſakes his bed to ſet vp and watch a coale. That the couetous rich man onely freezes before the fire. That Choller is an ill gueſt, that piſſes in the Chimney for want of a Chamber-pot. That chaſte Beauty is like the bellowes, whoſe breath is cold, yet makes others burne. That he that expounds the Scriptures vpon the warrant of his owne ſpirit only, layes the brands together without Tongs, and is ſure (at leaſt) to burne his owne fingers. That the Louer keeps a great fire in's houſe all the yeere long. That deuotion, like fire in froſtie weather, burnes hotteſt in affliction. That ſuch Fryers as flie the world for the trouble of it, lie in bed all day in Winter to ſpare fire-wood. That a couetous man is a Dog in a wheele, that toiles to roaſt meat for other men eating. That Pagans worſhipping the Sunne, are ſaid to hold their hands to the Glo-worme

in ſtead of a coale for heat. That a Wiſe mans heart is like a broad hearth that keeps the coales (his paſſions) from burning the houſe. That good deeds, in this life, are coales raked vp in embers, to make a fire next day.

Paradoxes, as they were ſpoken in a Maske, and preſented *before his Maieſty at* White-Hall.

Maſculine

1 HE cannot bee a Cuckold that weares a Gregorian, *For a Perriwigge cannot fit ſuch a head.*

2 *A Knight of the lang Robe is more honourable then a Knight made in the field.* *For Furres are dearer then Spurs.*

3 *A Drunkard is a good Phyloſopher.* *For hee thinkes aright: the World goes round.*

4 *The Diuell cannot take Tobacco through his Noſe.* *For Saint Duncton ſeared vp that with his tongs.*

5 *A Shoomaker is the fitteſt man in the pariſh to make a Conſtable.* — *For hee (virtute officii) may put a man into the ſtocks & eaſe him at laſt.*

6 *A Priſoner is the beſt Fencer.* — *For euer hee lies at a cloſe ward.*

7 *An elder brother may bee a wiſe man.* — *For he hath wherwithall to purchaſe experience at any rate.*

8 *Burgomaſters ought not to weare furre Gownes at Midſummer.* — *For they may ſo bring in the ſweating ſickneſſe.*

6 *A Cutpurſe is the ſureſt trade.* — *For his worke is no ſooner done, but his money is in his hand.*

Feminine.

10 *It is better to marry a widdow then a maide.* — For Cauſa patet.

11 *Downe-*

11 *Downe-right language is the best to winne a woman.* — *For plaine dealing is a Iewell, and there is no Ladie but desires to haue her.*

12 *If a woman with childe long to lie with another man, her husband must consent.* — *For if hee will not, shee will doe it without him.*

13 *A painted Iadie best fits a Captaine.* — *For so both may fight vnder their colours.*

14 *Rich Widdowes were ordained for younger brethren.* — *For they beeing borne to no lands, must plough in another mans soile.*

15 *Tis dangerous to marry a widow.* — *For shee hath cast her Rider.*

16 *It is good for a young Popish wench to marry an olde man.* — *For shee shall be sure to keepe all fasting nights.*

17 *A dangerous secret is safely kept in a womans bosome.* } *For no wiseman will search for it there.*

18 *A woman of learning & tongues is an admirable creature.* } *For a Star-ling that can speake is a present for an Emperor.*

19 *A great Lady should not weare her owne haire.* } *For that is too meane, as a coat of her owne spinning.*

20 *A faire womans Necke should stand awry.* } *For so shee lookes as if shee look't for a kisse.*

21 *Women loues fish better then flesh.* } *For they will haue place, what soeuer they pay for it.*

Newter.

22 *An Vsurer is the best Christian.* } *For* Quantum nummorum in arca, tantum habet & fidei.

23 *The*

23 *The best bodies should weare the meanest habits.* — *For painted clothes were made to hide bare walls.*

24 *It is better to bee a begger then to be a Merchant.* — *For all the world lies open to his trafique, and yet hee paies no Custome.*

25 *Tis more safe to bee drunke with the Hop, then with the Grape.* — *For a man should bee more inward with his Countreyman then with a stranger.*

26 *A man deepe in debt should be as deepe in drinke.* — *For Bacchus cancels all manner of obligations.*

27 *Players houses are more necessarie in a well Gouern'd Cõmon-wealth, then schooles.* — *For men are better taught by example, then precept.*

28 *Tauernes are more requisite in a Countrey then Academies.* — *For it is better that the multitude were loosing then learned.*

29 *A Tobacco-Shop and a Bawdie-house, are Co-incidents.* — *For smoake is not without fire.*

30 *Wealth is better then wit.* — *For few Poets haue had the fortune to bee chosen Aldermen.*

31 *Marriage frees a man from care.* — *For then his wife takes all vpon her.*

32 *A kennell of Hounds is the best consort.* — *For they need no tuning from morning to night.*

33 *The Court makes better scholers then the Vniuersities* — *For when the King vouchsafes to be a Teacher, euery man blushes to bee a non proficient.*

34 *A nimble Page is more vsefull for a Lady then a long Gentleman-vsher.* — *For a Sparrow is more actiue then a bald Buzzard.*

35 *Tis*

35 *Tis better to bee a Coward then a Captaine.* } *For a Gooſe liues longer then a Cocke of the Game.*

The Mountebankes Receipts.

An approued Receipt againſt Melancholy Feminine.

IF any Lady bee ſicke of the Sullens, ſhee knowes not where, let her take a handfull of ſimples, I know not what, and vſe them, I know not how, applying them to the place grieued, I know not which, and ſhee ſhall be cured, I know not when.

Againſt the Scuruy.

If any Scholler be troubled with an Itch or breaking out, which in time may proue ſcuruy; let him firſt forbeare clawing

clawing and fretting meates, and then purge choller, but by any meanes vpwards:

For restoring Gentlemen-vshers Legs.

If any Gentleman-vsher haue the Consumption in his Legs, let him feede lustily vpon Veale, two months in the Spring-time, and forbeare all manner of Mutton, and hee shall increase in the Calfe.

For the Tentigo.

If any be troubled with the *Tentigo*, let him trauell to *Iapan*; or because the Forrest of *Turnbolia* is of the same Altitude and Eleuation of the Pole, and at hand, let him hunt there for his recreation, and it shall be done in an instant.

For a Felon.

If any bee troubled with a *Felon* on his finger, whereby he hath lost the lawfull vse of his hand; let him but once

vse

vſe the exerciſe of ſwinging and ſtreteh himſelfe vpon the ſoueraigne Tree of *Tybarnia*, and it will preſently kill the Felon.

For a Tympanie.

If a Virgin be ſo ſicke of *Cupid*, that the diſeaſe is growne to a *Tympanie*, let her with all ſpeede poſſible remoue her ſelfe, changing Aire for forty weekes at leaſt, keeping a ſpare diet as ſhe trauels, alwaies after vſing lawfull exerciſes, till ſhee bee married, and then ſhee is paſt danger.

For Barrenneſſe.

If any Lady be married, yet childleſſe, let her firſt deſire to be a mother, & eat to her breakfaſt a new laid Egge in a ſpoonefull of Goats-milke, with a ſcruple of Ambergreece, and at ſupper feed on a *Henne*, troden but by one *Cocke*; and aboue al things let her auoid hurrying in *Coaches*, eſpecially on the ſtones; and aſſuming a finer mold, then Nature meant

meant her, and no doubt ſhee ſhall fructifie.

For the falling ſickneſſe.

If any woman bee troubled with the Falling ſickneſſe, let her firſt forbeare Phyſicke, eſpecially Suppoſitories and Gliſters: neither let her trauell Weſtward-Ho, becauſe ſhee muſt auoyd the *Ile* of *Man*. And for that it is an euill Spirit entred into her, let her for a Charme, haue alwaies her legs acroſſe, when ſhee is not walking, and this will helpe her.

For a Rupture.

If any Merchant be troubled with a Rupture in the bowels of his Eſtate, ſo that hee cannot goe abroad, let him decoct Gold from a Pound to a Noble; taking the broth thereof from ſixe moneths to ſixe moneths, and hee ſhall be as able a man as euer he was.

he

The Mountebankes Song.

IS any deafe? Is any blinde?
Is any bound or looſe behinde?
Is any foule that would be faire?
Would any Lady change her haire?
Doe's any dreame? doe's any walke?
Or in his ſleepe affrighted talke?
I come to cure what ere you feele,
Within, without from head to heele.

Bee Drummes or Rattles in thy head?
Are not thy braines well tempered?
Doe's Eolus thy Stomacke gnaw?
Or breed there vermine in thy maw?
Doſt thou deſire and cannot pleaſe?
Lo, here the beſt Cantharides,
I come to cure what ere you feele,
Within, without, from head to heele.

Euen all diſeaſes that ariſe,
From ill diſpoſed crudities.

Heer's powder to preſerue youth long,
Heer's oyle to make weake ſinewes ſtrong.
What is't you lack? what would you buy?
What is't that you doe needs?
Come to me (Gallants) taſte and try,
Heer's that will doe, will doe the deed.

This powder doth preſerue from fate,
This cures the Maleficiate;
Loſt maidenheads this doth reſtore,
And makes them virgins as before.
What is't you lacke &c?

Heer's cure for bone-ach, feuer burdens,
Vnlawfull or vntimely Burdens,
Diſeaſes of all Sex, all Ages,
This medicine cureth or aſſwages.
What is't you lacke, &c?

I haue receipts to cure the Gout,
To keepe Poxe in, or put them out,
To coole hot bloods, cold blood to warme,
Shall doe you (if no good) no harme.
What is't you lacke? &c.

FINIS.

SIR *Thomas Ouerbury*

HIS

WIFE.

WITH

ADDITIONS

OF NEW CHARA-

cters, and many other

Wittie Conceites neuer

before Printed.

The foureteenth Impreſſion.

LONDON,

Printed for *Robert Allot*, and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the *Beare in Pauls Church-yard.* 1630.

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XUM

To the Reader.

THE generall acceptance of this matchleſſe *Poem* the *Wife*, (written by Sir *Thomas Ouerburie*) is ſufficiently approoued by many, the worth whereof if any other out of malice ſhall neglect to commend, he may well (if it proceed from nice Criticiſme) be excluded as a Churliſh Retainer to the *Muſes*: if from direct plaine-dealing, he ſhall be degraded for inſufficiencie. For had ſuch a *Poem* beene extant among the ancient Romanes, although they wanted our eaſie conſeruations of wit by Printing, they would haue committed it to braſſe, leſt iniurious

time depriue it of due eternity. If to conuerse with a creature so amiable as is here described, be thought difficult; let the contemplation therof be held admirable. To which are added (this 14th impression) many new *Characters*, and *witty Conceits*, written by himselfe and others his friends. How soeuer, they are now exposed, not onely to the Iudicious, but to all that carry the least scrruple of mother wit about them.

Licet toto nunc Helicone frui——Mar.

Lau. Lisle.

Elegies of seueral Authors, on the vntimely death of SIR *Thomas Ouerbury*, poysoned in the Tower.

Vpon the vntimely death of SIR *Thomas Ouerbury*.

T Would ease our sorrowes, 'twould release our (teares,
Could we but heare those high celestiall Spheres,
Once tune their Motions to a dolefull straine,
In sympathy of what we mortals plaine,
Or see their faire Intelligences *change*
Or face or habit, when blacke deeds, so strange,
As might force pitty from the Heart of Hell,
Are hatcht by Monsters, which among vs dwell.
The Stars me thinks like men inclinde to sleepe,
Should through their christall casements scarcely peep,
Or at least view vs, but with halfe an eye,
For feare their chaster Influence *might discry*
Some murdering hand, oaded in guiltlesse blood,
Blending vile iuices to destroy the good.
The Sunne should wed his beames to endlesse Night,
And in dull darkenesse canopy his Light,
When from the ranke stewes of adulterous Brests,
Where euery base vnhallowed Proiect rests,

Is belcht, as in defiance of his shine,
A streame might make euen Death it selfe to pine.
But those things happen still, but ne're more cleare,
Nor with more lustre did these lamps appeare;
Mercury *capers with a winged heele,*
As if he did no touch of sorrow feele,
And yet he sees a true Mercurian kill'd,
Whose birth his Mansion with much honour fill'd.
But let me not mistake those pow'rs aboue,
Nor taxe iniuriously those Courts of Ioue.
Surely, they ioy to see these Acts reueald,
Which in blinde silence haue beene long conceald;
And Vertue now triumphant, whil'st we mourne
To thinke that ere she was soule Vices scorne:
Or that poore Ouer-buries *blood was made*
A sacrifice to Malice and darke shade.
Weston, *thy hand that* Couvre-feu Bell *did sway,*
Which did his life to endlesse sleepe conuay.
But rest thou where thou art; Ile seeke no glorie
By the relation of so sad a storie.
If any more were priuie to the Deed,
And for the crime must bee adiudg'd to bleed,
To Heauen I pray, with rear'd vp hand and eyes,
That as their Bodies fall, their soules may rise:
And as these equally turne to one dust,
So these alike may shine among the iust,
And there make vp one glorious constellation,
Who suffered here in such a differing fashion.

D.T.

To

To the Memorie of the generally bewailed Gentleman, *Sr. Thomas Ouerburie.*

BVt that w'are bound in Christian pietie
To wish Gods will be done; and destinie
(In all that haps to Men, or good, or ill)
Suffer'd, or sent, by that implored Will; (Breath
Me thinks, t' obserue how Vertue drawes faint
Subiect to slanders, Hate, and violent Death,
Wise men kept low, others aduanc'd to State,
Right checkt by wrong, and ill men fortunate;
These mou'd Effects, from an vnmoued Cause,
Might shake the firmest faith; Heauens fixed
Might casual seem, & each irregular sence (Laws
Spurne at iust Order, blame Gods Prouidence.
But what is man, expostulate the Intents
Of his high Will, or iudge of Strange Euents?
The rising Sunne to mortall sight reueales
This earthly Globe; but yet the stars conceales;
So may the Sence discouer Naturall Things;
Diuine aboue the reach of Humane wings.
Then not the Fate, but Fates bad instrument
Doe I accuse in each sad accident: (come;
Good men must fall: rapes, incests, murders
But woe and curses follow them by whome:
God Authors all mens Actions, not their sin,
For that proceeds from deu'lish lust within.

Thou then that ſuffer'dſt by thoſe forms ſo vile,
From whom thoſe wicked Inſtruments did file
Thy droſſie part, to make thy Fame ſhine cleare,
And ſhrine thy ſoule in heauēs alglorious ſphere,
Who being good, nought leſſe to thee befell,
Though it appear'd diſguis'd in ſhape of Hell;
Vaniſh thy bloud and Nerues; True life alone
In Vertue liues, and true Religion,
In both which thou art deadleſſe; O behold,
(If thou canſt looke ſo low as Earths baſe mold)
How dreadfull Iuſtice (late with lingring foot)
Now comes like whirlewind how it ſhakes the root
Of lofty Cedars; make the ſtately Brow
Bend to the foot! how all men ſee that now
The breath of infamy doth moue their ſailes;
Whiles thy deare name by loues more hearty gales
Shall ſtil keep wing, vntil thy Fames extēt
Fill eu'ry part of this vaſt Continent.
Then you the *Syre* of their murther'd Sonne;
Repine not at his Fate; ſince he hath wonne
More honour in his ſufferance: and his death
Succeeded by his vertues endleſſe Breath.
For him, and to his Life and Deaths example,
Loue might erect a Statue; Zeale a Temple:
On his true worth the Muſes might be ſlaine,
To die his honours web in pureſt Graine.

C. B.

Vpon the vntimely Death of the Author of this ingeni-

ous Poem, Sir *Thomas Ouerbury* Knight, poyſoned in the Tower.

SO many *Moones*, ſo many times goe round,
And roſe from *Hell*, & *darknes* vnder ground,
And *yet till now*, *this darkned deed of Hell*
Not brought to light? O tardy *Heauen*! yet tell
If *Murther* laies him downe to ſleepe with *Luſt*
Or no? reueale, as *thou* art *Truth* and *Iuſt*,
The *Secrets* of this vniuſt ſecure *Act*,
And what *our feares* make vs ſuſpect *compact*
With greater deeds of miſchiefe: for alone
We thinke not *This*, and doe ſuſpect yet *One*,
To which compar'd, *This*, but a *falling Starre*;
That a bright *Firmament of Fire*: Thy Care
We ſee takes *meaner things*: It times the *world*,
The *Signes* at random through the *Zodiack* burid,
The *ſtars* wild wandring, & the glib quick *hinges*
Which turne both *Poles*; & all the *violent changes*
It ouer-looks, which trouble th'endleſſe courſe
Of the high Firmament: *by thy bleſt force*
Do hory winter froſts make foreſts bare, (paire,
And ſtraight to groues againe their ſhades re-

By

By *Thee* doth *Autumnes, Lyons flaming Maine*
Ripen the fruits: and the full yeere sustaine
Her burthened powers: *O being still the same,*
Ruling so much, and vnder *whom* the frame
Of this vast world weigh'd all his *Orbes* doth
Why are thy Cares of men no more applide? (guide,
Or if: why seem'st thou sleeping to the *Good,*
And *guarding* to *Ill?* as if the *brood*
Of best things still must Chance take in command:
And not thy *Providence* and *Her blind Hand*
Thy *Benefits* erroniously disburse,
VVhich so let fall, ne're fall but to the *worse?*
Whence *so great crimes* commit the *Greater* sort,
And boldest acts of shame blaze in the *Court,*
Where *Buffones* worship in their *rise* of *State*
Those filthy *Scarabs,* whom they *Serue* and *Hate,*
Sure things meete *backeward, there; Humour* dis-
And *Vertue* laid by *Fraud,* & *Poison* waste: (graft,
The *Adulterer vp like Haman,* and so *Sainted:*
And *Females modesty* (as *Females*) painted,
Lost in all reall worth: what shall wee say?
Things so farre out of frame, as if the day
Were come wherein another *Phaeton*
Stolne into *Phœbus waine,* had all misse-won
A cleane contrary way: O powerfull *God,*
Right all amisse, and set thy wonted period
Of *Goodnesse,* in his place againe: *This deed*
Be *Vther* to bring foorth the *Maske,* and *Weed,*

Where-

Where-vnder, blacker things lie hid perhap,
And yet haue Hope to make a falſe eſcape.
Of *This* make knowne, why ſuch an inſtrument,
As *Weſton a poore ſeruing-man* ſhould rent
The frame of *this ſad-good-mans* life: did he
Stand with this *Court-bred* learned OVERBVRY,
In ſtrife for an *Ambaſſadour-ſhip*? no, no,
His *Orbes* held on ſuch *light*: what, did hee owe
The *Prophet* malice for compoſing *this*,
This Cynoſurd in neate *Poeſis*
How *Good*, & *Great* men ought, and *All*, to chuſe,
A *chaſte*, *fit noble Wife*, and the abuſe
Of *Strumpets* friendly ſhadowing in the ſame,
Was this his fault? or doth there lye a flame
Yet in the embers not vnrak't, for which
He dy'de ſo falſly? *Heauen* we doe beſeech
Vnlocke the ſecret, and bring all to view,
That Law may purge the bloud, Luſt made vntrue.

W. S.

An Elegie consecrated to the memory of the truely worthy and learned Sir *Thomas Overbury* KNIGHT.

HAd not thy wrong like to a wound ill cur'd
Broke forth in death; I had not bin assur'd
Of griefe enough to finish what I write.
These lines, as those which do in cold bloud fight
Had come but faintly on; for, euer hee
That shrines a name within an *Elegie*,
(Vnlesse some neerer cause doe him aspire)
Kindles his bright flame at the *Funerall* fire.
Since passion (after lessening her extent)
Is then more strong, and so more eloquent.
How powerfull is the hand of *Murther* now!
Wast not enough to see his deare life bow
Beneath her hate? but crushing that faire frame,
Attempt the like on his vnspotted *Fame*?
O base reuenge! more then inhumane fact!
Which (as the *Romanes* sometimes would enact
No doome for *Paricide*, supposing none
Could euer so offend) the vpright *Throne*
Of *Iustice* salues not: leauing that intent
Without a *Name*, without a *Punishment*.
Yet though thy wounded *Fame*, as thorow *Glasses* which multiply the *Species*, (these

We

We see thy vertues more then they become
So many *Statues* sleeping on thy *Tombe*.
Wherein confinement new thou shalt endure,
But so; as when to make a *Pearle* more pure,
We giue it to a *Doue*, in whose wombe pent
Some time, we haue it forth most orient.
Such is thy luster now, that venom'd *Spight*
With her black soule dares not behold thy light,
But banning it, a course begins to runne
With those that curse the rising of the *Sunne*.
The poison that works vpwards now, shal striue
To be thy faire *Fames* true *Preseruatiue*.
And Witchcraft, that can maske the *vpper shine*,
With no one cloud, shall blind a ray of thine.
And as the *Hebrewes* in an obscure pit
Their *holy Fire* hid, not extinguish'd it,
And after-time, that brake their bondage chaine
Found it, to fire their sacrifice againe:
So lay thy *Worth* some while, but being found,
The *Muses Altars* plentifully crownd
With sweet perfumes, by it new kindled be,
And offer all to thy deare Memory. (gone,
Nor haue wee lost thee long: thou art not
Nor canst descend into *Oblivion*. (fled,
But twice the *Sunne* went round since thy soule
And only *that time* men shall terme thee dead.
Hereafter (rais'd to life) thou still shalt haue
An *Antidote* against the silent Graue.

W. B. Int. Temp.

Vpon the vntimely Death of Sir *Thomas Ouerbury.*

IF for to liue be but a miſery,
If by death good men gaine eternity,
Twas friendly done in robbing thee of life,
To celebrate thy nuptials with thy Wife;
So that his will no other aime intended,
But by exchange thy life ſhould be amended:
Yet wert to compaſſe his inſatiate luſt,
He this laſt friendſhip tendred to thee: truſt
Whiles he diſhonor'd and defam'd may die,
Iuſtice and Fame, ſhall crowne thy memorie.

B.G. *medij Temp.*

In

n obitum intempeſtiuum & achrymabilem Illuſtriſsimi E-quitis aurati, *THO: OVERBVRI*, mag-*næ ſpei & expectationis Viri.*

HOweuer windie miſchiefe raiſe vp high
Darke thickning clouds, to powre vpon vs
tempeſt of foule rumours, which deſcry (all
hy hard miſ-hap and ſtrange diſaſtrous fall,
s if thy wounds were bleeding frō that hand,
hich rather ſhould haue raiſd thee vp to ſtād:

et ſhalt thou here ſuruiue in pittying fame
thy ſweet Wife, in theſe moſt acute lines
well reputed Characters of name, (ſhrines
d vertues tombe, which all thine honour
ſpight of enuie, or the proudeſt hate,
hat thus hath ſet opinion at debate.

t for mine owne part, ſith it falls out ſō,
hat death hath had her will; I now compare
to a wanton hand, which at a throw
breake a boxe of precious balme did dare:
With whoſe perfume, altho it was thus ſpild,
The houſe & commers by were better fild.

Cap. *Tho. Gainsford.*

A memoriall,
Offered to that man of vertue,
Sir *Thomas Ouerburie.*

ONce dead and twice aliue; Death could not
A death, whose sting could kill his fame.
He might haue liu'd, had not the life which gaue
Life to his life, betraid him to his graue.
If Greatnesse could consist in being Good,
His Goodnesse did adde titles to his blood.
Onely vnhappy in his liues last fate,
In that he liu'd so soone, to dye so late.
Alas, whereto shall men oppressed trust,
When Innocence cannot protect the Iust?
His error was his fault, his truth his end,
No enemy his ruine, but his friend.
Cold friendship, where hot vowes are but a
To guerdon poore simplicitie with death:
Was neuer man, that felt the fence of griefe,
So Ouerbury'd in a safe beliefe:
Beliefe? O cruell slaughter! Times vnbred
Will say, Who dies that is vntimely dead,
By treachery, of lust, or by disgrace,
In friendsh p, 'twas but *Ouerburies* case;
Which shall not more cõmend his truth, then
Their guilt, who were his opposites in loue.

Reſt happy Man; and in thy ſpheare of Awe
Behold how Iuſtice ſwaies the ſword of Law,
To weed out thoſe whoſe hands imbrew'd in
Cropt off thy youth, & flower in the bud (blood
Sleep in thy Peace: thus happy, haſt thou prou'd,
Thou might'ſt di'de more knowne, not more
Io. Fo. belou'd.

Vpon SIR *Thomas Ouerburie* the Author of this ingenious *Poem.*

HEſperydes (within whoſe gardens grow
Apples of gold) may well thy loſſe deplore:
For in thoſe Gardens they could neuer ſhow
A tree ſo faire of ſuch a fruitfull ſtore.
Grace was the Roote, and thou thy ſelfe the Tree,
Sweet counſels were the Berries grew on thee.

Wit was the branch that did adorne the Stocke,
Reaſon the Leafe vpon thoſe branches ſpred,
Vnder thy ſhaddow did the *Muſes* flocke,
And (by Thee) as a mantle couered
But what befell, O, too much out of kinde!
For thou waſt blaſted by a Weſt-on winde.
R. Ca.

Of Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* his *Wife and Marriage.*

WHē I behold this Wife of thine ſo faire,
So far remou'd frō vulgar beauties (aire
Being leſſe bright and pure) me thinks I ſee
An vncloth'd Soule, by potent Alchymy
Extraught from ragged matter. Thou haſt made
A wife more innocent then any Maide,
Euah's ſtate, before the fall, decyphered here,
And *Plato's* naked vertue's not more cleare
Such an *Idea* as ſcarce wiſhes can
Arriue at, but our Hopes muſt ne're attaine
A Soule ſo far beyond the common Make
As ſcorn'd corporeall ioyning. For her ſake
(Deſpairing elſe cōtract) Thou too turn'ſt Soule,
And to enioy her faires without controule,
Caſt'ſt off this bodies clog: ſo muſt all do,
Caſt matter off, who would abſtractions woo.
To flie ſo ſoone then (Soule) well haſt thou done:
For in this life, ſuch beauties are not won.
But when I call to mind thine vnripe fall,
And ſo ſad ſummons to thy Nuptiall,
Either, in her thy bold deſires did taſte
Forbidden fruit, and haue this Curſe purchaſt.
Or, hauing this Elixir made thine owne
(Drawne from the remnant of Creation,)

The

The *faces* their malignant Spirits breathe,
To punish thine ambitious loue with death.
Or, thy much enuide choyce hath made the reſt
Of Concrete Relicts point their aymes infeſt
To thy concluſion. And with them ſeduc'd
Friendſhip (diſpleaſ'd to ſee a Loue produc'd
Leſſe carnall then it ſelfe) with policy
So pure and chaſte a Loue to nullifie.
Yet howſoe'r, their proiect flies in ſmoke
The poyſons' cordiall,
which they meant ſhould choke:
Their deeds of darknes, like the Bridall Night,
Haue ioin'd ſpirituall Louers in deſpight
Of falſe attempts: And now the wedding's done;
When in this life ſuch faires had not bin won.

E.G.

To the Booke.

THou woſull Widdow, once happy wife,
That didſt enioy ſo ſweet a Mate:
Who, now bereaued is of Life,
Vntimely wrought, through inward hate.
O Deed moſt vile, to haſte the end
Of him, that was ſo good a friend!

F.H.

On this excellent Poem, *the Wife.*

LOe here the matchleſſe patterne of a Wife,
Diſciphered in forme of Good, and Bad:
The Bad commends the Good, as darke doth (Light,
Or as a loathed Bed a ſingle Life;
The good, with wiſedome and diſcretion clad
With Modeſtie, and faire demeanour dight,
Whoſe reaſon doth her will to loue inuite.

Reaſon begot, and paſsion bred her Loue,
Self-will She ſhun'd, Fitnes the Marriage made;
Fitnes doth cheriſh Loue, Selfe-will Debate.
Loe thus, and in this Monument of proofe
A perfect Wife, a Worke nor time can fade,
Nor looſe reſpect betray to mortall Fate.
This none can equall; Beſt, but imitate.

R.C.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerburies* Poem, the VVife.

I Am glad yet ere I die, I haue found occaſion
Honeſt & iuſt, without the worlds perſwaſiõ,
Or flattery or bribery, to commend
A woman for her goodneſſe; and God ſend
I may find many more: I wiſh them well (fell,
They are pretty things to play with; when *Eue*
She tooke a care that all the Women-kinde
That were to follow her, ſhould be as blinde
As ſhe was wilfull; and till this good wife,
This piece of Vertues that ne're tooke her life
From a fraile Mothers labour: Thoſe ſtand ſtill
As marginalls to point vs to our ill,
Came to the world, as other creatures doe,
That know no God but will; we learnd to woo,
And if ſhe were but faire, and could but kiſſe,
Twenty to one we could not chuſe amiſſe;
And as we iudge of trees, if ſtraight and tall
That may be ſound, yet neuer till the fall (now
Finde how the raine hath drill'd them; ſo till
We onely knew we muſt loue; but not how:
But here we haue example, and ſo rare,
That if we hold but common ſence and care,
And ſteere by this Card; he that goes awry,
Ile boldly ſay at his Natiuitie,

That man was seal'd a foole: yet all this good
Giuen as it is, not cloath'd in flesh and blood,
Some may auerre & strongly, 'twas meere ment
In way of practice, but not president;
Either will make vs happy men; for he
That marrieth any way this mystery,
Or any parcell of that benefit,
Though hee take hold of nothing but the wit,
Hath got himselfe a partner for his life,
More then a woman, better then a Wife.

I. F.

Eiusdem in Eadem.

AS from a man the first fraile woman came,
The first that euer made vs know our shame,
And finde the curse of labour; so againe,
Goodnesse and vnderstanding found a Man
To take this shame away; and from him sprong
A piece of excellence without a Tongue,
Because it should not wrong vs; yet the life
Makes it appeare, a woman and a Wife.
And this is shee, if euer Woman shall
Doe good hereafter; borne to blesse our fall.

I. F.

ON

On Sir *Thomas Ouerburies* Poem, *the Wife.*

VVEre euery beauty, euery ſeuerall grace,
Which is in women, in one womans face,
Som courtly Gallãts might, I think, come to her,
Which would not wed her, tho they ſeem'd to woo her.
Settled affectiõs follow not the Eye,
Reaſon & Iudgement muſt their courſe deſcry.
Pigmalions Image made of marble ſtone,
Was lik'd of all, belou'd of him alone,
But here's a Dame growne husbandleſſe of late,
Which not a man but wiſhed were his Mate.
So faire without, ſo free from ſpot within,
That earth ſeemes here to ſtand exempt from ſin.
Iuno vouchſafe, and *Hymen*, when I wed,
I may behold this Widdow in my Bed.

D.T.

On the VVife.

BEauty affords contentment to the Eye,
Riches are meanes to cure a weake eſtate,
Honour illuſtrates what it commeth nie:
To marry thus, mẽ count it happy fate. (ſhroud,
Vertue they think doth in theſe Emblemes
But trial ſhewes the are gulled with a Cloud.

Theſe are but complements; the inward worth,
The outward carriage, geſture, wit, and grace,
Is that alone that ſets a Woman forth:
And in this woman, theſe haue each a place.
Were al wiues ſuch: This age would happy be,
But happier that of our Poſteritie.

D.T.

On the VVife.

VVEl haſt thou ſaid, that womẽ ſhould be (ſuch;
And were they that, had but a third as
I would be marri'd too, but that I know (much,
Not what ſhe is, but ſhould be thou doſt ſhow:
So let me praiſe thy worke, and let my life
Be ſingle, or thy Widdow be my wife.

X.Z.

On the Wife:

THis perfect Creature, to the Easterne vse
Liu'd, whilst a wife retir'd from common
Not that her Louer fear'd the least abuse, (show:
But with the wisest knew it fitter so:
Since, false a widdow, and a zealous one,
She would haue sacrifizde her selfe agen,
But importun'd to life, is now alone,
Lou'd, woo'd, admir'd, by all wise single men.
Which, to th' adultrous rest, that dare begin
Their vs'd temptations, were a mortall sinne.

To the Wife.

EXpos'd to all thou wilt lesse worthy seeme,
I feare: Wiues common, all men disesteeme;
Yet some things haue a differing Fate: some fret.
We doubt of wares which are in corners set:
Hid Medals rust, which being view'd grow bright;
The day more friendeth vertue then the night.
Thou tho more common, then maist seem more
I only wish thou maist be vnderstood. (good,

G.R.

XUM

To the cleane contrary Wife.

LOok here: & chide thoſe ſpirits which main-(taine
Their empire, with a ſtrong cõmand in you,
That all good eies, which do your follies view,
Pitty, what you for them muſt once ſuſtaine:
O from thoſe Euils, which free Soules diſdaine
To be acquainted with, (and but purſue (true.)
Worſt Minds) from them (as hatefull as vn-
By reading this, for Fames faire ſake refraine:
Who would let feed vpon her birth, the brood
Of lightneſſe, indiſcretion, and the ſhame
Of foule incontinence, when the baſe blood
Is careleſſe onely of an Honour'd Name?
Be all that gentle are, more high Improu'd,
For looſe Dames are but flatter'd, neuer Lou'd.

W. Stra.

F I were to chuſe a VVoman,
As who knowes but I may marry?
would truſt the eye of no man,
or a tongue that may miſcarry:
For in way of loue and Glory,
Each tongue beſt tells his owne ſtory.

irſt, to make my choyce the bolder,
would haue her childe to ſuch,
Vhoſe free vertu.s lyues are older
hen Antiquity can touch:
For tis ſeldome ſeene, that bloud
Giues a beauty great and good.

t an ancient ſtocke may bring
anches, I confeſſe, of worth,
ke rich mantles ſhadowing
oſe diſcents that brought them forth,
Yet ſuch Hills, though gilded ſhow,
Sooneſt feele the Age of ſnow.

Therefore

Therefore to preuent such care
That repentance soone may bring,
Like Marchants I would choose my ware,
Vse-full good, *not glittering.*
He that weds for state or face,
Buyes a Horse, to lose a Race.

Yet I would haue her faire as any,
But her owne not kist away:
I would haue her free to many,
Looke on all like equall day;
But descending to the Sea,
Make her set with none but me.

If shee be not tall, tis better;
For that word, A good ly Woman,
Prints it selfe in such a letter,
That it leaues vnstudied no man:
I would haue my Mistris grow,
Only tall to answer No.

I would not haue her loſe
much breeding, as to fling
becomming ſcorne on thoſe
hat muſt wo ſhip euery thing.
Let her feare looſe lookes to ſcatter:
And looſe men will ſoare to flatter.

hildren I would haue her beare,
tore for loue of name then bed:
each childe I haue his heyre
another mayden-head;
For ſhe that in the Act's afraid,
Euery night's another maide.

ch a one, as when ſhee's woo'd,
uſhes not for ill thoughts paſt;
t ſo innocently good,
hat her dreames are euer chaſte;
For that Maide that thinks a ſin
Has betraide the Fort ſhee's in.

XUM

Of the choyce of a Wife.

In my visitation still,
I would haue her scatter feares,
How this man, and that was ill,
After protestations Teares:
And who vowes a constant life,
Crownes a meritorious Wife.

VVhen the Priest first giues our hands,
I would haue her thinke but thus;
In what high and holy bands
Heauen, like twins, hath planted vs,
That like Aarons *rod, together*
Both may bud; grow greene, and wither.

An

An *Elegie* in praiſe of Sir *Thomas Ouerburie, and his* Poem.

TIs dangerous to be *good*: well may we praiſe
Honeſty, or *Innocence*; but who can raiſe
A pow'r, that ſhal ſecur't gainſt wrõgs to come,
When ſuch a *Saint* hath ſuffer'd *Martyrdome?*
Iniurious hands, which cauſe they could not get
The *gemme*, would therefore ſpoile the *Cabinet*.
But though the *cage* be broke, the *bird* is flowne
To *heauen* her proper and ſecurer home:
Where 'mongſt a quire of *Saints*, and *Cherubins*,
Of *Angels*, *Thrones*, and *Seraphins*, ſhe ſings
Thoſe ſacred *Haleluiahs*: heauen may boaſt
Thaue got that Angel there which we haue loſt:
But we ſhall ſtill complaine, for to vs *here*,
A *Saint* is more loſſe then a *Throne* is *there*.
That *Firmament* of holy *fires* which we
Inioy'd, whilſt thou wert, by enioying thee,
Yes now, rak't vp in *aſhes*, as the light
Of day, the Sunne once gon, is drownd in night.
But as the *Moone*, ſometime, the *Sun* being ſet,
Appeares, and we a new (though leſſe) light get;
Though our greateſt *lampe* of vertue be,
By cruell Fate *extinguiſhed*, in thee,
Yet to adde ſome freſh *oyle* t'our *ſnuffe* of life,
Thou haſt behinde thee, left a matchleſſe *Wife*:

VVho

Who hath (since that sad time her Husbād di'd
Beene woo'd by many, for a second bride:
But like a chaste religious widdow, she
Hauing lost her first mate, scornes *bigamie*.

P.B. *medij Temp.*

A *Statue* erected in memory o
Sir *Thomas Ouerbury* his *Wife*

VPon a *Marble* fram'd by th'cunningst han
In garments greene, and orient to behold,
Like a most louely *Virgin* let her stand,
And on her head a crowne of purest gold.
First, let religion in her hart haue place, (spring
As th' ground & fountaine whence all vertues
So that each thought being sanctified by Grac
The punishment t'escape, that's due to sinne.
Let *Beauty* (ioyn'd with modesty) appeare
Loues obiect in her face; and chastity
In her faire *eyes*, brighter then chrystal cleare,
Wherein life moues affections, led *thereby*.
In her hands *charity*, and at the right
The holy Angels let protecting be:

An

And at the left Gods mercies shining bright,
Distributing to each necessitie.
Let th'earth his riches yeeld to her, and more
The heauens their influence, and by the same
Vnto the blinde their sight let her restore;
Strength'ning the weak, & raising vp the lame,
Vnder her feete the Diuell and darknesse set,
Let Pride fast bound in chaines behinde her lye,
Base selfe-Loue, not appeare in place, and let
Foule-Lust, and *Enuy* from her presence flie,
And on her *Brest*, in golden letters write
Heauens best belou'd, earths chiefest delight.
(Wife,
He that (in's Choice) would meete with such a
Must vow virginity and single life.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerbury* and his WIFE.

ALL right, all wrong befals me through a Wife,
A Bad one gate me Death, a Good one Life.

C An

An *Elegy* vpon the Death of SIR *Thomas Ouerbury*

Knight, poysoned in the Tower.

HAdst thou like other Sirs and Knights of worth,
Sickned and dide, bin stretcht out, and laid forth,
After thy farewell Sermon taken earth,
And left no deed to praise thee, but thy birth,
Then Ouerbury, *by a passe of theirs,*
Thou might'st haue tyded hence in two houres teares,
Then had we worne the sprigs of memory
No longer then thy friends did Rosemary;
Or than the doale was eating for thy sake,
And thou hadst sunke in thine owne wine and cake;
But since it was so ordered and thought fit
By some who knew thy truth, and fear'd thy wit,
Thou shouldst be poisond; Death hath done thee grace,
Rancke thee aboue the region of thy place,
For none heares poyson nam'd, but makes reply
What Prince was that? what Statesman so did die?
In this thou hast out-dyde an Elegie,
Which were too narrow for posterity,
And thy strong poyson which did seeme to kill,
Working afresh in some Historians quill,
Shall now preserue thee longer ere thou rot,
Then could a Poem mixt with Antidot;

Nor

Nor needst thou truſt a Herauld with thy name,
That art the voyce of Iuſtice and of Fame;
Whilſt ſinne (deteſting her owne conſcience) ſtriues
To pay the vſe and intereſt of liues.
Enough of ryme, and might it pleaſe the Law,
Enough of blood; for naming liues I ſaw,
He that writes more of thee, muſt write of more,
Which I affect not, but referre men ore
To Tyburne, by whoſe Art they may define
What life of man is worth in valewing thine.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerburie.*

THough dumb, deaf, dead, I cry, I heare, I kil:
Thus growne a Politician 'gainſt my will.

F. M.

An *Elegy* on the late *Lord William Howard*, Baron of Effingham, dead *the tenth of December*, 1615.

I Did not know thee, Lord, nor doe I ſtriue
To winne acceſſe, or grace, with Lords aliue:
The dead I ſerue, from whence nor faction can
Mooue me, nor fauour: nor a greater man.
To whom no vice cómends me, nor bribe ſent,
From whom no Penance warnes, nor portion
To theſe I dedicate as much of me (ſpent,
As I can ſpare from my owne husbandry:
And till Ghoſts walk, as they were wont to doe,
I trade for ſome, and doe theſe errants too.
But firſt I doe enquire, and am aſſur'd,
What tryals in their Iourneys they endur'd,
What certainties of Honor & of worth, (forth,
Their moſt vncertaine Life-times haue brought
And whoſo did leaſt hurt of this ſmall ſtore,
He is my patron, di'd he rich or poore.
Firſt I will know of Fame (after his peace,
When Flattery and Enuy both doe ceaſe)
Who rul'd his actions: Reaſon, or my Lord?
Did the whole man relie vpon a word,
A badge of Title, or aboue all chance
Seem'd he as Ancient as his Cogniſance?

Whar did he? acts of mercy, and refraine
Oppreſſion in himſelfe, and in his Traine?
Was his eſſentiall Table full as free
As Boaſts and inuitations vſe to be?
Where if his Ruſſet-friend did chance to dine,
Whether his Satten-man would fill him wine.
Did he thinke periurie as lou'd a ſinne,
Himſelfe forſworne, as if his ſtaue had beene?
Did he ſeeke Regular pleaſures, was he knowne
Iuſt Husband of one VVife, and ſhe his owne?
Did he giue freely without pauſe, or doubt,
And read petitions, ere they were worne out?
Or ſhould his well-deſeruing *Clyent* aske,
VVould he beſtow a Tilting, or a Maske
To keep need vertuous? And that done not feare
VVhat Lady damn'd him for his abſence there?
Did he attend the Court for no mans fall?
VVore he the ruine of no Hoſpitall?
And when he did his rich apparrell don,
Put he no VVidow nor an Orphan on?
Did he loue ſimple vertue for the thing,
The King for no reſpect but for the King?
But aboue all, did his Religion waite
Vpon Gods Throne, or on the chaire of ſtate?
He that is guilty of no *Quare* here,
Out-laſts his Epitaph, out-liues his Heyre.
But there is none ſuch, none ſo little bad,
VVho but this negatiue goodneſſe euer had?

Of such a Lord we may expect the birth,
Hee's rather in the wombe then on the earth.
And 'twere a Crime in such a publike fate,
For one to liue well and degenerate:
And therefore I am angry, when a name
Comes to vpbraid the World like *Effingham*.
Nor was it modest in thee to depart
To thy eternall home, where now thou art;
Ere thy reproach was ready: or to die,
Ere custome had prepar'd thy calumny.
Eight dayes haue past since thou hast paid thy (debt
To sinne, and not a libell stirring yet,
Courtiers that scoffe by Patent, silent sit,
And haue no vse of Slander, or of wit: (tide,
But (which is monstrous) though against the
The Water-men haue neither rayld nor lide.
Of good and bad there's no distinction knowne,
For in thy praise the good and bad are one.
It seemes we all are couetous of Fame,
And hearing what a purchase of good name
Thou lately mad'st, are carefull to encrease
Our title by the holding of some lease (crue
From thee our Land-lord, and for that th' who'e
Speake now like Tenants ready to renew:
It were too sad to tell thy pedegree,
Death hath disordred all, misplacing thee,
Whilst now thy Herauld in his line of heyres
Blots out thy name, & fils the space with teares.

And

And thus hath cõqu'ring death, or nature rather
Made thee prepoſtrous ancient to thy Father,
Who grieues th'art ſo, and like a glorious light
Shines ore thy Hearſe.
He therefore that would write
And blaze thee throughly, may at once ſay all,
Here lies the Anchor of our Admirall.
Let others write for glory or reward,
Truth is well paid, when ſhe is ſung and heard.

Ad Comitiſſam Rutlandiæ.

MAdame, ſo may my verſes pleaſing be,
So you may laugh at them, and not at me.
'Tis ſomething to you gladly I would ſay,
But how to do't, I cannot find the way.
I would auoyd the common beaten waies
To Woman vſed, which are loue or praiſe:
As for the firſt, the little wit I haue,
Is not yet growne ſo neere vnto the graue,
But that I can by that dimme fading light,
Perceiue of what, and vnto whom I write.
Let ſuch as in a hopeleſſe witleſſe rage,
Can ſigh a quire, and read it to a Page;
Such as can make ten Sonnets ere they reſt,
When each is but a great blot at the beſt:
Such as do backs of books and windowes fill,
With their too furious Diamond or quill;

Such as were well resolu'd to end their daies,
With a loud laughter blowne beyond the Seas;
VVho are so mortifide, that they can liue
Contemn'd of all the world, and yet forgiue.
VVrite loue to you: I would not willingly
Be pointed at in euery company,
As was that little Taylor, who till death,
VVas hot in loue with *Qu. Elizabeth*,
And for the last in all my idle daies,
I neuer yet did liuing woman praise
In prose or verse: And when I doe beginne,
Ile picke some woman out, as full of sinne
As you are full of vertue, with a soule
As black, as yours is white: A face as foule
As yours is beautifull, for it shall be,
Out of the rules of Phisiognomie,
So farre, that I doe feare I must displace
The Art a little, to let in her face:
It shall at least foure Faces be below
The deuils; and her parched corps shall show,
In her loose skin, as if some sprite she were,
Kept in a bag by some great Coniurer:
Her breath shall be as horrible and vild,
As eu'ry word you speake is sweete and mild,
It shall be such a one, as will not be
Couer'd with any Art or policie.
But let her take all powders, fumes, and drinke,
She shall make nothing but a dearer stinke.

She

She ſhall haue ſuch a foot, and ſuch a noſe,
As will not ſtand in any thing but proſe:
If I beſtow my praiſes vpon ſuch,
Tis Charity and I ſhall merit much.
My praiſe will come to her like a full boule,
Beſtow'd at moſt need on a thirſty ſoule;
Where if I ſing your praiſes in my Ryme,
I loſe my Inke, my Paper, and my time;
And nothing adde to your o'reflowing ſtore,
And tel you nought but what you knew before.
Nor do the vertuous minded (which I ſweare,
Madame, I thinke you are) endure to heare
Their own perfections into queſtions brought,
But ſtop their Eares at them; for if I thought
You tooke a pride to haue your vertues known,
Pardon me, Madame, I ſhould think them none.
To what a length is this ſtrange letter growne,
In ſeeking of a ſubiect, yet finds none?
But your braue thoughts, which I much reſpect
Aboue your glorious Titles, ſhall accept
Theſe harſh diſorder'd Lines, I ſhall ere long
Dreſſe vp your vertues new, in a new ſong;
Yet far from all baſe praiſe and flattery,
Although I know what ere my Verſes be,
They will like the moſt ſernile flatt'rie ſhow,
If I write truth, and make the ſubiect you.

An

An Elegie on the Death of *the LADY Rutland.*

I May forget to drinke, to eate, to ſleepe,
Remembring thee, but when I do, to weepe
In wel weigh'd lines, that men ſhal at thy hearſe
Enuy the ſorrow which broght forth my verſe;
May my dull vnderſtandiug haue the might.
Onely to know her laſt was yeſternight?
Rutland the faire is dead, or if to heare
The name of *Sidney* will more force a teare,
Tis ſhe that is ſo dead; and yet there be
Some more aliue profeſſe not poetrie:
The Stateſmen and the Lawyers of our time
Haue buſineſſe ſtill, yet doe it not in rime:
Can ſhe be dead, and can there be of thoſe
That are ſo dull, to ſay their prayers in proſe?
It is three daies ſince ſhe did feele Deaths hand,
And yet this Iſle not call the Poets Land?
Hath this no new ones made, and are the old
At ſuch an needfull time as this growne cold?
They all ſay they would faine, but yet they plead
They cannot write, becauſe their Muſe is dead.
Heare me then ſpeak which will take no excuſe,
Sorrow can make a verſe without a Muſe.

Why

Why didſt thou die ſo ſoone? O pardon me,
I know, it was the longeſt life to thee,
That ere with modeſty was cald a ſpan,
Since the Almightie left to ſtriue with man;
Mankind is ſent to ſorrow; and thou haſt
More of the buſines which thou cam'ſt for paſt,
Then all thoſe aged Women which yet quicke
Haue quite out-liu'd their owne Arithmetick.
As ſoone as thou couldſt apprehend a griefe,
There were enow to meete thee, and the chiefe
Bleſſing of women; marriage was to thee
Nought but a ſacrament of Miſerie:
For whom thou hadſt, if we may truſt to Fame,
Could nothing change about thee, but thy name
A name which who (that were again to doo't)
Would change without a thouſād ioyes to boot:
In all things elſe: thou rather ledſt a life
Like a betrothed Virgin then a Wife.
But yet I would haue cald thy Fortune kind,
If it had onely tride the ſetled minde,
With preſent croſſes; Not the loathed thought
Of worſe to come, or paſt, then might haue
Thy beſt remēbrance to haue caſt an eie (wroght
Backe with delight vpon thine infancie:
But thou hadſt ere thou knewſt the vſe of teares
Sorrow laid vp againſt thou comſt to yeeres,
Ere thou wert able, who thou wert to tell,
By a ſad warre thy noble Father fell.

In

In a dull clime which did not vnderſtand
What 'twas to venture him, to ſaue a Land;
He left two children, who for vertue, wit,
Beauty, were lou'd of all; Thee and his wit;
Two was too few, yet death hath from vs took
Thee, a more faultleſſe iſſue, then his Booke,
Which now the onely liuing thing we haue
From him, wee'l ſee, ſhall neuer finde a graue
As thou haſt done: alas, would it might be,
That bookes their Sexes had as well as we,
That we might ſee this married to the worth,
And many Poems like it ſelfe bring forth:
But this vaine wiſh Diuinity controules,
For neither to the Angels, nor to ſoules,
Nor any thing he meant ſhould euer liue,
Did the wiſe God of Nature ſexes giue;
Then with his euerlaſting worke alone
We muſt content our ſelues ſince ſhe is gone;
Gone like the day thou dyed'ſt vpon, and we
May call that backe againe as ſoone as thee. (al
Who ſhould haue lookt to this, where were you
That doe your ſelues, the helpes of Nature call
Phyſicians? I acknowledge you were there
To ſell ſuch words as one in health would heare
So dyde ſhe: Curſt be he who ſhall defend
Your Art of haſtning Nature to an end.
In this you ſhew'd that Phyſicke can but be
At beſt, an Art, to cure your powertie.

Y'are

Y'are many of you Impoſtors, and doe giue
To ſicke men potions that your ſelues may liue.
He that hath ſurfeited, and cannot eate,
Muſt haue a med'cine to procure you meate,
And that's the deepeſt ground of all your skill,
Vnleſſe it be ſome knowledge how to kill.
Sorrow and madneſſe make my verſes flow
Croſſe to my vnderſtanding. For I know
You can doe wonders; euery day I meete
The looſer ſort of people in the ſtreet
From deſperate diſeaſes freed, and why
Reſtore you them, and ſuffer her to dye?
Why ſhould the State allow you Colledges,
Penſions for Lectures, and Anatomies?
If all your potions, vomits, letting blood,
Can onely cure the bad, and not the good?
Which onely they can doe, and I will ſhow
The hidden reaſon why, you did not know
The way to cure her. You beleeu'd her blood
Ran in ſuch courſes as you vnderſtood,
By Lectures you beleeu'd her Arteries;
Grew as they doe in your Anatomies,
Forgetting that the State allowes you none,
But only whores and theeues to practiſe on:
And euery paſſage about them. I am ſure
You vnderſtood, and onely them can cure,
Which is the cauſe that both ——
Are noted for enioying ſo long liues.

But

But noble blood treades in too ſtrange a path
For your ill-got Experience; and hath
Another way of cure. If you haue ſeene
Penelope diſſected, or the Queene
Of *Sheba*, then you might haue found a way
To haue preſerued from that fatall day.
As tis. You haue but made her ſooner bleſt,
By ſending her to heauen, where let her reſt.
I will not hurt the peace which ſhee ſhould
By longer looking in her quiet graue. (haue

FINIS.

THE METHOD.

First, of Marriage, and the effect thereof; Children. Then of his country, Luſt; *then for his choyce, firſt, in opinion negatiuely, what ſhould not be: the Firſt, cauſes of it, that is, neither* Beauty, Birth, *nor* Portion. *Then affirmatiue, what ſhould be, of which kind there are foure:* Goodneſſe, Knowledge, Diſcretion, *and as a ſecond thing,* Beauty. *The firſt onely abſolutely good: the other being built vpon the firſt, doe likewiſe become ſo. Then the application of that woman by loue to himſelfe, which makes her a Wife. And laſtly, the only condition of a Wife,* Fitneſſe.

A WIFE.

EAch Woman is a *briefe* of Womankind,
And doth in little euen as much containe,
As, in one Day and Night, all life we find,
Of either, More, is but the ſame againe:
God fram'd Her ſo, that to her *Husband* She,
As *Eue*, ſhould all the *world of woman be.*

So

So fram'd he *Both*, that *neither* power he gaue
Vſe of themſelues, but by *exchange* to make:
Whence in their face, the *Faire* no pleaſure haue
But by *reflex* of what thence *other* take.
Our Lips in their owne Kiſſe no pleaſure find
Toward their proper Face, our eies are blind

So God in *Eue* did *perfect* Man, *begun*;
Till then, in vaine much of himſelfe he had:
In *Adam*, God created onely *one*,
Eue & the *world to come*, in *Eue* he made. (ſtraies
We are *two halfes*: whiles each from other
Both barren are; *Ioind*, *both* their *like* can raiſe

At firſt, both *Sexes* were in *Man* combinde,
Man, *She-Man* did in his body breed;
Adam was *Eues*, *Eue* Mother of Mankinde,
Eue from *Liue-fleſh*, Man did from *Duſt* proceed
One, thus made *two*, *Marriage* doth re-vnite,
And maks them but both one *Hermaphrodite*

Ma

Man did but the *well-being* of this life
From *Woman* take; her *Being* shee from *Man*:
And therefore *Eue* created was a Wife,
And at the end of all her *Sex*, began:
Marriage their obiect is: their *Being* then,
And now *Perfection*, they receiue from *Men*.

Marriage; to all whose ioyes *two parties* be,
And *doubled* are by being parted so,
Wherein the very *All* is Chastitie,
Whereby *two soules* into *one Body* go.
Which makes *two*, *one*; while here they liuing be
And after death in their *posterity*.

God to *each Man a priuate Woman* gaue,
That in that *Center* his *desires* might stint,
That he a *comfort* like himselfe might haue,
And that on her *his like* he might *imprint*.
Double is Womans *vse*, part of their end,
Doth on *this Age*, part on the *next* depend.

A WIFE.

In the Degrees, high rather, be she plaſt,
Of *Nature*, then of *Art*, and *Poſy*:
Gentry is but a *relique* of time paſt:
And Loue doth only but the *preſent* ſee;
Things were firſt made then *words*, ſhe were the
With, or *without*, *that title* or that name.

As for (the oddes of Sexes) *Portion*,
Nor will I ſhun it, nor may aime it make;
Birth, *Beauty*, *Wealth*, nothing worth alone,
All theſe I would for *good additions* take,
Nor for *Good parts*; thoſe *two* are ill combin'd,
Whom, any *third* thing fro *themſelues* hath ioin'd

Rather then theſe the obiect of my *Loue*,
Let it be *Good*, when theſe with vertue go,
They (in themſelues *indifferent*) vertues proue,
For *Good* (like fire) turnes all things to be ſo.
Gods Image in Her *Soule*, O let me place
My *Loue* vpon not *Adams* in her *Face*.

Good, is a fairer attribute then *White*,
Tis the *mindes Beauty* keeps the *other* sweete;
That's not still one, nor mortall with the light,
Nor glosse, nor painting can it counterfeit:
Nor doth it raise desires, which euer tend
At once, to their perfection and their end.

By *Good* I would haue *Holy* vnderstood,
So *God* shee cannot loue, but also *mee*,
The Law requires our *words* and *deeds* be good,
Religion euen the *Thoughts* doth sanctifie:
As shee is *more* a *Maid* that *ranisht* is,
Then Shee which onely doth but *wish amisse*.

Lust onely by *Religion* is withstood,
Lusts obiect is aliue, his strength within;
Mortality resists but in *cold blood*;
Respect of *Credit*, feareth *shame*, not *sin*.
But no place *darke enough* for such offence
She findes, thats *watch*, by her owne *conscience*.

A WIFE.

But Phyſicke for our *luſt* their bodies be,
But matter fit to ſhew our loue vpon:
But onely *ſhells* for our *poſterity*,
Their ſoules were giu'n leſt men ſhould be alone:
For but the *Soules Interpreters*, *words be*,
Without which *Bodies* are no company.

That *goodly frame* we ſee of fleſh and blood,
Their *faſhion* is not *weight*; it is I ſay
But their *Lay-part*; but well diſgeſted food;
This but twixt *Duſt*, *and Duſt*, *liues middle way*:
The worth of it is nothing that is *ſeen*,
But only that it holds a *Soule* within.

And all the earnall *Beauty* of my VVife,
Is but skin-deepe, but to *two ſenſes* knowne;
Short euen of pictures, ſhorter liu'd the Life,
And yet the *loue* ſuruiues, that's built thereon:
For our *Imagination* is too high,
For *Bodies* when they meet, to ſatisfie.

A WIFE.

All Shapes, all Colours, are *alike* in *Night*,
Nor doth our *Touch* distinguish *foule or faire*;
But mans *imagination*, and his *sight*,
And those, but the first weake; by Custome are
Both made alike, which differed at first *view*,
Nor can that difference *absence* much renew.

Nor can that *Beauty*, lying in the *Face*,
But meerely by *imagination* be
Enioy'd by vs, in an *inferiour place*.
Nor can that *Beauty* by *enioying we*
Make *ours become*; so our *desire* growes tame,
We changed are, but it remaines the same.

Birth, lesse then *Beauty*, shall my reason blinde,
Her *Birth* goes to my *Children*, not to me:
Rather had I that *alliue Gentrie* finde,
Vertue, then *passiue* from her Ancestry;
Rather in *her aliue* one vertue see,
Then all the rest dead in her *Pedigree*.

A WIFE.

We fill but *part* of *time*, and cannot dye,
Till we the world a *fresh supply* haue lent:
Children are Bodies sole *Eternity*;
Nature is *Gods*, *Art* is *mans* instrument.
Now all *mans Art* but only dead things makes
But herein *men* in things of *life* partakes.

For wandring *Lust*; I know tis infinite,
It still *begins*, and addes not more to more.
The *guilt* is euerlasting, the *delight*,
This instant doth not feele, of *that* before.
The *taste* of it is onely in the *Sense*,
The *operation* in the *Conscience*.

Woman is not *Lusts bounds*, but *Womans kinde*;
One is *Loues number*: who from that doth fall,
Hath lost his hold, and no *new rest* shall finde;
Vice hath no meane, but not to be at all.
A *Wife* is that *enough*, *Lust* cannot finde;
For *Lust* is still with *want*, or *too much*, *pinde*.

Bate *Luſt* the Sin, my ſhare is cu'n with his,
For *Not to luſt*, and to *Enuy* is one:
And more or leſſe paſt, *equall* Nothing is;
I ſtill haue *one*, Luſt *one at once*, alone:
And though the woman often changed be,
Ye Hee's the ſame without variety.

Marriage our *luſt* (as twere with fuell fire)
Doth, with a medicine *of the ſame*, allay;
And not *forbid*, but *rectifie deſire*.
My ſelfe I cannot chuſe, *my wife* I may:
And in the choiſe of *Her*, it much doth lye,
To mend my ſelfe in my poſterity.

Or rather let me *Loue*, then *be in loue*;
So let me chuſe, as *Wife* and *friend* to finde,
Let me forget her *Sex*, when I *approoue*:
Beauty is neereſſe lies in *ſhape*, but *ours* in *minde*:
Our *Soules no Sexes* haue, their Loue is cleane,
No *Sex*, both in the *better part* are *men*.

Then may I truſt her *Body* with her *mind*,
And, thereupon ſecure neede neuer know
The pangs of *Iealouſie*: and *Loue* doth find
More paine to *doubt* her falſe, then *know* her ſo:
For *Patience* is, of euils that are knowne,
The certaine Remedie; but *Doubt* hath none.

And be that thought *once* ſtirr'd, twill neuer die:
Nor will the griefe more milde by cuſtome proue,
Nor yet *Amendment* can it ſatisfie.
The *Anguiſh* more or leſſe, is *as our loue*;
This miſerie doth *Iealouſie* enſue,
That we may prooue her *falſe*, but cannot *True*.

Suſpicions may the will of *Luſt* reſtraine,
But *God* preuents from hauing ſuch a *will*;
A *Wife* that's *Good*, doth *Chaſt and more* containe,
For *Chaſt* is but an *Abſtinence* from ill:
And in a *Wife* that's *Bad*, although the *beſt*
Of qualities; yet in a *Good* the *laſt*.

To

To beare the meanes is *Care*, not *Iealousie*:
Some *lawfull* things to be auoyded are,
When they *occasion* of *vnlawfull* bee:
Lust ere it hurts, is best descryd afarre:
Lust is a sinne *of two*; hee that is sure
Of *either* part, may be of *both* secure.

Giue me next *Good*, an *vnderstanding Wife*,
By Nature *wise*, not *Learned* by much Art,
Some *Knowledge* on Her side, will all my life
More scope of conuersation impart:
Besides her inborne vertue fortifie.
They are most firmly good, that best know why.

A *passiue vnderstanding* to conceiue,
And iudgement to discerne, I wish to finde:
Beyond that, all as hazardous I leaue;
Learning and *pregnant wit* in woman-kinde,
What it findes malleable, makes fraile,
And doth not adde more *ballast*, but more *saile*.

Domesticke

Where *goodneſſe* failes, twixt ill and ill *that* ſtands:
Whence tis, that *women* though they weaker be,
And their deſire mores ſtrong, yet on their hands
The *Chaſtity* of *men* doth often lye:
Luſt would more common be then any one,
Could it as other ſinnes be done *alone*.

All theſe *good parts* a *Perfect woman* make:
Adde *Loue to me*, they make a *Perfect Wife*:
VVithout her *Loue*, Her *Beauty* ſhould I take,
As that of *Pictured*; dead; *That* giues it life:
Till then Her *Beauty* like the Sun doth ſhine
Alike to all; *That* makes it, onely *mine*.

And of that *Loue*, let *Reaſon Father* be,
And *Paſſion Mother*; let it from the one
His *Being* take, the other his *Degree*;
Selfe-loue (which ſecond Loues hath built vpon)
VVill make *me* (if not *Her*) her loue reſpect;
No man but fauours his owne worths effect.

A

A WIFE.

As *Good* and *wise*; so be shee *Fit* for mee,
That is, To *will*, and *Nor to will* the same,
My *Wife* is my *Adopted selfe*, and shee
As Me, so what I loue, to Loue must frame.
For when by Marriage both in one concurre,
A Woman conuerts to man, not man to her.

FINIS.

The Authours Epitaph, written by himselfe.

THe *Span* of my daies measur'd, here I rest,
That is my *body*, but my *soule* his *guest*;
Is hence ascended: whither, neither Time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but onely Loue can clime;
Where being now enlightned, Shee doth know
The Truth of all, men argue of below:
Onely this dust doth here in pawne remaine,
That, when the world dissolues, shee come againe.

A WIFE.

So faire at leaſt let me imagine Her;
That thought to *me*, is *Truth*: *opinion*
Cannot in matter of *opinion* erre;
With no eyes ſhall I ſee her but *mine owne*.
And as my *Fancy Her* conceiues tobe,
Euen ſuch my Senſes both, doe *Feele* and *See*.

The *Face* we may the ſeat of *Beauty* call,
In it the relliſh of the reſt doth lye,
Nay eu'n a figure of the *Minde* withall:
And of the *Face*, the *Life* moues in the *Eye*;
No things elſe, being *two* ſo like we ſee,
So like, that they, *two* but in number, be.

Beauty in *decent ſhape*, and *Colours* lies.
Colours the *matter* are, and *ſhape* the *Soule*;
The *Soule*, which from no ſingle part doth riſe,
But from the iuſt proportion of the *whole*,
And is a meere *ſpirituall harmony*,
Of euery part vnited in the *Eye*.

A WIFE.

ne is a kinde of *Superſtition*,
Which feares the Idoll which it ſelfe hath fram'd:
ſt a Deſire, which rather from his *owne*
emper, then from the obiect is inflam'd:
Beauty is Loues *obiect*; *Woman* Luſt's to gaine;
Loue, Loue Deſires; *Luſt*, onely to *obtaine*.

o circumſtance doth *Beauty* beautifie,
ke graceſull *faſhion*, natiue *Comelineſſe*.
ay cu'n gets pardon for *Deformity*;
Art cannot beget, but may encreaſe;
When *Nature* had fixt *Beauty*, perfect made,
Something ſhee left for *Motion* to adde.

ut let that *Faſhion* more to *modeſty*
end, then *Aſſurance*: *Modeſty* doth ſet
he face in her iuſt place, from *Paſſions* free,
is both the *Mindes*, and *Bodies beauty met*;
But *Modeſty* no vertue can we ſee;
That is the faces onely *Chaſtity*.

A WIFE.

Domesticke Charge doth best that *Sex* befit,
Contagious busines; so to fire the Minde,
That *Leysure* place for *Fancies* not admit:
Their *Leysure* 'tis corrupteth *Woman-kind*:
Else, being plac'd from many vices free,
They had to Heau'n a shorter cut then we.

Bookes are a part of mans prerogatiue,
In formall In'e they *Thoughts* and *Voyces* hold,
That we to them our solitude may giue,
And make *Time-present* trauell that of *old*.
Our life, *Fame* peeceth longer at the end,
And *Bookes* it farther backward do extend.

As *good*, and knowing let her be *Discreete*,
That, to the others *weight*, doth *Fashion* bring;
Discretion doth consider what is *Fit*.
Goodnesse but what is *lawfull*; but the *Thing*,
Not *Circumstances*; *Learning* is and *wit*,
In men, but *curious folly without it*.

A WIFE.

To keepe their Name, when 'tis in others hands,
Discretion askes; their *Credit* is by farre
More *fraile* then *They*: on likelihoods it ſtands,
And hard to be diſprou'd, *Luſts ſlanders* are.
Their *Carriage*, not their *Chaſtity* alone,
Muſt keepe their *Name* chaſte from *ſuſpition*.

Womans *Behauiour* is a ſurer barre
Then is their *No*: *That* fairely doth *deny*,
Without *denying*; *thereby* kept they are
Safe eu'n from *Hope*; in part to blame is ſhee,
Which hath *without conſent* bin only tride;
He comes *too neere*, that comes to be *denide*.

Now ſince a *Woman* wee to *marry* are,
A *Soule* and *Body*, not a *Soule* alone,
When one is *Good*, then be the other *Faire*;
Beauty is *Health* and *Beauty*, both in one;
Be ſhe ſo faire, as change can yeeld no gaine;
So faire, as ſhe moſt *Woman* elſe containe.

XUM

Characters.

OR,

Wittie descriptions of the properties of sundry persons.

A good Woman.

A Good Woman is a comfort, like a man. Shee lacks of him nothing but heat. Thence is her sweetnesse of disposition which meetes his stoutnesse more pliingly; so wooll meets Iron easier then Iron, and turnes

resisting into embracing. Her greatest learning is religion, and her thoughts are on her owne *Sex*, or on men, without casting the difference. *Dishonestie* neuer comes neerer then her eares, and then wonder stops it out, and saues vertue the labour. Shee leaues the neat youth, telling his *lushious* tales, and puts backe the *Seruing-mans* putting forward, with a frowne: yet her kindnes is free enough to bee seen, for it hath no guilt about it: and her mirth is cleare, that you may looke through it, into vertue, but not beyond. She hath not behauiour at a certaine, but makes it to her occasion. She hath so much knowledge as to loue it; and if she haue it not at home, shee will fetch it, for this sometimes in a pleasant discontent shee dares chide her *Sex*, though she vse it neuer the worse. Shee is much within, and frames outward things to her minde, not her minde to them. She weares good cloathes, but neuer better; for shee findes no degree beyond *Decencie*. Shee hath a content of her

her owne, and ſo ſeekes not an husband, but findes him. She is indeed moſt, but not much of diſcription, for ſhee is direct and one, and hath not the variety of ill. Now ſhe is giuen freſh and aliue to a Husband, and ſhee doth nothing more then loue him, for ſhee takes him to that purpoſe. So his good becomes the buſineſſe of her actions, and ſhee doth her ſelfe kindneſſe vpon him. After his, her chiefeſt vertue is a good husband. For *She is Hee.*

A very Woman

A *Very Woman*, is a dow-bak't man, or a *She* meant well towards man, but fell two bowes ſhort, *ſtrength* and *vnderſtanding*. Her vertue is the hedge, *Modeſty*, that keepes a man from climbing ouer into her faults. Shee ſimpers as if ſhee had no teeth but lips: and ſhe diuides her eyes, and keepes halfe for

her selfe, and giues the other to her neat *Youth*. Being set downe, shee casts her face into a platforme, which dureth the meale, & is taken away with the voider. Her draught reacheth to good manners, not to thirst, and it is a part of their mystery not to professe hunger; but *Nature* takes her in priuate and stretcheth her vpon meat. Shee is *Marriageable* and *Foureteene* at once; and after shee doth not liue, but tarry. Shee reads ouer her face euery morning, and sometimes blots out pale, and writes red. She thinks she is faire, though many times her opinion goes alone, and she loues her glasse, and the Knight of the Sunne for lying. She is hid away all but her face, & that's hang'd about with toyes and deuices, like the signe of a Tauerne, to draw *Strangers*. If shee shew more, shee preuents desire, and by too free giuing, leaues no *Gift*. Shee may escape from the Seruing-man, but not from the Chamber-maide. Shee commits with her eares for certaine: after that shee may

may goe for a maide, but she hath beene lyen with, in her vnderstanding. Her *Philosophy*, is a seeming neglect of those, that be too good for her. Shee's a younger brother for her portion, but not for her portion for wit, that comes from her in a treble, which is still too bigge for it; yet her *Vanitie* seldome matcheth her, with one of her owne degree, for then shee will beget another creature a begger, and commonly, if she marry better she marries worse. She gets much by the simplicity of her Sutor, and for a iest, laughs at him without one. Thus shee dresses a husband for he selfe, and after takes him for his patience, and the Land adioyning, yee may see it; in a Seruing-mans fresh *Naperie*, and his Leg steps into an vnknowne stocking. I neede not speake of his *Garters*, the tassell shewes it selfe. If shee loue, she loues not the Man, but the best of him. Shee is *Salomons* cruell creature, and a mans walking consumption: euery candle she giues him, is a purge. Her chiefe

commendation is, ſhee brings a man to repentance.

Her next part.

Her lightneſſe gets her to ſwim at top of the table, where her wrie little finges bewraies *caruing*; her neighbors at the latter end know they are welcome, and for that purpoſe ſhe quencheth her thirſt. She trauels to and among, and ſo becomes a woman of good entertainment, for all the follie in the Country comes in cleane Linnin to viſit her: ſhe breaks to them her grieſe in ſuger cakes, and receiues from their mouthes in exchange many ſtories that conclude to no purpoſe. Her eldeſt Son is like her howſoeuer, and that diſpraiſeth him beſt: her vtmoſt drift is to turne him Foole, which commonly ſhee obtaines at the yeeres of diſcretion. She takes a iourney ſometimes to her Neeces houſe, but neuer thinkes beyond *London*. Her *Deuotion* is good clothes, they carry her to Church, expreſſe their ſtuffe and faſhi-

on

on, and are silent if she be more deuout, she lifts vp a certain number of eyes, in steed of prayers, and takes the Sermon, and measures out a nap by it, iust as long. Shee sends Religion afore to *Sixtie*, where she neuer ouertakes it, or driues it before her againe: Her most necessary instruments are a *wating Gentle woman*, and a *Chamber-maide*; thee weares her Gentlewoman stil, but most often leaues the other in her Chamber window. She hath a little *Kennell* in her lap, and shee smels the sweeter for it. The vtmost reach of her *Prouidence*, is the fatnesse of a Capon, and her greatest enuy, is the next Gentlewomans better Gowne. Her most commend ble skill, is to make her Husbands fustian beare her Veluet. This she doth many times ouer. and then is deliuered to old Age and a Chaire, where euery body leaues her.

A dissembler

I San essence needing a double definition, for he is not that he appeares. Vnto the eye he is pleasing, vnto the eare he is harsh, but vnto the vnderstanding intricate, and full of windings: hee is the *prima materia*, and his intents giue him forme, hee dyeth his meanes and his meaning into two colors, he baits craft with humility, and his countenance is the pictur of the present disposition. He wins not by battery, but vndermining, and his racke is smoothing. He allures, is not allur'd by his affections, for they are the broakers of his obseruation. He knowes passion onely by sufferance, and resisteth by obeying. He makes his time an accomptant to his memory, and of the humors of men weaues a net for occasion: the inquisitor must looke thorow his iudgement, for to the eye onely he is not visible.

A Courtier.

A Courtier

TO all mens thinking is a man, and to moſt men the fineſt: all things elſe are defined by the vnderſtanding, but this by the ſences; but his ſureſt marke is, that hee is to bee found onely about Princes. Hee ſmels; and putteth away much of his iudgement about the ſituation of his clothes. He knowes no man that is not genrally knowne. His wit, like the *Marigold*, openeth with the *Sun*, and therefore he riſeth not before ten of the clocke. He puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronunciation than his words. *Occaſion* is his *Cupid*, and he hath but one recept of making loue. He followes nothing bnt inconſtancy, admires nothing but beauty, honors nothing but fortune. Loues nothings. The ſuſtenance of his diſcourſe is Newes, and his cenſure like a ſhot depends vpon the charging. Hee

is

is not, if he be out of Court, but fish-like breathes distruction, if out of his element. Neither his motion, or aspect are regular, but hee mooues by the vpper *Spheares*, and is the reflection of higher substances.

If you find him not here, you shall in *Pauls*, with a picke tooth in his Hat, a cape cloake, and a long stocking.

A Golden Asse

IS a young thing, whose Father went to the Diuell; he is followed like a sa bitch, and limb'd by him that gets vp first; his disposition is cut, and knaues rent him like Tenter-hookes; hee is a blind as his mother, and swallowes flat terers for friends. He is high in his own imagination; but that imagination is a a stone, that is raised by violence, dis cends naturally. When he goes, he look who lookes: if he finds not good store vailers

ilers, hee comes home ſtiffe and ſeer, ntill hee be new oyled aud watered by is husbandmen. Whereſoeuer he cates hath an officer, to warne men not to like out of his element, and his owne is ceeding ſenſible, becauſe it is ſenſuall; ut hee cannot exchange a peece of rea-n, though he can a peece of gold. He naught pluckt, for his feathers are his eauty, and more then his beauty; they e his diſcretion, his countenance, his ll. Hee is now at an end, for hee hath d the Wolfe of vaine glory, which he d, vntill himſelfe became the food.

A Flatterer

S the ſhadow of a Foole. Hee is a good woodw-man, for he ſingleth out none t the wealthy. His carriage is euer of e colour of his patient; and for his xe hee will halt or weare a wrie necke. ee diſpraiſeth nothing but pouertie, and

and ſmall drinke, and praiſeth his grac
of making water. Hee ſelleth himſelfe
with reckoning his great Friends, an
teacheth the preſent, how to winne hi
praiſes by reciting the other gifts: hee i
ready for all imployments, but eſpeciall
before Dinner, for his courage and hi
ſtomacke go together. He will play an
vpon his countenance, and where he
cannot be admitted for a counſeller, he
will ſerue as a foole. He frequents th
Court of Wards and Ordinaries, and fit
theſe gueſts of *Togæ virilis*, with wiue
or whores. He entreth young men int
acquaintance with debt-bookes. In
word, hee is the impreſſion of the la
term, and will be ſo, vntill the commin
of a new terme or termer.

An ignorant Glory-hunter

IS an *inſectum animal*; for hee is th
maggot of opinion, his behauiour i
another thing from himſelfe, and i
glewed

lewed, and but ſet on. He entertaines men with repetitions, and returnes them their owne words. He is ignorant of nothing, no not of thoſe things, where ignorance is the leſſer ſhame. He gets the names of good wits, and vtters them for his companions. He confeſſeth vices that he is guiltleſſe of, if they be in faſhion? dares not ſalute a man in old clothes, or out of faſhion. There is not a publike aſſembly without him, and he will take any paines for an acquaintance there. In any ſhew hee will be one, though he be but a whiffler, or a torch-bearer; and beares downe ſtrangers with the ſtory of his actions. He handles nothing that is not rare, and defends his wardrobe, diet, and all cuſtomes, with entituling their beginnings from princes, great Souldiers, and ſtrange Nations. He dares ſpeake more then he vnderſtands, and aduentures his words with out the reſpect of any ſeconds. He relates battels, and skirmiſhes, as from an eye witneſſe, when his eyes theeuiſhly beguiled a bal-

lad

lad of them. In a word, to make sure admiration, he will not let himselfe v derstand himselfe, but ho es fame an opinion will be the Readers of his Ri dles.

A Timist

IS a noune Adiective of the present ten He hath no more of a conscience th Feare, and his religion is not his but t Princes. He reuerenceth a Courti Seruants seruant. Is first his own Slau and then whosoeuer looketh big; wh he giues he curseth, and when he sels h worships. Hee reades the statutes in h Chamber, and weares the Bible in t streetes: he neuer praiseth any, but b fore themselues or friends: and misli no great mans actions during his li His new-yeeres gifts are ready at *Al lomas*, and the sute he meant to medita before them. He pleaseth the children

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great men, and promiſeth to adopt them; and his curteſie extends it ſelfe euen to the ſtable. Hee ſtraines to talke wiſely, and his modeſty would ſerue a Bride. He is grauity from the head to the foot; but not from the head to the heart: you may finde what place he affecteth, for he creepes as neere it as may be, an as paſſionately courts it; if at any time his hopes be affected, hee ſwelleth with them; and they burſt out too good for the veſſell. In a word, he danceth to the tune of fortune, and ſtudies for no thing but to keepe time.

An Amoriſt

IS a cerain blaſted or planet-ſtrooken, and is the Dog that leades blinde *Cupid*; when hee is at the beſt, his faſhion exceeds the worth of his weight. He is euer without verſes, and muske comfects; and ſighs to the hazzard of his but-

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tons; his eyes are all whit, either to weare the liuerie of his mistris complexion, or to keepe *Cupid* from hitting the blacke. He fights with passion, and loseth much of his blood by his weapon; dreames, thence his paleneſſe. His armes are careleſly vſed, as if their beſt vſe was nothing but embracements. He is vntruſt, vnbutned and vngartered, not out of careleſneſſe, but care; his farthest end being but going to bed. Some times he wraps his petition in neatneſſe, but he goeth not alone; for thē he makes ſome other qualitie moralize his affection, and his trimneſſe is the grace of that grace. Her fauour lifts him vp, as the Sun moiſture; when ſhe disfauours, vnable to hold that happineſſe, it falles downe in teares; his fingers are his Orators, and hee expreſſeth much of himſelfe vpon ſome inſtrument. He anſweres not, or not to the purpoſe; and no maruell, for he is not at home. He ſcotcheth time with dancing with his Miſtris, taking vp of her gloue, and wearing her feather

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XUM

hee is confinde to her colour, and dares not passe out of the circuit of her memory. His imagination is a foole, and it goeth in a pyde-coat of red and white: shortly, he is translated out of a man into folly; his imagination is the glasse of lust, and himselfe the traitor to his own discretion.

An Affectate Traueller

IS a speaking fashion; hee hath taken paines to be ridiculous, and hath seen more then he hath perceiued. His Attire speakes *French* or *Italian*, & his *gate* cries, *Behold me.* Hee censures all things by countenances, and shrugs, and speakes his owne language with shame and lisping: he will choake, rather then confesse *Beere* good drinke; and his pick-tooth is a maine part of his behauiour. Hee chuseth rather to be counted a *Spie*, than not a *Politician*: and maintaines his reputati-

on by naming great men familiarly. He chuſeth rather to tell lies, then not wonders, and talkes with men ſingly: his diſcourſe ſounds big, but meanes nothing: & his boy is bound to admire him howſoeuer. He comes ſtill from great Perſonages, but goes with mean. Hee takes occaſion to ſhew iewels giuen him in regard of his vertue, that were bought in S. *Martines*: and not long after hauing with a *Mountbanks* method, pronounced them worth thouſands, impawneth them for a few ſhillings. Vpon feſtiuall dayes he goes to Court, & ſalutes without reſaluting: at night in an Ordinary he canuaſſeth the buſineſſe in hand, and ſeems as conuerſant with all intents and plots as if he begot them. His extraordinary account of men is, firſt to tell the the ends of all matters of conſequence, and then to borrow money of them; he offers courteſies, to ſhew them, rather then himſelfe humble. Hee diſdaines all things aboue his reach, and preferreth all Countries before his owne. He imputeth

puteth his want and pouerty to the ignorance of the time, not his owne vnworthineſſe: and concludes his diſcourſe with halfe a period, or a word, & leaues the reſt to imagination. In a word, his religion is faſhion, and both body & ſoule are gouerned by fame, hee loues moſt voices aboue truth.

A Wiſeman

IS the truth of the true definition of man, that is, a reaſonable creature. His diſpoſition alters, hee alters not. Hee hides himſelfe with the attire of the vulgar; and in indifferent things is content to be gouerned by them. He lookes according to nature, ſo goes his behauior. His mind enioyes a continuall ſmoothneſſe: ſo commeth it, that his conſideration is alwaies at home. He endures the faults of all men ſilently, except his friends, and to them he is the mirrour of

their actions; by this meanes, his peace commeth not from Fortune, but himselfe. He is cunning in men, not to surprize, but keepe his owne, and beates off their ill affected humours, no otherwise than if they were flyes. He chuseth not friends by the Subsidy-book, and is not luxurious after acquaintance. He maintaines the strength of his body, not by delicates, but temperance; and his minde, by giuing it preheminence ouer his body. He vnderstands things not by their forme, but qualities; and his comparisons intend not to excuse, but to prouoke him higher. He is not subiect to casualities; for Fortune hath nothing to do with the mind, except those drowned in the body: but hee hath diuided his soule from the case of his soule, whose weakenesse hee assists no otherwise than commiseratiuely, not that it is his, but that it is. He is thus, and will be thus; and liues subiect neither to Time nor his frailties; the seruant of vertue, and by vertue, the friend of the highest.

A Noble Spirit.

HAth ſurueied and fortified his diſpoſition, and conuerts all occurrents into experience, betweene which experience and his r aſon, there is marriage; the iſſue are his actions. He circuits his intents, & ſeeth the end before he ſhot. Men are the inſtruments of his Art, and there is no man without his vſe: occaſiō incites him, none enticeth him: and he mooues by affection, not for affection; he loues glory, ſcornes ſhame, and gouerneth and obeyeth with one countenance; for it comes from one conſideration. He cals not the variety of the world chances, for his meditation hath trauelled ouer them; and his eye mounted vpon his vnderſtanding, ſeeth them as things vnderneath He couers not his body with delicacies, nor excuſeth theſe delicacies by his body, but teacheth it, ſince it is not able to defeud its owne

imbecillity to ſhew or ſuffer. He liceneeth not his weakeneſſe, to weare Fate, but knowing reaſon to be no idle gift of Nature, hee is the Steeres-man of his owne deſtiny. Truth is the Goddeſſe, and hee takes paines to get her, not to looke like her. He knowes the condition of the world, that he muſt act one thing like another, and then another. To theſe he carries his deſires, and not his deſires him; and ſticks not faſt by the way (for that contentment is repentance) but knowing the circle of all courſes, of all intents, of al things, to haue but one center or period, without all diſtraction, he haſteth thither & ends there, as his true and naturall element. He doth not contemne Fortune, but not confeſſe her. He is no Gameſter of the world (which only complaine & praiſe her) but being only ſenſible of the honeſty of actions, contemnes a particular profit as the excrement of ſcum. Vnto the ſociety of men he is a *Sunne*, whoſe cleareneſſe directs their ſteps in a regular motion: when he is

is more particular, hee is the wise mans friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus time goeth not from him, but with him: and hee feeles age more by the strength of his soule, than the weakenesse of his body; thus feeles he no paine, but esteemes all such things as friends, that desire to file off his fetters, and helpe him out of prison.

An Old man

IS a thing that hath been a man in his daies. Old men are to be known blindfolded: for their talke is as terrible as their resemblance. They praise their own times as vehemently, as if they would sell them. They become wrinckled with frowning and facing youth; they admire their old customes, euen to the eating of red herring, and going wetshod. They cast the thumbe vnder the girdle, Grauitie; and because they can

hardly ſmel at all, their Poſies are vnder their girdles. They count it an ornament of ſpeech, to cloſe the period with a Cough; and it is venerable (they ſay) to ſpend time in wiping their driueled beards. Their diſcourſe is vnanſwerable, by reaſon of their obſtinacy: their ſpeech is much, though little to the purpoſe. Truths and lyes paſſe with an equall affirmation: for their memories ſeuerall is wonne into one receptacle, and ſo they come out with one ſenſe. They teach their ſeruants their duties with as much ſcorne & tyranny, as ſome people teach their dogs to fetch. Their enuy is one of their diſeaſes. They put off and on their cloathes, with that certainty, as if they knew their heads would not direct them, and therefore cuſtome ſhould. They take a pride in halting & going ſtiffely, and therefore their ſtaues are carued and tipped: they truſt their attire with much of their grauity; and they dare not goe without a gowne in Summer. Their hats are bruſhed, to draw mens eyes off from

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their faces; but of all, their *Pomanders* are worne to moſt purpoſe, for their putrified breath ought not to want either a ſmell to defend, or a dog to excuſe.

A Country Gentleman

IS a thing, out of whoſe corruption the generation of a Iuſtice of Peace is produced. Hee ſpeakes ſtatutes and husbandry well enough, to make his neighbors thinke him a wiſe man; hee is well skilled in *Arithmiticke* or rates: and hath eloquence enough to ſaue two-pence. His conuerſation amongſt his Tenants is deſperate; but amongſt his equals full of doubt. His trauell is ſeldom farther then the next market Towne, and his inquiſition is about the price of Corne: when he trauelleth, he will goe ten mile out of the way to a Couſins houſe of his to ſaue charges, he rewards the Seruants by taking him by the hand when hee departs

not Christnings: he will hold argument in a Tauerne ouer Sack, till the Diall and himself be both at a stand: he neuer obserues any time but Sermon time, & there hee sleepes by the houre-glasse. The Rope-maker payes him a pension, and hee payes tribute to the Physician; for the Physician makes worke for the Sexton, as the Ropemaker for the hangman. Lastly, he wishes the Dog-dayes would last all yeere long: and a great plague is his yeere of Iubilee.

A Iesuite

IS a larger Spoone for a Traytour to feed with the Deuill, then any other Order: vnclaspe him, and hee's a gray Wolfe, with a golden Starre in the forehead: so superstitiously he followes the Pope, that he forsakes Christ, in not giuing *Cæsar* his due. His vowes seeme heauenly; but in meddling with State-busines,

busineſſe, he ſeemes to mixe heauen and earth together. His beſt Elements, are Confeſſion and Penance: by the firſt, he finds out mens inclinations; and by the latter, heapes wealth to his Seminary. Hee ſprang from *Ignatius Loyola*, a *Spaniſh* Souldier; and though he were found out long ſince the inuentiō of the Canon, 'tis thought hee hath not done leſſe miſchiefe. He is a halfe Key to open Princes Cabinets, and pry into their Counſels; and where the Popes excommunication thunders, hee holdes it no more ſinne the decrowning of kings, then our Puritanes doe the ſuppreſſion of Biſhops. His order is full of irregularitie and diſobedience; ambitious aboue all meaſure; for of late dayes, in *Portugall* and the *Indies*, he reiected the name of Ieſuite, and would be call'd Diſciple, In *Rome*, and other Countries that giue him freedome, he weares a maske vpon his heart; in *England* he ſhifts it, & puts it vpon his face. No place in our Climate hides him ſo ſecurely as a Ladies

Chamber: the modesty of the *Pursuant* hath only forborne the bed, and so miſt him. There is no Diſeaſe in Chriſtendom, tht may ſo properly be call'd *The Kings Euil*. To conclude, would you know him beyond Sea? In his Seminary, hee's a Fox; but in the Inquiſition, Lyon Rampant.

An excellent Actor.

VVHatſoeuer is commendable to the graue Orator, is moſt exquiſitely perfect in him; for by a full and ſignificant action of body, hee charmes our attention: ſit in a full Theater, and you will thinke you ſee ſo many lines drawne from the circumference of ſo many eares, whiles the *Actor* is the *Center*. He doth not ſtriue to make nature monſtrous, ſhe is often ſeene in the ſame Scene with him, but neither

neither on Stilts nor crutches; and for his voice, tis not lower then the prompter; nor lowder then the Foile or Target. By his action hee fortifies morall precepts with examples; for what wee see him perſonate; we think truely done before vs: a man of a deepe thought might apprehend, the ghoſt of our ancient *Heroes* walk't againe, and take him (at ſeueral times) for many of them. Hee is much affected to painting, and tis a queſtion whether that make him an excellent Player, or his Playing an exquiſite Painter. He addes grace to the Poets labours: for what in the Poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and muſicke. He entertaines vs in the beſt leaſure of our life, that is betweene meales, the moſt vnfit time either for ſtudy or bodily exerciſe. The flight of Hawkes and chaſe of wilde Beaſts, either of them are delights noble: but ſome thinke this ſport of men the worthier, deſpight all *calumny*. All men haue beene of his occupation: and indeed,

deed, what hee doth fainedly, that doe others essentially: this day one playes a Monarch, the next a priuate person. Here on acts a Tyrant, on the morrow an Exile: A Parasite this man to night, to morrow a Precisian, and so of diuers others. I obserue, of all mē liuing, a worthy actor in one kinde is the strongest motiue of affection that can be: for when hee dies, wee cannot be perswaded any man can doe his parts like him. But to conclude, I value a worthy Actor by the corruption of some few of the quality, as I would do gold in the oare; I should not mind the drosse, but the purity of the metall.

A Franklin.

A Franklin.

HIs outside is an ancient Yeoman of England, though his inside ay giue armes (with the beſt Gen-eman) and ne're ſee the Herauld. here is no truer ſeruant in the Houſe en himſelfe. Though hee be Maſter, e ſayes not to his ſeruants, Go to field, ut, Let vs goe; and with his owne eye, oth both fatten his flocke, and ſet for-ard all manner of huſbandrie. Hee is ught by nature to bee contented with little; his owne fold yeelds him both od and rayment: hee is pleas'd with y nouriſhment God ſends, whileſt rious gluttonie ranſackes, as it were, *Noahs Arke* for food, onely to feed the ot of one meale. He is ne'r knowne goe to Law; vnderſtanding, to bee aw-bound among men, is like to bee ide-bound among his beaſts; they riue not vnder it: and that ſuch men

ſleepe

sleepe as vnquietly, as if their pillo
were stuft with Lawyers pen-kni
When he builds, no poore Tenants c
tage hinders his prospect: they are
deed his Almes-houses, though there
painted on them no such superscript
he neuer sits vp late, but when he hu
the Badger, the vow'd foe of his Lam
nor vses he any cruelty, but when h
hunts the Hare, nor subtilty, but wh
he setteth snares for the Snite, or p
falls for the Black-bird; nor oppre
on, but when in the moneth of Iuly, h
goes to the next Riuer, and sheares h
sheepe. He allowes of honest pastim
and thinkes not the bones of the de
any thing bruised, or the worse for i
though the country Lasses dance in th
Church-yard after Euen-song. Rock
Munday, and the Wake in Summe
shrouings. the wakefull kętches o
Christmas Eue, the Hoky, or Seed cak
these he yeerely keepes, yet holds the
no reliques of popery. He is not so in
quisitiue after newes deriued from th

priui

iuie clozet, when the finding an eiery Hawkes in his owne ground, or the aling of a colt come of a good ſtraine, eydings more pleaſant, more profible. Hee is Lord paramount within mſelfe, though he hold by neuer ſo eane a Tenure; and dyes the more ntentedly (though he leaue his heire ung) in regard heleaues him not liae to a couetous Guardian. Laſtly, to d him; hee cares not when his end mes, he needs not feare his Audit, for s *Quietus* is iu heauen.

A Rymer

Sa fellow whoſe face is hatcht all ouer with impudence, and ſhould hee e hang'd or pilloried, tis armed for Hee is a Iuggler with words, yet actiſes the Art of moſt vncleanely con-

conueyance. He doth boggle very oft
and becauſe himſelfe winks at it, thi
tis not perceiued: the maine thing t
euer hee did, was the tune hee ſang
There is nothing in the earth ſo pi
full, no not an Ape-carrier, hee is
worth thinking of, & therefore
I muſt leaue him as na-
ture left him; a
Dunghill not
well laid to-
gether.

A Conci

A Couetous man.

THis man would loue honour and adore God, if there were an L. more in his name: Hee hath coffind vp his ſoule in his cheſts before his body; Hee could wiſh he were in *Mydas* his taking for hunger, on condition he had his chymicall quality. At the grant of a new ſubſidy he would gladly hang himſelfe, were it not for the charge of buying a Rope, and beginnes to take mone vpon vſe, when he heares of a priuy ſeale. His morning praier is to ouer-looke his bagges, whoſe euery parcell begets his adoration. Then to his ſtudies, which are how to coozen this Tenant, begger that widow, or to vndo ſome Orphane. Then his bonds are viewed, the well-knowne dayes of payment con'd by heart; and if he euer pray, it is, ſome one may breake his day, that the beloued forfeiture may bee obtained. His vſe is doubled,

doubted, and no one sixpence begot o
borne, but presently by an vntimel
thrift it is getting more. His chimne
must not bee acquainted with fire, fo
feare of mischance, but if extremitie o
cold pinch him, hee gets him heat wit
looking on, and sometime remoouin
his aged wood-pile, which he meanes t
leaue to many descents, till it hath out
liued all the woods of that Countrey
He neuer spends candle but at Christ
mas (when he has them for new-yeere
gifts) in hope that his seruants wil
breake glasses for want of light, which
they doubly pay for in their wages. Hi
actions are guilty of more crimes the
any other mens thoughts, and he con
ceiues no sin which he dare not act sau
onely lust, from which he abstaines fo
feare he should bee charged with keep
ing Bastards: once a yeere he feasts, th
reliques of which meale shall serue him
the next quarter. In his talke he railes a
gainst eating of breakefasts, drinking
betwixt meales, and sweares he is impo
uerished

uerished with paying of tythes. He had rather haue the frame of the world fall, then the price of Corne. If he chance to trauell, he curses his fortune that his place binds him to ride, and his faithfull cloake-bag is sure to take care for his prouision. His nights are as troublesome as his dayes, euery Rat awakes him out of his vnquiet sleepes. If he haue a daughter to marry, he wishes he were in Hungary or might follow the custom of that country, that all her portion might be a wedding Gowne. If he fall sicke, hee had rather die a thousand deaths, than pay for any physicke: and if hee might haue his choyce, he would not go to heauen but on condition he may put money to vse there. In fine, he liues a drudge, dies a wretch, that leaues a heape of pelfe (which so many carefull hands had scraped together) to haste after him to hell, and by the way it lodges in a Lawyers purse.

The proud man

IS one in whom pride is a quality that condemnes euery one beſides his maſter, who when he weares new cloathes, thinks himſelfe wrong'd, if they be not obſeru'd, imitated, and his diſcretion in the choice of his fashion and ſtuffe applauded: when hee vouchſafes to bleſſe the ayre with his preſence, hee goes as neere the wall as his Sattin ſuit will giue him leaue, & euery paſſenger he viewes vnder the eye-brows, to obſerue whether hee vailes his bonnet low enough, which hee returnes with an Imperious Nod: he neuer ſalutes firſt, but his farewell is perpetuall. In his attire he is effeminate, euery haire knows his owne ſtation; which if it chance to loſe, it is checkt in again with his pocket combe. He had rather haue the whole Cõmonwealth out of order, then the leaſt mem-

be

ber of his Muchato, and chooſes rather to loſe his patrimony, than to haue his band ruffled; at a feaſt if he be not placed in the higheſt ſeate, he eats nothing, howſoeuer, he drinkes to no man, talkes with no man for feare of familiarity. He profeſſeth to keepe his ſtomacke for the Pheaſant or the Quaile, and when they come, he can eate little, he hath been ſo cloyed with them that yeere, although they be the firſt he ſaw. In his diſcourſe he talks of none but Priuy Councellors, and is as prone to be-lye their acquaintance, as he is a Ladies fauors: if he haue but twelue-pence in's purſe, he will giue it for the beſt roome in a play-houſe. He goes to ſermons, onely to ſhew his gay cloathes, and if on other inferiour daies he chance to meete his friend, he is ſorry he ſees him not in his beſt ſuite.

A Priſon.

IT ſhould be Chriſts Hoſpital: for moſt of your wealthy Citizens are good benefactors to it; and yet it can hardly be ſo, becauſe ſo few in it are kept vpon Almes. Charities houſe and this, are built many miles aſunder. One thing notwithſtanding is here praiſe-worthy, for men in this perſecutiõ cannot chuſe but proue good Chriſtians, in that they are a kinde of Martyrs, & ſuffer for the trueth. And yet it is ſo curſed a piece of Land, that the ſonne is aſhamed to be his fathers heire in it. It is an infected peſt-houſe all the yeere long: the plague ſores of the Law, are the diſeaſes heere hotly reigning. The Surgeons are Atturnies & Pettifoggers, who kill more than they cure. *Lord haue mercy vpon vs*, may well ſtand ouer theſe doores, for debt

debt is a moſt dangerous and catching City peſtilence. Some take this place for the walkes in Moore-fields, (by reaſon the madmen are ſo neere) but the croſſes here and there are not alike. No: it is not halfe ſo ſweet an ayre. For it is the Dunghill of the Law, vpon which are throwne the ruines of Gentry, & the naſty heaps of voluntary decaied Bankrupts, by which means it comes to be a perfect medall of the iron Age, ſithence nothing but gingling of keyes, rattling of ſhackls, bolts, & grates are here to be heard. It is the horſe of Troy, in whoſe wombe are ſhut vp all the mad Greekes that were men of action. The *Nullum vacuum* (vnleſſe in priſoners bellies) is here truly to be proued. One excellent effect is wrought by the place it ſelfe, for the arranteſt coward breathing, being poſted hither, comes in three dayes to an admirable ſtomacke. Does any man deſire to learne muſicke? euery man here ſings *Lachryma* at firſt ſight, and is hardly out; hee runnes diuiſion vpon euery

note; and yet (to their commendations bee it ſpoken) none of them (for all that diuiſion) doe trouble the Church. They are no Anabaptiſts; if you aske vnder what Horizon this climate lyes, the *Bermoodas* and it are both vnder one and the ſame height. And whereas ſome ſuppoſe that this Iland (like that) is haunted with diuels, it is not ſo: for thoſe diuels (ſo talked of, and feared) are none elſe but hoggiſh Iaylors. Hither you need not ſayle, for it is a ſhip of it ſelfe: the Maſters ſide is the vpper decke. They in the common Jayle lye vnder hatches, & helpe to ballaſt it. Intricate caſes are the Tacklings, Executions the Anchors, Capiaſſes the Cables, Chancery-bils the huge Sayles, a long Term the Maſt, Law the helme, a Iudge the Pylot, a Counſel the Parſer, an Atturney the Boatſwain, his fleeting Cleark the Swabber, Bonds, the waues, out-lawries gulfs, the Verdicts of Iuries rough windes, Extents the Rockes that ſplit all in pieces. Or if it be not a Ship, yet

yet this & a ſhip differ not much in the building; the one is a mooving miſerie, the other a ſtanding. The firſt is ſeated on a Spring, the ſecond on Piles. Either this place is an Emblem of a Bawdy-houſe, or a Bawdy-houſe of it: for nothing is to be ſeene (in any roome) but ſcuruy beds and bare walles. But (not ſo much to diſhonor it) it is an Vniuerſity of poore Schollers, in which three Arts are chiefely ſtudied: To pray, to curſe, and to write Letters.

A Priſoner

IS one that hath beene a monied man, and is ſtill a very cloſe fellow; whoſoeuer is of his acquaintance, let them make much of him, for they ſhall finde him as faſt a friend as any in England: he is a ſure man, & you know where to finde him. The corruption of a Bankerupt, is commonly the generatiõ of this

creature: hee dwels on the backe side of the world, or in the Suburbes of societie, and liues in a Tenement which he is sure none will goe about to take ouer his head. To a man that walkes abroad, he is one of the *Antipodes*; That goes on the top of the world; and This vnder it. At his first comming in, he is a *piece* of *new coyne*, all sharking old prisoners lye sucking at his purse. An old man and *he* are much alike, neyther of them both goe farre. They are still angry, and peeuish, and they sleepe little. Hee was borne at the *fall of Babel*, the confusion of Languages is only in his mouth. All the Vacations, he speakes as good English, as any man in England, but in *Tearme times* he breaks out of that hopping one-legg'd pace, into a *racking trot* of *Issues*, *Billes*, *Replications*, *Reioynders*, *Demurres*, *Quereles*, *Subpenaes*, *&c.* able to fright a simple Countrey fellow, and make him beleeue he Coniures. Whatsoeuer his Complexion was before, it *turnes* (in this place) to *Choller* or deepe

Melan-

Melancholly, ſo that hee needes euery houre to take Phyſick to looſe his body, for that (like his eſtate) is very *foule* and *corrupt*, and extremely *hard wound*. The taking [illegible] *Execution* off his ſtomack, giues him fiue or ſix ſtooles, and leaues his body very ſoluble. The *withdrawing* of an Action, is a *Vomit*. Hee is no ſound man, and yet an vtter Barreſter (nay, a Sargeant of the Caſe) will feede heartily vpon him, hee is very good picking meate for a Lawyer. The Barber Surgeons may (if they will) begge him for an *Anatomie* after he hath ſuffered an Execution, an excellent Lecture may be made vpon his body: for he is a kinde of dead carkaſſe, *Creditors*, *Lawyers*, and *Taylors* deuoure it: *Creditors* pecke out his eyes with his owne teares, *Lawyers* flay off his owne skinne, and lappe him in parchment, and *Taylors* are the *Promethean vultures* that gnaw his very heart. He is a bond-ſlaue to the Law, and (albeit he were a Shop-keeper in *London*) yet he cannot with ſafe conſcience

ſcience write himſelf a *freeman*. His *Religion* is of fiue or ſixe colours; this day he prayes that God would turne the hearts of his Creditors: and to morrow he curſeth the time that euer he ſaw them. His *apparell* is dawb'd commonly with Statute lace, the *ſuite* it ſelfe of *durance*, and the *hoſe* full of long Paines. He hath many other laſting ſuites, which he himſelf is neuer able to *weare* out, for they *weare* out him. The *Zodiaque* of his life, is like that of the *Sun* (marry not halfe ſo glorious.) It begins in *Aries*, and ends in *Piſces*. Both *Head* and *Feet* are (all the yeere long) in troubleſome and laborious *motions*, and *Weſtminſter Hall* is his *Spheare*. Hee liues betweene the two *Tropiques*, (*Cancer* & *Capricorne*) and by that means is in double danger (of crabbed Creditors) for his *purſe*, and *hornes* for his *head*, if his wiues heeles bee light. If hee be a *Gentleman*, he alters his *armes* ſo ſoone as he comes in. Few (heere) carry *fields* or *argent*, but whatſoeuer they bare before, here they giue onely *Sables*. Whiles he lies

lies by it, he's trauelling ore the *Alps*, & the hearts of his creditors are the snows that lye vnmelted in the middle of Sūmer. Hee is an *Almanacke* out of date: none of his dayes speakes of faire Weather. Of all the sixes of men, he marcheth in the last, and comes limping, for he is shot, and is no man of this world. Hee hath lost his way, and being benighted, strayed into a Wood full of *wolues*, and nothing so hard as to *get away*, without being deuoured. He that walkes from six to six in *Paul's*, goes still but a quoites cast before this man.

A Creditor

Characters.

A Creditor

IS a fellow that tormẽts men for their good *conditions*. He is one of *Deucalions* ſons begotten of a ſtone. The marble Images in the Temple Church, that lye croſſe-legg'd, do much reſemble *him*, ſauing that *this* is a litt'le more *croſſe*. Hee weares a forfeited bond vnder that part of his girdle where his *thumbe* ſtickes, with as much pride as a *Welſhmã* does a *Leek* on S. *Dauids* day, & quarrels more and longer about it. Hee is a *Catchpoles* mornings draught: for the news that ſuch a gallant's come yeſternight to Town, drawes out of him both muſcadel and mony too. He ſaies the *Lords prayer backwards*, or (to ſpeake better of him) he hath a *Pater noſter* by himſelfe, & that *particle*, *Forgiue vs our debts, as we forgiue others*, &c. hee either quite leaues out, or els leaps ouer it. It is a dangerous rub in the alley of his conſcience. He is the *Bloud-hound* of the *law*, and hunts *counter*, very ſwiftly and with great

iudge-

iudgement. Hee hath a *quicke sent* to ſmell out his game, and a good *deepe mouth* to purſue it, yet neuer opens till hee bites, and bites not but hee *killes*, or at leaſt drawes *blood*, and then he *pincheth* moſt *daggedly*. Hee is a Lawyers Moyle, and the onely Beaſt vpon which he *ambles* ſo often to Weſtminſter. And a *Lawyer* is his God *Almighty*, in *him* only he truſts, to *him* he flyes in all his troubles, from *him* he ſeekes ſuccour; to *him* he prayes, that hee may by his meanes ouercome his enemies: *Him* does hee worſhip both in the *Temple* and *abroad*, and hopes by *him* and good *Angels*, to proſper in all his *actions*. A Scriuener is his *Farriar*, & helps to recouer all his diſeaſed and maimed Obligations. Euery Tearme hee ſets vp a *Tenters* in Weſtminſter Hall, vpon which he rackes and ſtretches Gentlemen like Engliſh *broadcloth*, beyond the ſtaple of the Wooll, till the threds cracke, and that cauſeth them with the leaſt wet to ſhrink, and preſently to weare *bare*: Marrie hee handles

handles a Citizen (at leaſt if himſelfe be one) like a piece of *Spaniſh cloth*, giues him only a twitch, and ſtraines him not too hard, knowing how apt he is to *breake of himſelfe*, and then he can cut nothing out of him but ſhreds. To the one, hee comes like *Tamberlaine*, with his *blacke* and *bloudy flagge*. But to the other, his white one hangs out, and (vpon the parley) rather then faile, he takes ten groats i'th' pound for his *ranſom*, & ſo lets him *march* away with *Bagge* and *Baggage*. From the beginning of *Hilary* to th' end of *Michaelmas*, his purſe is full of *Quick-ſiluer*, and that ſets him running from *Sun-riſe* to *Sunſet* vp *Fleetſtreete*, and ſo to the *Chancery*, from thence to *Weſtminſter*, then backe to one *Court*, after that to another; then to *Attorny*, then to a *Councellour*, and in euery of theſe places, hee melts ſome of his *fat* (his money.) In the vacation hee goes to graſſe, and gets vp his *fleſh* againe, which hee bates as you heard. If he were to be hang'd, vnleſſe he could be ſau'd by his booke, he cannot for

for his heart call for a *Pſalme* of *mercy*. He is a *Law trap* baited with parchment and wax; the fearefull *Mice* he catches, are debters, with whom *ſcratching Atturneyes* (like cats) play a good while, and then *monze* them. The *belly* is an *inſatiable creditor*, but *man* worſe.

A Sergeant

WAs once taken (when hee *bare office* in his pariſh) for an honeſt man. The ſpawne of a *decaied ſhop keeper* begets this *Fry*; out of that *dunghill* is this *Serpents egge* hatched. It is a Diuell made ſometimes out of one of the twelue Companies, and does but ſtudy the part and rehearſe it on earth, to bee perfect when he comes to act it in hell: that is his ſtage. The hangman and he are *twinnes*; onely the *Hangman* is the elder Brother, and he dying without iſſue (as cõmonly hee does, for none but a *Rope-makers* widdow

widdow will marry him) this then inherites. His *habit* is a long *Gowne*, made at first to couer his knauery, but that *growing* too monstrous, hee now goes in Buffe: his Conscience and that, being both *cut* out of one Hide, and are of one toughnesse. The *Counter gate* is his *kennell*, the *whole City* his *Paris garden*, the miserie of a poore man (but especially a badde liuer) is the Offalles on which he fee'les. The Deuill cals him his *white sonne*; hee is so like him, that he is the worse for it, and hee takes after his Father; for the one *torments bodies*, as fast as the other *tortures soules*. *Money* is the *Crust* hee leapes at: *Crie*, a *Ducke a Ducke*, and he plundges not so eagerly as at *this*. The *dogges chaps water* to fetch nothing else: hee hath his name for the same quality; For *Sergeant*, is *Quasi See Argent*, looke you *Rogue* here is mony. He goes *muffled* like a Theefe, and carires still the markes of one, for hee *steales* vpon man *cowardly*, *Pluckes* him by the Throate, makes him *stand*, and

nd fleeces him. In this they differ, the heefe is more *valiant* and more *honeſt*. His walkes in Terme time are vp *Fleet-ſtreet*, at the end of the Terme vp Holborne, and ſo to Tyburne, the gallowes are his purlues, in which the *Hang-man* and *Hee* are *Quarter rangers*, the one *turnes* off, and the other *cuts downe*. All the vacation he lies imboag'de behinde the lattice of ſome blind, drunken, bawdy Ale-houſe, and if he ſpie his prey, out he leapes, like a free-booter, and rifles; or like a *Ban-dog* worries. No Officer to the City, keepes his oath ſo *vprightly*; he neuer is forſworne, for he ſweares to be *true Varlet* to the City, and he continues ſo to his dying day. *Mace*, which is ſo comfortable to the ſtomacke in all kinde of meats, turnes in his hand to mortall poyſon. This Rauen pecks not out mens eyes as others doe, all his ſpite is at their ſhoulders, and you were better to haue the *Night-Mare* ride you, then this *Incubus*. When any of the furies of Hell die, this *Cacodæmon* hath

the reuerſion of his place. He will ven-
ture as deſperately vpon the *Pox* as an
Roaring Boy oft em all. For when he
arreſts a *whore*, himſelfe puts her in com-
mon baile at his owne perill, and ſhe
paies him ſoundly for his labour; vpon
one of the Sheriffes Cuſtards hee is not
ſo greedy, nor ſo ſharpe ſet, as at ſuch a
ſtew pot. The City is (by the cuſtome)
to feed him with good meat, as they
ſend dead horſes to their hounds, one
to keepe them both in good heart, for
not onely thoſe *Curs* at the *Dog-hole*,
but theſe within the walles, are to ſerue
in their places, in their ſeuerall hun-
tings. He is a Citizens birdlime, and
where he holds, he hangs.

His Yeoman

IS the *Hanger* that a *Sergeant* wears
by his ſide, it is a falſe Die of the ſame

Bale, but not the ſame *Cut*, for it runnes ſome-what *higher*, and does more miſchiefe. It is a *Tumbler* to driue in the *Cooſies*. He is yet but a *bungler*, and knowes not how to cut vp a man without *tearing*, but by a pattern. One *Terme* fleſhes him, or a *Fleet-ſtreet breakefaſt*. The *Deuill* is but his father in *law*, & yet for the loue he beares him, will leaue him as much as if he were his owne child. And for that cauſe (in ſtead of praiers) he does euery morning at the *Counter-gate* aske him *bleſſing*, and thriues the better in his *actions* al the day after. This is the hooke that hangs vnder water to choake the *fiſh*, and his Sergeant is the *quill* aboue water, which pops downe ſo ſoone as euer the *bait* is ſwallowed. It is indeed an *Otter*, and the more terrible deſtroyer of the two. This *Counter-Rat* hath a taile as long as his fellowes, but his teeth are more ſharp, & he more hungry, becauſe he does but ſnap, and hath not his full *halfe ſhare* of the booty. The eye of this Wolfe is as quicke in his head, as a *Cut-*

purses in a throng, and as nimble is he at his busineſſe, as a *Hang-man* at an *execution*. His *Office* is as the dogs to worrie the ſheepe firſt, or driue him to the ſhambles; the Butcher that cuts his throat, ſteps out afterwards, and that's his *Sargeant*. His liuing lies within the City, but his *conſcience* lies *bedrid* in one of the holes of a *Counter*. This Eele is bred too, out of the mud of a Bankerupt, and dies commonly with his guts rip vp, or elſe a ſudden ſtab ſends him of his laſt errand. He will very greedily take a cut with a ſword, and ſuck more ſiluer out of the wound then his *Surgeon* ſhall. His beginning is deteſtable, his courſes deſperate, and his end damnable.

A Common cruell Iaylor.

IS a creature miſtaken in the making, for hee ſhould bee a Tyger, but the ſhape

ſhape being thought too terrible, it is couered; and hee weares the vizor of a man, yet retaines the qualities of his former fiercenes, curriſhneſſe, and rauening. Of that red earth, of which man was faſhioned, this piece was the baſeſt; of the rubbiſh which was left, and throwne by, came this Taylor, his deſcent is then more ancient, but more ignoble, for hee comes of the race of thoſe angels that fell with *Lucifer* from heauen, whither he neuer (or very hardly) returnes. Of all his bunches of keies, not one hath wards to open that doore; For this Taylors' ſoule ſtands not vpon thoſe two Pillers that ſupport heauen, (*Iuſtice* and *Mercy*:) it rather ſits vpon thoſe two foot-ſtooles of hell, *Wrong* and *Cruelty*. He is a Iudges ſlaue, and a priſoner's his. In this they differ, he is a voluntary one, the other compeld. Hee is the *Hang-man* of the Law (with a lame hand) and if the Law gaue him all his limbs perfect, he would ſtrike thoſe, on whom he is glad to fawne. In fighting

gainſt a Debtor, hee is a Creditors ſecond; but obſerues not the lawes of the *Duello*, for his play is foule, and on all baſe aduantages. His conſcience and his ſhackles hang vp together, & are made very neere of the ſame mettle, ſauing that the one is harder then the other, and hath one property aboue Iron, for that neuer melts. He diſtils mony out of poore mens teares, and growes fat by their curſes. No man comming to the practicall part of hell, can diſcharge it better, becauſe here he do's nothing but ſtudy the Theoricke of it. His houſe is the picture of hell in little, and the originall of the letters Patents of his office, ſtands exemplified there. A Chamber of lowſie beds, is better worth to him then the beſt acre of corne-land in England. Two things are hard to him (nay almoſt impoſſible) viz: To ſaue all his priſoners that none euer eſcape, and to be ſaued himſelfe. His eares are ſtopt to the cries of others, and Gods to his: and good reaſon, for lay the life of a man in

one Scale, and his fees on the other, hee will loſe the firſt, to find the ſecond. He muſt looke for no mercy (if hee deſires iuſtice to be done to him) for he ſhewes none, and I thinke he cares the leſſe, becauſe he knowes heauen hath no neede of ſuch Tenants, the doores there want no Porters, for they ſtand euer open. If it were poſſible for all creatures in the world to ſleepe euery night, he only and a Tyrant cannot. That bleſſing is taken from them, and this curſe comes in the ſtead, to be euer in feare, and euer hated: what eſtate can be worſe?

What a Character is.

IF I muſt ſpeake the Schoole-maſters language, I will confeſſe that Character comes of this Infinitiue moode χαράσσω, which ſignifies to ingraue, or make a deepe Impreſſion. And for that

cauſe, a letter (as A.B.) is called a Character.

Thoſe Elements which wee learne firſt, leauing a ſtrong ſeale in our memories.

Character is alſo taken for an Ægyptian Hieroglyphicke, for an impreſe, or ſhort Embleme; in little comprehending much.

To ſquare out a Character by our Engliſh leuel, it is a picture (reall or perſonall) quaintly drawne, in various colours, all of them heightned by one ſhadowing.

It is a quicke and ſoft touch of many ſtrings, all ſhutting vp in one muſicall cloze: it is wits deſcant on any plaine ſong.

The

The Character of a happy life.

By SIR H. W.

HOw happy is he borne or taught,
That serueth not anothers will;
Whose Armour is his honest thought,
And simple Truth his highest skill!

Whose passions not his Masters are,
Whose soule is still prepar'd for death:
Vntyed vnto the world with care
Of Princely loue, or vulgar breath.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat:
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make accusers great.

Who

Who enuieth none whom chance doth raiſe,
Or vice: who neuer vnderſtood,
How deepeſt wounds are giuen with praiſe;
Not rules of ſtate, but rules of good:

Who GOD doth late and early pray,
More of his grace, then gifts to lend;
Who entertaines the harmleſſe day,
With a well choſen Booke or Friend:

This man is free from ſeruile bands,
Of hope to riſe, or feare to fall;
Lord of himſelfe, though not of Lands,
And hauing nothing, he hath All.

An Eſ

An Essay of Valour.

I Am of opinion, that nothing is so potent either to procure, or merit Loue, as Valour; and I am glad I am so, for thereby I shall doe my selfe much ease. Because valour neuer needs much wit to maintaine it. To speake of it in it self, It is a quality which he that hath, shal haue least neede of: so the best league betweene Princes, is a mutual feare of each other. It teacheth a man to value his reputation as his life, and chiefely to hold the lye insufferable, though being alone hee finds no hurt it doth him. It leaues it selfe to others censures. For he that brags of his owne, dissuades others from beleeuing it. It feareth a sword no more than an Ague. It alwaies makes good the owner: for though hee be generally held a foole, hee shall seldome heare so much by word of mouth; and that inlargeth him more than

than any ſpectacles, for it makes a litt
fellow to be called a *Tall man*. It yeeld
the wall to none but a woman, whoſ
weakeneſſe is her prerogatiues; or a ma
ſeconded with a woman, as an Vſhe
which alwais goes before his betters. I
makes a man become the witnes of hi
owne words, to ſtand to what-euer h
hath ſaid, and thinketh it a reproach t
cōmit his reuiling vnto the Law. It fur
niſheth youth with action, and age wit
diſcourſe, & both by futures; for a ma
muſt neuer boaſt himſelf in the preſen
tenſe. And to come neerer home, no
thing drawes a woman like to it, for va
lor towards men, is an Embleme of a
Ability towards women, a good quali
ty ſignifies a better. Nothing is more
behoouefull for that Sexe, for from it
they receiue protection, & we free from
the danger of it: Nothing makes a ſhor
ter cut to obtaining: for a man of armes
is alwaies void of ceremony, which is
the wall that ſtands betwixt *Pyramu*
and *Thisby*, that is, man and woman, for
there

there is no pride in women, but that which rebounds from our owne baſe-neſſe (as cowards grow valiant vpon thoſe that are more cowards) ſo that only by our pale asking, we teach them to deny. And by our ſhamefaſtneſſe, we put them in mind to be modeſt: where-as indeed it is cunning Rhetoricke, to perſwade the hearers, that they are that already, which we would haue them to be. This kinde of baſhfulneſſe is farre from men of valor, and eſpecially from ſouldiers, for ſuch are euermē (without doubt) forward, and confident, loſing no time, leſt they ſhould loſe opportunity, which is the beſt Factor for a Louer. And becauſe they know women are gi-uen to diſſemble; they will neuer be-leeue them when they deny. Whilome before this age of wit, & wearing black broke in vpon vs, there was no way or-nowne to win a Lady, but by Tilting, Tournying, and Riding thorow For-reſts, in which time theſe ſlender ſtrip-lings with little legs, were held but of ſtrength

ſtrength enough to marry their wid-
dowes. And euen in our daies there ca
be giuen no reaſon of the inundation o
Seruingmen vpon their Miſtreſſes, bu
onely that vſually they carry their Mi
ſtreſſes weapons, and his valour. To b
counted handſome, iuſt, learned, or wel
fauoured; all this carries no danger with
it, but it is to be admitted to the title o
valiant Acts, at leaſt the venturing of hi
mortality, & all women take delight t
hold him ſafe in their armes, who hath
eſcaped thither through many dangers
To ſpeak at once, man hath a priuiledg
in valour; In cloathes and good faces w
but imitate women, and many of tha
ſexe will not thinke much (as farre a
an anſwer goes) to diſſemble wit too. S
then theſe neat youthes, theſe women i
mens apparell, are too neer a woman t
bee beloued of her, they bee both of
Trade, but he of grim aſpect, and ſuch
one a glaſſe dares take, & ſhe will deſi
him for newneſſe and varietie. A ſcarr
in a mans face is the ſame that a mole i

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a womans; and a mole in a womans, is a Iewell set in white to make it seeme more white; For a scar in a man is a marke of honour, and no blemish; for 'tis a scarre and a blemish in a Souldier to be without one. Now as for all things else, which are to procure Loue, as a good face, wit, clothes, or a good body; each of them I confesse may worke somewhat for want of a better, that is, if valour be not their Riuall. A good face auailes nothing, if it be in a coward that is bashfull, the vtmost of it is to be kist, which rather encreaseth thē quencheth Appetite. He that sends her gifts, sends her word also, that hee is a man of small gifts otherwise: for wooing by signes and tokens, imploies the author dumbe. And if *Ouid* who writ the Law of Loue were aliue (as hee is extant) would allow it as good a diuersity, that gifts shuld be sent as gratuities, not as bribes. Wit getteth rather promise then Loue. Wit is not to bee seene: and no woman takes aduice of any in her louing;

but

but of her owne eyes and her wayting
womans: Nay which is worse, wit is not
to be felt, and so no good Bed-fellow.
Wit applied to a womā, makes her dis-
solue her sympering, and discouer her
teeth with laughter, and this is surely a
purge for loue; for the beginning of loue
is a kind of foolish melancholly. As for
the mā that makes his Taylor his Bawd,
and hopes to inueagle his loue with such
a coloured suite; surely the same deeply
hazzards the losse of her fauor, vpon e-
uery change of his cloathes. So likewise
for the other that courts her silētly with
a good body, let me certify him, that his
cloathes depend vpon the comlinesse of
his body, and so both vpon opinion.
She that hath beene seduced by appa-
rell, let me giue her to wit, that men al-
wayes put off their cloathes before they
goe to bed. And let her that hath beene
enamoured of her seruants body, vnder-
stand, that if she saw him in a skinne of
cloth, that is, in a Suite made of the pat-
terne of his body, she would see slender

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cause to loue him euer after. There is no clothes sit so well in a womans eye, as a Suit of steele, though not of the fashion, and no man so soone surpriseth a womans affections, as he that is the subiect of all whispering, & hath alwaies twenty stories of his owne deedes depending vpon him. Mistake me not, I vnderstand not by valour, one that neuer fights, but when he is backed with drink or anger, or hissed on with beholders, nor one that is desperate, nor one that takes away a Seruingmans weapons, when perchance it cost him his Quarters wages, nor yet one that weares a priuie coat of defence, and therin is confident, for then such as made Bucklers would be counted the Catalines of the Commonwealth. I intend one of an euen resolution grounded vpon reason: which is alwaies euen, hauing his power restrained by the law of not doing wrong. But now I remember I am for valour, and therefore must be a man of few words.

CERTAINE EDICTS

from a Parliament in *Eutopia*;
Written by the Lady
Southwell.

Inprimis, He that hath no other worth to commend him, then a good Suite of Apparell, shall not dare to woo a Lady in his owne be halfe, but shall be allowed to carry the Hieroglyphike of his friends affection.

Item, that no foule-fac'd Lady shall raile on her that is fairer, because she is fairer; nor seeke by black calumniation to darken her fame, vnlesse she be her corriuall.

Item, that no man may entitle himselfe by the matchlesse name of a freind, that loues vpon condition, vnlesse hee be a Schoole-master.

Item, that no Lady, which modestly keepes

keepes her house for want of good clothes to visit her Gossips, shall professe contempt of the worlds vanity, vnlesse she see no hope of the tides returning.

Item, that no Bankrupt Knight, that to set vp shop againe, becomes parasite or Buffone to some great Lord, shall euer after sweare by his honour; but by his Knighthood he may.

Item, that no Lady that vseth to paint, shall finde fault with her Painter that hath not counterfeited her picture faire enough, vnlesse shee will acknowledge her selfe to be the better counterfeiter.

Item, that no man, whose vaine loue hath beene reiected by a vertuous Lady, shall report that he hath refused and cast her off, vnlesse he will take the base lying fellow by the next assailant, so reiected, without any further quarrell.

Item, that no Lady shall court her looking glasse, past one houre in a day, vnlesse she professe to be an Inginer.

Item, that no Quarter waiter shall feed on cheese three quarters of a yeere